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florence
In Poetry
History
and Art

SARA · AGNES · RYAN

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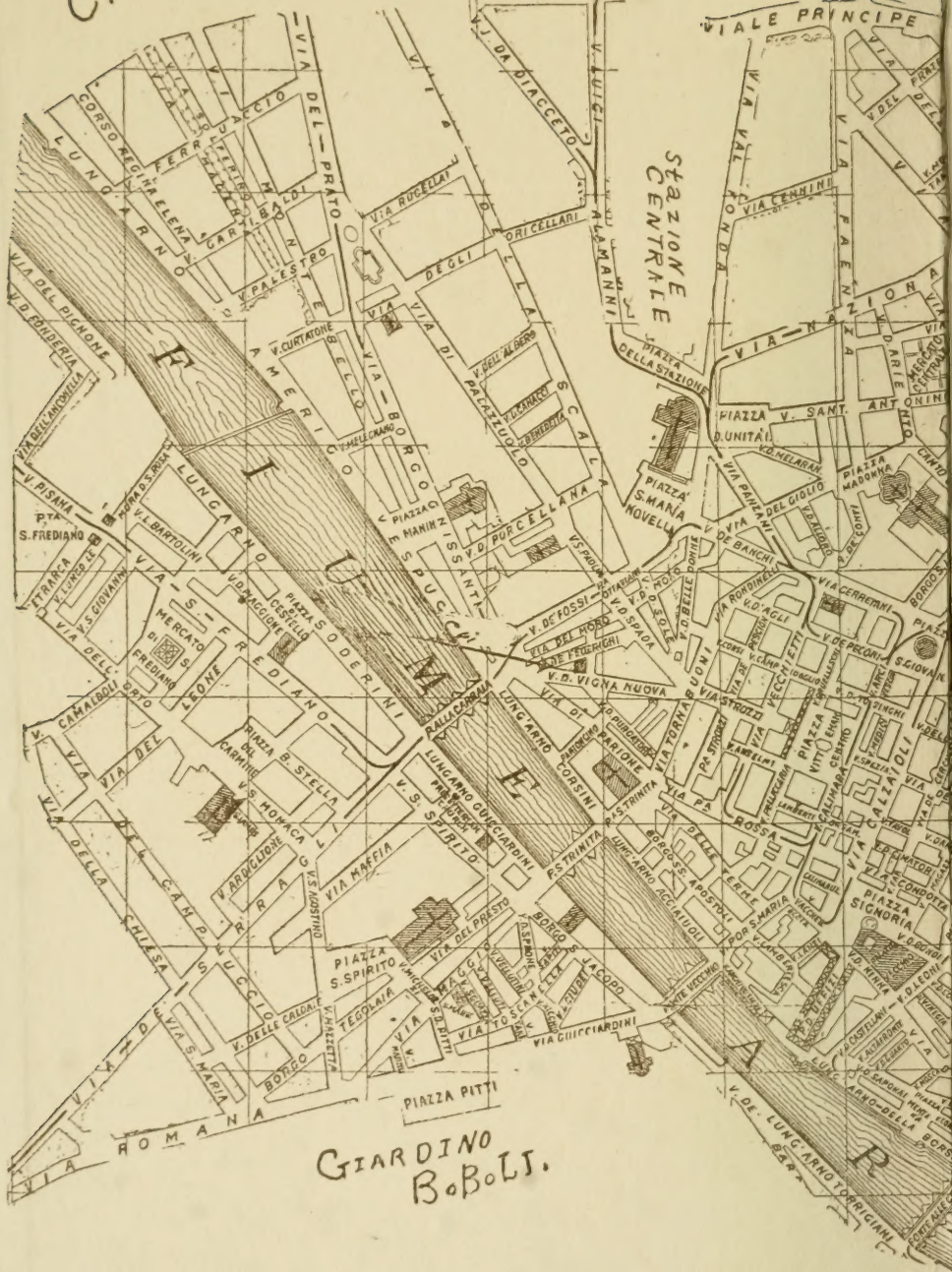
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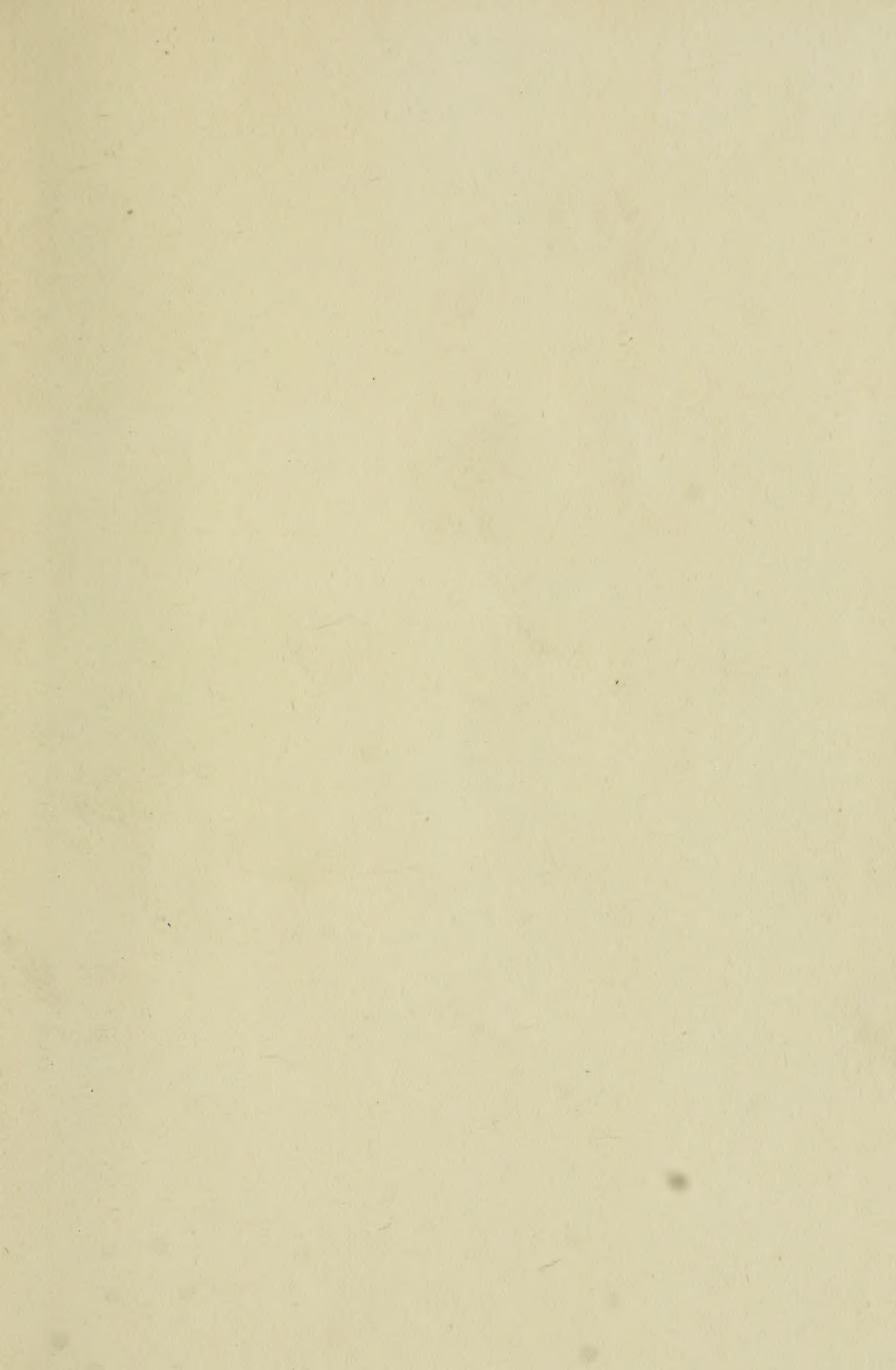
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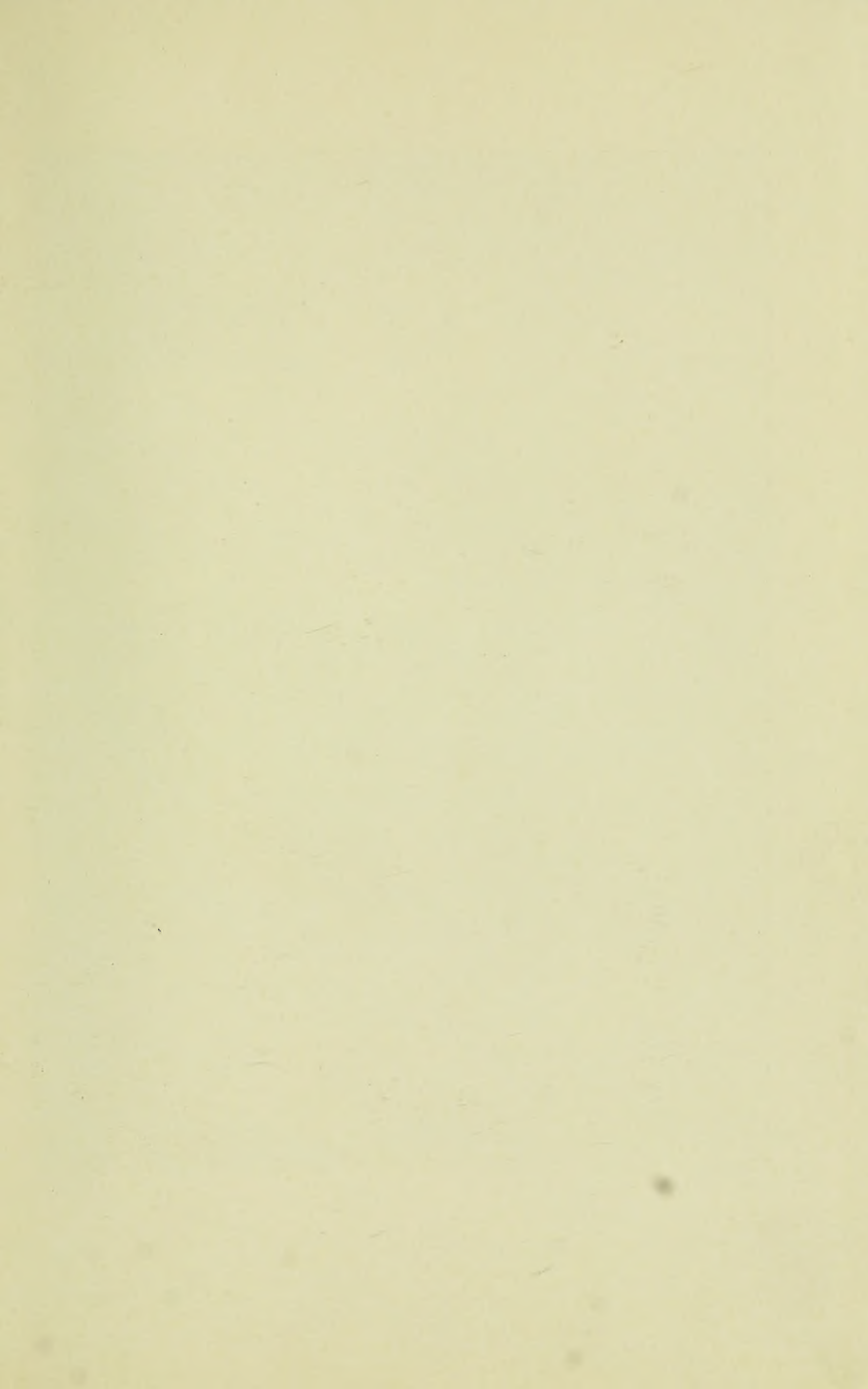
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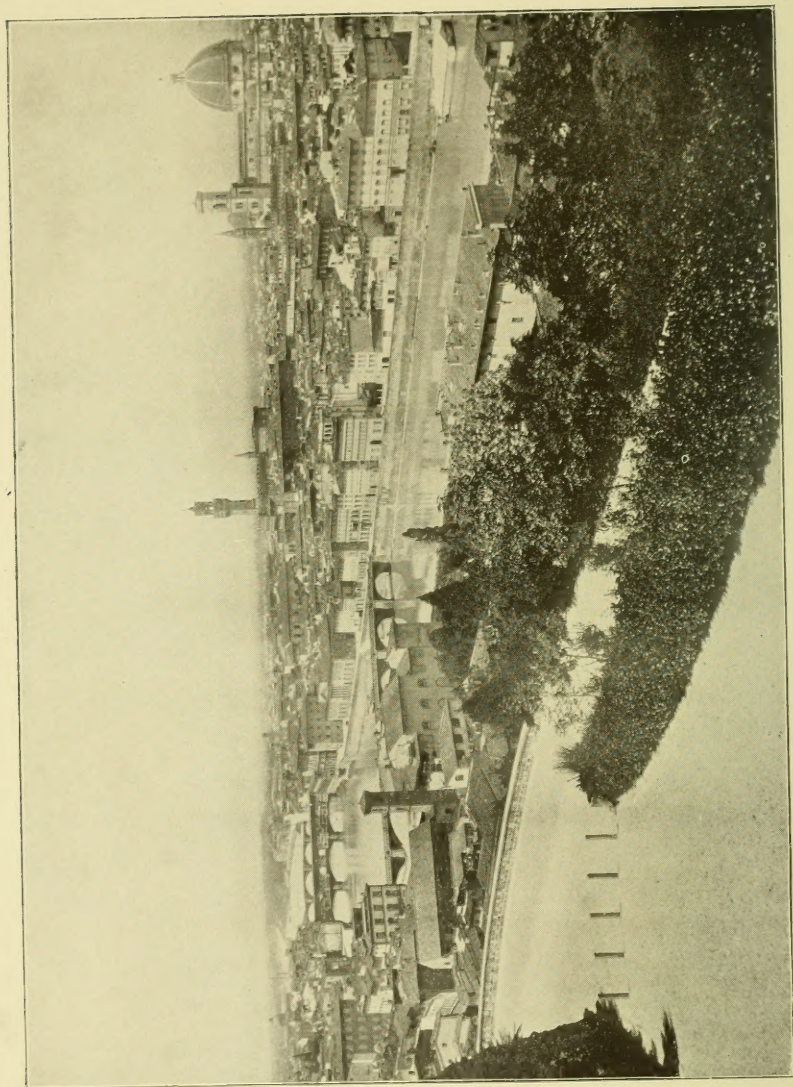
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Florence, Italy

Florence

In Poetry History and Art

By SARA AGNES RYAN

Illustrated

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O city by the Arno,
Famed Florence, fair to see,
These poets weave their tributes
Into a crown for thee.

They praise thy stately beauty,
And gems of art divine,—
The treasured store of ages,
Made richer far by time—

The spirits hob'ring near thee
Of great ones gone before,
And sing in lofty cadence
Thy glory evermore.

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PART I.

FLORENCE

IN POETRY, HISTORY AND ART.

CHAPTER I.

THE MORNINGS OF FLORENCE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY:

THE SAINTS.

Commerce was the golden key which unlocked the future of Florence. She was not behind her sister cities in that commercial age resulting from the crusades, and she had her depots and ports in all parts of Italy, the western terminus of the routes to the East.

Money is the happy medium of trade, and Florence, two centuries before, had coined the gold *florin*, stamped with her name and her fame, and used as that medium with her neighboring nations. A century later, in 1181, she struck off the silver florin, and we read from it the characteristics of its makers, for on one side is St. John the Baptist, and on the other side is the lily.

The lily is her favorite flower, and we see it everywhere, both in nature and in art. It is on all her shields since that remote age when St. Reparata appeared during a battle holding over the Florentines a banner on which it was impressed; and consequently the Duomo Santa

FLORENCE.

Maria del Fiore was so named,—St. Mary of the Flower.

Florence has been called the “City of the Lilies,” and the “Lily of the Arno,” but the Romans early had designated her as Florentia —“flourishing,” for she was a flourishing expansion of Fiesole, conquered and enlarged by them. Some authorities tell us that Florinus was the general triumphant and that his name was given the lower part of the town, built for the convenience of merchants; but Florence, the city of flowers, or Florence, the Flower of Cities, is what she shall ever be to us—though the Tuscans changed her Roman name to Firenze, later distinguished by the appellation, “La Bella,” because of her beauty.

SAINT JOHN BAPTIST.

The last and greatest Herald of Heaven's King,
Girt with rough skins, hies to the deserts wild,
Among that savage brood the woods forth
bring,

Which he more harmless found than man,
and mild.

His food was locusts, and what there doth
spring,

With honey that from virgin hives distill'd;
Parched body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing
Made him appear long since from earth
exiled.



St. John the Baptist

Donatello

THE SAINTS.

There burst he forth: "All ye whose hopes rely
On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn,
Repent, repent, and from old errors turn!"
Who listen'd to his voice, obey'd his cry?

Only the echoes, which he made relent,
Rung from their flinty caves, "Repent, repent!"
—*William Drummond.*

The head of St. John the Baptist on that old coin impresses upon our minds that he was a patron of the town, and we still view the octagonal-shaped building with a cupola, which was founded in his honor in the year 589, and used as a Baptistery, although until 1128 it was used as a cathedral also. In 1293 it was remodeled by Arnolfo di Cambio, and it is "My beautiful San Giovanni" of Dante.

It is now famous for its beautiful doors—

"Then by the gates so marvelously wrought,
That they might serve to be the gates of Heaven,
Enter the Baptistery,
That place he loved, loved as his own."

—*Rogers.*

Michael Angelo also had called those bronze doors "The gates of Paradise."

The first door, completed in 1330 by Pisano from designs by Giotto, depicts in relief scenes from the life of St. John, and the work made

FLORENCE.

an epoch in sculpture, illustrating how close was its connection with pictorial forms.

Pisano was the pupil of Nicolo of Pisa, the first of Italy's masters in sculpture.

“Of art's spring birth so dim and dewy
My sculptor is Nicolo the Pisan,
And my painter, who but Cimabue?”

—*Robert Browning.*

The execution of the two other doors in the following century was the beginning of the Italian Renaissance in sculpture, and the competition for the work brought into prominence Ghiberti, whose model of the Sacrifice of Isaac, one of the scenes in the panels, secured for him the commission of the work, in preference to that of Brunelleschi, his most noted competitor.

The Baptistery had been enriched in 1114, by two porphyry pillars from Pisa.

“Of living Greek work, there is none after the Florentine Baptistery.”—*Ruskin.*

Besides the founding of that building, there are other retrospects to take, and every event in Florence, however seemingly trivial, blends and sparkles in the glorious whole like the colors of her own matchless mosaics.

The Church of San Lorenzo was built in the year 396 and was consecrated by the saintly



Bronze Door of Baptistery
(Detail, showing the Sacrifice of Isaac by Abraham)

Ghiberti

THE SAINTS.

Ambrose of Milan. It was a Romanesque church and erected in fulfillment of a vow made by a pious matron of Florence desirous of a son. The son, sent in answer to her prayers, she named Lorenzo, and the church was dedicated to St. Lawrence who had suffered martyrdom at Rome the previous century by being broiled on a gridiron.

He was a deacon and had charge of the church funds, and when commanded by the emperor to produce the treasures of the church he brought forth the sick and the halt and the lame and the poor who had been his especial charges, and said, "These are the treasures of the church."

The Escorial in Spain was erected in his honor, and he was a favorite with the early Florentines, and in later years the patron of the powerful Medici family, who gave his name to many of their sons, and had his church reconstructed by Brunelleschi, and enriched by that giant of sculptors, Michael Angelo.

In the year 440, the church had been distinguished by being the repository of the remains of St. Zanobius, although they were later—in 1330—removed to the catacombs of the Duomo, and still again in 1439 were they removed to the subterranean chapel designed by Brunelleschi, where they now rest in a reliquary embellished by Ghiberti. A pillar of marble, near the Duomo, surmounted by a cross, commemorates the transfer of the holy remains.

FLORENCE.

Zanobius was bishop of Florence and very dear to the people.

That was long ago—need we count the ages?—and yet the Florentines deck annually with flowers the Tower of San Zanobius near the Ponte Vecchio. They also deck his tomb in Santa Maria del Fiore on his feast day, May 25th, and touch it with roses which thereby become sacred. The flower sellers also touch their baskets to his shrine and great indeed is the demand for their wares, for who would not desire a rose of “San Zanobio”?

“Zanobius Enthroned” is a large fresco in the Palazzo Vecchio, done by Ghirlandajo, as one of the historical decorations, and St. Zanobius Enthroned is in the Duomo, done by a pupil of Giotto.

Another old church is San Martino’s, founded in 986, and now interesting because in it Dante was married to Gemma Donati, the shrew, it being his parish church, for his father’s wool shop opened upon Via Martino.

The Florentines ever had “an eye for the fitness of things,” whether in religion, art or commerce, not saying anything at all about clothes, but could it really be by design or was it accident which caused the neighborhood of San Martino to be settled by tailors and cloth merchants?

St. Martin gave his cloak to a beggar and hence was the patron of the Guild of Tailors.

THE SAINTS.

ST. MARTIN AND THE BEGGAR.

“In the freezing cold and the blinding snow
Of a wintry eve in the long ago,
Folding his cloak o’er clanking mail,
A soldier is fighting the angry gale
Inch by inch to the camp-fire’s light,
Star of his longing this wintry night.

All in a moment his path is barred;
He draws his sword as he stands on guard—
But who is this with a white, wan face,
And piteous hands upheld for grace?
Tenderly bending, the soldier bold
Raises a beggar faint and cold.

Famished he seems, and almost spent;
The rags that cover him worn and rent.
Crust nor coin can the soldier find;
Never his wallet with gold is lined;
But his soul is sad at the sight of pain;
The sufferer’s pleading is not in vain.

His mantle of fur is broad and warm,
Armor of proof against the storm;
He snatches it off without a word;
One downward pass of the gleaming sword,
And cleft in twain at his feet it lies,
And the storm wind howls ’neath the frowning
skies.

FLORENCE.

‘Half for thee,’—and with tender art
He gathers the cloak round the beggar’s heart—
‘And half for me;’ and with jocund song
In the teeth of the tempest he strides along,
Daring the worst of the sleet and snow,
That brave young spirit of long ago.

Lo! as he slept at midnight’s prime,
His tent had the glory of summer time;
Shining out of a wondrous light,
The Lord Christ beamed on his dazzled sight.
‘I was the beggar,’ the Lord Christ said,
As he stood by the soldier’s lowly bed;
‘Half of the garment thou gavest Me,
With the blessing of heaven I dower thee.’
And Martin rose from the hallowed tryst
Soldier and servant and knight of Christ.”

Margaret Elizabeth Sangster.

The small church of San Martino now standing, was formerly only the chapel of the larger church which was built and presented to the monks of the Badia, or Abbey, as the Benedictines were called—by the Countess Willa. They early came here from Cluny, and later others came from Monte Casino, near Naples.

St. Benedict was born in the year 480, so we see that Florence, though so wondrously aroused and stimulated into new life and enthusiasm and religious fervor by the coming of the Franciscans and Dominicans in the years 1212



St. Benedict and St. Michael
Academy, Florence

Pietro Perugino

THE SAINTS.

and 1220,—which religious fervor called forth her handmaidens Art and Poetry, till then dormant—she had for centuries within her walls the older Order of Benedictines busily engaged in illuminating and copying priceless manuscripts.

Their church of the Badia contains masterpieces of painting and sculpture and their monastery court contains ancient towers, one of which was occupied by the Podesta, or foreign governor of Florence.

That office was established by the Republic in 1199. There were even then, many wealthy, influential families in Florence, not the least of which were the Medici, and to prevent the possibility of any one of them predominating, a law was passed that a foreigner must be chosen as Podesta—a title which expresses potency, magistracy, from the latin form, *potestas*—power. In 1261 the Podesta took up his abode in the palace built and named for his title, but later called the Bargello, when the office of Podesta was abolished by the Medici and the building was consigned to the Bargello or Chief of Police.

An Italian proverb has it: “Without Francis, no Dante!” May we not add, “Without Francis, no Giotto, or others innumerable who have made the fame of Florence”?

Francis of Assisi, born in 1182, was baptized John, but from his knowledge of the language

of the troubadours, who, at about that time were wandering in from Provence and introducing the *lyric* into Italy, he was called in early life, “Il Francesco”—the little Frenchman—and not only was the language of the troubadours known to him, but he was permeated with the very spirit of which they sung—the spirit of chivalry. He would be a knight errant, and his lady love to whom he plighted troth was none other than poverty, the “Lady Poverty”; but no sword nor buckler had he, for unencumbered did he go forth upon his quest—the souls of men, which were to be won for his Liege-Lord, Christ.

“HERE BEGINNETH THE LIFE OF THE
BLESSED FRANCIS.”

“There was a man in the city of Assisi, by name Francis, whose memory is blessed, for that God, graciously preventing him with the blessings of goodness, delivered him in His mercy from the perils of this present life, and abundantly filled him with the gifts of heavenly grace.

“For, albeit in his youth he was reared in vanity amid the vain sons of men, and after gaining some knowledge of letters, was appointed unto a profitable business of merchandise, nevertheless, by the aid of the divine protection, he went not astray among the wanton youths after the lusts of the flesh, albeit given



Courtyard of the Bargello, Florence



Bargello, Florence

THE SAINTS.

up to pleasure; nor among the covetous merchants, albeit intent on his gains, did he put his trust in money and treasure. For there was divinely implanted in the heart of the young Francis a certain generous compassion toward the poor, the which, growing up with him from infancy, had so filled his heart with kindness that, when he came to be no deaf hearer of the Gospel, he was minded to give unto all that asked of him, in especially if they pleaded the love of God.”—*From the Life of St. Francis, by St. Bonaventura.*

“Between Tupino, and the wave that falls
From blest Ubaldo’s chosen hill, there hangs
Rich slope of mountain high, whence heat and
cold

Are wafted through Perugia’s eastern gate;
And Nocera with Gualdo, in its rear,
Mourn for their heavy yoke. Upon that side,
Where it doth break its steepness most, arose
A sun [Francis] upon the world, as duly this
From Ganges doth; therefore let none, who
speak

Of that place, say Ascesi [Assisi]; for its name
Were lamely so delivered; but the East,
To call things rightly, be it henceforth styled.
He was not yet much distant from his rising,
When his good influence ’gan to bless the earth.
A dame [Poverty] to whom none openeth pleas-
ure’s gate

FLORENCE.

More than to death, was, 'gainst his father's
will,
His stripling choice; and he did make her his
by nuptial bonds,
Before the spiritual court,
And in his father's sight: from day to day,
Then loved her more devoutly. She, bereaved
Of her first husband [Christ], slighted and ob-
scure,
Thousand and hundred years and more, re-
mained
Without a single suitor, till he came.

* * * * *

But not to deal

Thus closely with thee longer, take at large
The lovers' titles—Poverty and Francis.
Their concord and glad looks, wonder and love,
And sweet regard gave birth to holy thoughts,
So much, that venerable Bernard first
Did bare his feet, and, in pursuit of peace
So heavenly, ran, yet deem'd his footing slow.

O hidden riches! O prolific good!
Egidious bares his next, and next Sylvester,
And follow, both, the bridegroom: so the bride
Can please them. Thenceforth goes he on his
way

The father and the master, with his spouse,
And with that family, whom now the cord
Girt humbly."

—*Dante, in the Paradiso, Cary's translation.*

THE SAINTS.

That family later included St. Louis of France, St. Clare, St. John of Capistrano, St. Barbara, St. Ferdinand, king of Spain; St. Louis of Toulouse, St. Bonaventure — names whose echoes now rebound from the old missions of California—St. Elizabeth of Hungary, St. Anthony of Padua; that marvel of learning, Roger Bacon; and the writer, Lope da Vega. The Schoolman, Duns Scotus, born in 1265, the same year that ushered into life Dante Alighieri—held the Franciscan philosophy and theology against the Dominican champion, Thomas Aquinas, “The Angel of the Schools.”

It is almost beyond our ability to comprehend, even faintly, the beauty of poverty, as practiced by Francis. Figuratively we may strive for it, for “Blessed are the poor in spirit,” but to most of us the sentiments as voiced in this little poem by an author unknown, are ours, and because our eyes are dim and undiscerning of spiritual beauty, we think it is not there.

THE LADY POVERTY.

“The Lady Poverty was fair,
But she has lost her looks of late,
With change of times and change of air.
Ah, slattern! she neglects her hair,
Her gown, her shoes; she keeps no state
As once when her pure feet were bare.

FLORENCE.

Or—almost worse, if worse can be—
She scolds in parlors, dusts and trims,
Watches and counts. Oh, is this she
Whom Francis met, whose step was free,
Who with Obedience caroled hymns,
In Umbria walked with Chastity?

Where is her Ladyship? Not here,
Not among modern kinds of men;
Not in the stony fields, where clear
Through the thin trees the skies appear,
In delicate spare soil and fen,
And slender landscape and austere.”

“The Providence, that governeth the world,
In depth of counsel by created ken
Unfathomable, to the end that she [the Church],
Who with loud cries was ’spoused in precious
blood,
Might keep her footing toward her well-beloved
[Jesus Christ],
Safe in herself and constant unto him,
Hath two ordained, who should on either hand
In chief escort her: one [Francis] seraphic all
In fervency; for wisdom upon earth,
The other, [Dominic] splendor of cherubic light.
I but of one will tell: he tells of both,
Who one commendeth, which of them soe’er
Be taken: for their deeds were to one end.”

—*Dante, in the Paradiso.*



Meeting of St. Dominic and St. Francis
Joseph of St. Paul, Florence

Andrea della Robbia

THE SAINTS.

Dominic was born in Old Castile in 1170 and in 1215 he founded his great Order at Toulouse. He overcame the Albigensian heresy in France through the power of the Rosary and his Order was professedly the Guardian of the Faith.

THE VISION OF ST. DOMINIC.

“He knelt alone on the cold grey stone
In the shrine outside the city,
And he prayed to the Queen in heaven above
For her gracious help and pity.
Sore he wept o’er the fold of Christ
That the wolves had broken their fences,
And unchristian strife was in Christendom rife,
A strife with the Albigenses.

‘O Lady,’ he cried, ‘I have preached far and
wide,
I have fasted and watched in anguish;
How long, how long, shall the Bride of Christ
In sorrow and weakness languish?
Shall the foeman’s host be able to boast
In pages of future story,
That hell prevailed and His promise failed,
Alas! for thy Son’s dear glory!’

He ceased his moan, and a radiance shone
On pillar and wall around him;
Was it the moon whose pitying beams
In his lonely watch had found him?

FLORENCE.

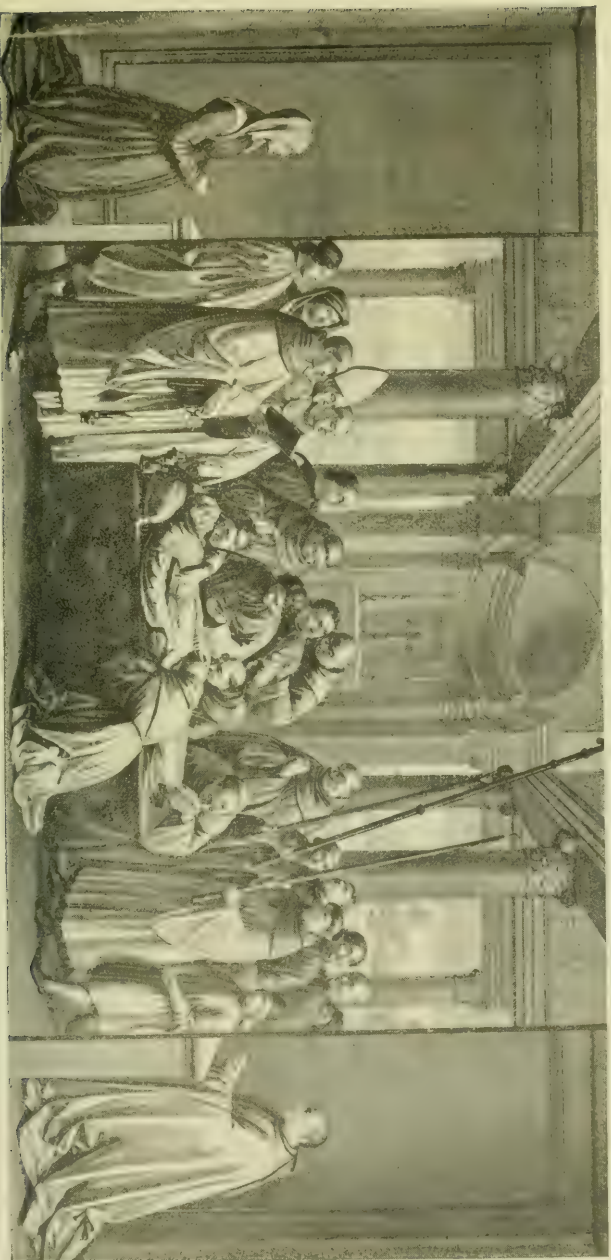
Ah well he knows, by the joy that glows
In his heart but now so lonely,
'Tis a vision from home—such light can come
From the face of our Lady only.

She stretched her arms to the kneeling saint,
The arms where his Lord has nestled;
'Oh, all the while' (she said with a smile)
'Have I prayed for you as you wrestled.
But, Dominic, know that the Church shall owe
Her triumph, when discord closes,
Not to might of words nor the force of swords—
She shall win by a crown of Roses.'

She faded from sight, that Presence bright,
Yet still in the church he lingers,
And ever the crown which his Queen dropped
down,
Keeps wandering through his fingers.
When the pale dawn broke the saint awoke,
From his prayer he passed to his mission;
The chaplet of prayer in his hand he bare,
In his heart, the peace of the vision."

—*Author Unknown.*

The members of the Orders of St. Dominic and St. Francis were welcomed by the Republic in Florence and accorded special honors; to the Franciscans were intrusted the care of the Hospital of the Misericordia—that charitable organization for the care of the sick and the dying



The Death of St. Francis
Florence

Ghirlandajo

7

1

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4

THE SAINTS.

still existing and including in its roster prince as well as peasant—and the custody of the urn used in the election of the magistrates; while a Dominican as well as a Franciscan was accorded a seat on the Ringhieri during public affairs of state. The Ringhieri was a rostrum in front of the Palazzo-Vecchio. It was removed in the nineteenth century, but a small platform marks the place where it stood. (The word is derived from Arringari, to harangue.)

Both Orders were most potent in their efforts or zeal, and another order of religion soon sprang up in Florence, the Servites, or Servants of Mary. It was founded by seven young men of the town in 1233 and the early Church of the Order, the Church of the Most Holy Annunciation, is rich in artistic decoration.

It was built as a thank-offering by the parents of St. Juliana, for her who was sent to them in their old age. She was a niece of St. Alexius, one of the seven founders, and she herself was the foundress of the Servite Sisterhood. Another saint of the Order is Philip Benizzi.

CHAPTER II.

THE MORNINGS OF FLORENCE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY:

THE ARTISTS AND THE CHURCHES.

We must now tell of one who drew aside the veil which hid from the Florentines' eyes, what as yet their eyes of faith had but dimly seen—the beauty of her who was their Queen.

That was Cimabue, according to Vesari.*

It was noised about the city what a marvel or what a miracle he was performing in his Bottega or workshop, or studio, and when the city's guest, Charles of Anjou,—the brother of the Saintly Louis of France, and later the father of him who exchanged his kingdom for the Franciscan habit, St. Louis of Toulouse,—was passing through Florence on his way to his new kingdom of Naples, what greater honor could the city pay him than to accord him a view of its priceless treasure in that Bottega?

And the people followed, eager for a glimpse, and what a shout of exultation and joy went

*Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle maintain that the picture here described is the work of Duccio of Siena, and that "Cimabue as an artist is an unknown person." That opinion is now generally accredited, but as some of the authors quoted in this text had followed Vesari's version, we shall speak of Cimabue and of his works in a like manner.

FLORENCE.

forth when they saw that face! To this day,
that part of the city is called "Borgo Allegro"
—the joyful quarter.

The picture was carried in triumph by the
whole populace to the Church of Santa Maria
Novello, where it still remains.

Let Mrs. Browning, from her "Casa Guidi
Windows," tell about the picture:

"You enter in your Florentine wanderings,
The Church of Santa Maria Novello,
To muse in a small chapel scarcely lit,
By Cimabue's Virgin.

* * * * *

Bright and brave,
That picture was accounted mark, of old—
A king stood bare before its sovereign grace,
A reverent people shouted to behold
The picture, not the king; and even the place
Containing such a miracle grew bold
Named the Glad Borga from that beauteous
face
Which thrilled the artist after work to think
His own ideal Mary smile should stand
So very near him.

* * * * *

The Lady, throned in empyreal state,
Minds only the young Babe upon her knee
While sidelong angels bear the royal weight
Prostrated meekly, smiling tenderly,



Madonna
Santa Maria Novella

(Cimabue) Duccio

THE ARTISTS AND THE CHURCHES.

Oblivious of their wings; the Child thereat
Stretching its hand like God. If any should
Because of some stiff draperies and loose joints
Gaze scorn down from the heights of Raffael-
hood

On Cimabue's picture, Heaven annoints
The head of no such critic.

* * * * *

A noble picture, worthy of the shout
Wherewith along the streets the people bore
Its cherub-faces which the sun threw out
Until they stopped and entered the Church
door."

There is another Madonna which was attributed to Cimabue, in the Accademia, and an authentic portrait of St. Francis taken from life by Cimabue, is in Santa Croce. That also is an important work, for painting from a living model was "a new thing in those days,"—this being a period of ebb-tide in art,—no life, or spontaneity, or initiative; but simply a blind following of rules laid down by the ancient Greeks. Those rules were strictly adhered to by the artists of Byzantium which was then held by the Greeks, and Byzantine art was the standard of the age.

Ruskin has this about Cimabue:

"First of the Florentines, first of the European men—he attained in thought, and saw with spiritual eye, exercised to discern good from

evil—the face of her who was blessed among women, and with his following hand made visible the Magnificat of his heart. He magnified the Maid, and Florence rejoiced in her Queen.”

Cimabue died in 1302, but he left an heir to his greatness—a pupil, a protege—

“ ’Tis morning. Let us wander through the
fields

Where Cimabue found a shepherd-boy
Tracing his idle fancies on the ground.”

—*Rogers.*

This is Cimabue’s epitaph:

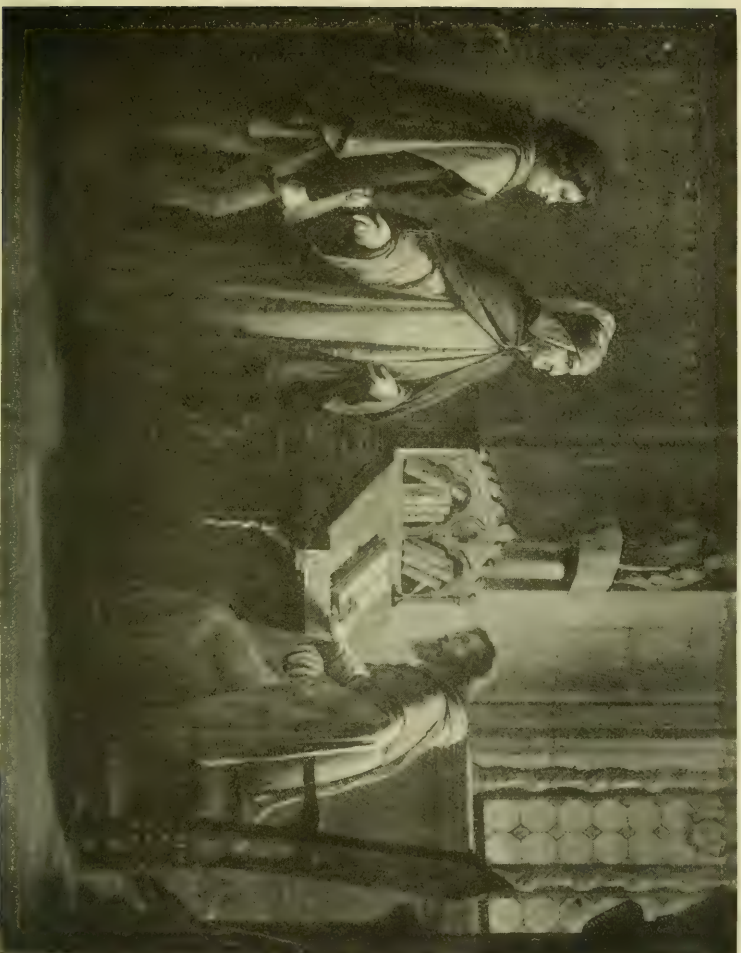
“Creditut ut Cimabue picturae castra tenere
Sic tenuit vivins; nunc tener astra poli.”

“Cimabue held supremacy in the field of painting while he lived,
And now he still holds it among the stars of heaven.”

Dante, commenting upon the epitaph in the “Purgatorio,” says:

“O powers of man! how vain thy glory, nipt
E’en in its height of verdure, if an age
Less bright succeed not. Cimabue thought
To lord it over painting’s field; and now
The cry is Giotto’s, and his name eclipsed.”

Giotto, so mentioned in the greatest religious poem of all ages, reciprocates by placing his friend, Dante, whom he had met in Rome and Ravenna, in the “Paradiso,” a fresco he later



Dante Presenting Giotto to Guido Signore at Ravenna

Machi

made in the Bargello, as an illustration of the great poem.

He so handed down the poet's face to posterity. It is the profile we see copied so extensively in Florence, as elsewhere.

Mrs. Browning, from her "Casa Guidi Windows," continues:

"Yet rightly was young Giotto talked about,
Whom Cimabue found among the sheep,
And knew, as gods know gods, and carried home
To paint the things he had painted with a deep
And fuller insight and so overcome
His Chapel-Lady with a heavenlier sweep of
light.

* * * * *

I hold, too,
That Cimabue smiled upon the lad,
At the first stroke which passed what he could
do,
Or else his Virgin's smile had never had
Such sweetness in't. All great men who fore-
knew
Their heirs in art, for art's sake have been
glad."

That Santa Maria Novello Church, whose altar is adorned by the so-called Cimabue's Madonna, is the early Church built by the Dominicans. Michael Angelo called it, on account of its grace and beauty, "La Sposa."

FLORENCE.

“From that small spire just caught
By the bright ray, that Church among the rest
By one of the old distinguished as The Bride.”

—*Rogers.*

“And, past the quays, Maria Novello’s Place,
In which the mystic obelisks stand up
Triangular, pyramidal, each based
On a single trine of brazen tortoises,
To guard that fair church, Buonarroti’s Bride,
That stares out from her large blind dial-eyes,
Her quadrant and armillary dials, black
With rhythms of many suns and moons, in vain
Enquiry for so rich a soul as his.”

—*Mrs. Browning.*

Santa Maria Novello was Giotto’s parish church and contains some beautiful frescoes by Cimabue as well as by Giotto. In its Chapter-house, now called the Spanish Chapel, is a portrait of Cimabue himself taken with others of his famous contemporaries — Arnolfo, Giotto, Petrarch, and his Laura, and even Boccaccio and his Fiammetta, who are represented in a picture as being the attendants on a long train of popes, cardinals and emperors.

The many scenes painted upon the walls deal with the life and exaltation of St. Dominic. They are supposed to have been an illustration of Dante’s story in the *Paradiso*.

Giotto’s earliest works were done for the Badia, but they have not been preserved. The



Santa Maria Novella

N. Barducci



Great Cloister, Santa Maria Novella, Florence

earliest now seen are in the Franciscan Church at Assisi, that fountain-head of the Franciscan order, which Cimabue also had decorated. He had joined the Franciscans, and naturally the twenty-eight frescoes illustrating the life of his great master, called forth his gifts to their fullest. He later showed in Allegory the three virtues or Vows of the Order: Poverty, Chastity and Obedience—the wedding of St. Francis to Poverty being considered his greatest work. That was in 1296, in the twentieth year of his age.

Some of the work with slight modifications he reproduced in Santa Croce Church in Florence, the Church of the Holy Cross, which the Franciscans began after designs by that first great Gothic architect, Arnolfo di Cambio, in the year 1294.

The Church itself is very interesting as being an early work in the (then) new style of architecture, although it has none of the characteristics we associate with the great Gothic structures of later date throughout all western Europe, the cathedrals of Cologne, Milan and Notre Dame; although in the history of Westminster Abbey we read that:

“The nearest approach to Westminster Abbey in this respect is the Church of Santa Croce in Florence.”

We think of the Gothic—a term used in those early times as a synonym of barbaric—as ex-

FLORENCE.

pressing height, with vaultings, pointed arches and a general massiveness, none of which characteristics are found in Santa Croce, but Ruskin in his "Mornings in Florence" explains the seeming discrepancy.

Not only did the Dominicans build their Santa Maria Novello Church and the Franciscans their Santa Croce, but all the people of Florence desired a Cathedral and commissioned Arnolfo di Cambio to "raise the loftiest, most sumptuous and most magnificent pile that human invention could devise or human labor execute."

Santa Maria del Fiore was accordingly begun in 1298, on the site of an old church in honor of St. Reparata, and as Arnolfo died in 1300, the work was discontinued for thirty years until Giotto was appointed master of works of the building.

This is the period in which he designed the Campanile—the bell tower of the Cathedral—of which Ruskin says: "Of living Christian work, none is so perfect as the tower of Giotto"; and of which Longfellow writes:

"In the old Tuscan town stands Giotto's tower,
The lily of Florence blossoming in stone,—
A vision, a delight, and a desire,—
The builder's perfect and centennial flower,
That in the night of ages bloomed alone."

Hutton has it thus:

"Like a slim lily, pale, immaculate as a pure



Cathedral and Campanile
Showing part of the Baptistry

THE ARTISTS AND THE CHURCHES.

virgin, rises the inviolate tower of the lowly,
that Giotto built for God."

"The tower of Giotto, like a thing of Paradise, fair and fresh in its perfect grace as though angels had builded it in the night just past."—*Ouida*.

"And of all I saw and of all I praised,
The most to praise and the best to see,
Was the startling bell-tower Giotto raised:
But why did it more than startle me?"

—*Robert Browning*.

GIOTTO'S CAMPANILE.

"Encased with precious marbles, pure and rare,
How gracefully it soars, and seems the while
From every polished stage to laugh and smile,
Playing with sportive gleams of lucid air!
Fit resting place, methinks, its summit were
For a descended angel! happy isle,
Mid life's rough sea of sorrow, force and guile,
For saint of royal race, or vestal fair,
In this seclusion,—call it not a prison,—
Cloistering a bosom, innocent and lonely.
O Tuscan Priestess! gladly would I watch
All night one note of thy loud hymn to catch,
Sent forth to greet the sun when first, new-risen,
He shines on that aerial station only!"

—*Aubrey de Vere*.

FLORENCE.

The tower, of white, pink and green marble, is elaborately worked in relief, not only by Giotto and Pisano, who also helped in the decoration of the Duomo, but by succeeding artists.

Giotto was the real founder of the Florentine school of painting, and he was a sculptor, an architect and an adept in mosaic work as well.

The Italian phrase, "As round as Giotto's O," had its origin in an event which illustrated his firmness and accuracy with the brush. When the pope sent a legate to bring a sample of his work, he, Giotto, responded by drawing a circle so perfect that "it was a marvel to behold."

"Works done least rapidly, Art most cherishes.
Thyself shall afford the example, Giotto!
Thy one work, not to decrease or diminish,
Done at a stroke, was just (was it not?) 'O'!
Thy great Campanile is still to finish."

—*Robert Browning.*

Giotto died in Florence in 1336 and this is his epitaph:

"Ille ego sum, per quem pictura exticta
revixit."

"I am he who revived the lost art of painting."

THE REPUBLIC AND ITS PALACE.

The Republic of Florence was established in the year 1283.

For two centuries there had been a struggle between the German emperors and the popes in regard to temporal power, and all Christendom, but particularly Germany and Italy, became involved in partisanship. In Germany, those who supported the popes were called Welfs, and those who supported the emperors were called Waiblings—terms derived from the names of two families who were leaders early in the contest. The Italian forms of the words were Guelfs and Ghibellines.

Florence, as a rule, supported the popes, as the counts of Tuscany followed the example of the "Great Countess" Mathilda, and Guelf supremacy, moreover, with the support of the popes, meant Italian democracy and independence. It was only for a few years that Florence was under the Ghibelline control, and it ceased in 1250, at the death of the German Emperor Frederick II.

The Guelfs who had been banished then returned and established the Republic.

Venice was under the Doges and Milan was under the Tyrannies; but Florence, as we have said, was commercial; her merchants were rich and powerful and supplied the world with Florentine wool and silk and gold embroideries,

while her capitalists supplied the sovereigns of Europe with moneys; and scarcely less important than they, were the artisans, whose industries made the commerce and the money market possible, for Florence was the Alma Mater of modern art—not only of the art of painting and sculpture and architecture and music, but also of the arts called useful, though fine indeed when practiced by her people.

Where can we find so beautiful designs in mosaics, whether in glass or marble; where so intricate iron and gold work, or work in lace and tapestries? Where so dazzling an array of illuminated manuscripts and illustrations in miniature—to say nothing of the straw work and wool for which Tuscany has so long been famous.

Boniface VIII, made pope in 1294, said of Florence: “She is far away the greatest of all cities. . . . She feeds and clothes us. Indeed, she appears to rule the world!”

What more expedient than the banding together into various Guilds of all arts, crafts and industries? Guilds were prevalent in nearly all the European cities at that time, among the commercial and industrial classes.

So the Republic was formed of the twelve chief Guilds, over which two priori were chosen to preside.

We have said that Florence had a chief magistrate who, by degree, must be a noble, a Guelf



Loggia de' Lanzi
Showing part of Palazzo Vecchio

and a Catholic, chosen in 1199, and that his palace, later the Bargello, was in 1261 the seat of the Florentine Government.

In 1265 we find the union of Guilds formed from which all nobles are excluded, and a palace planned as their stronghold—the Palace of the Signoria, as the governing body of the Guilds was called—which palace is now called the Palazzo Vecchio.

It was built in 1298 from designs by Arnolfo di Cambio and its massive grandeur and impregnable appearance proclaim it to have been a fort of commerce against aristocracy and tell also of struggles anticipated by the new power installed.

From its campanile, “the tower of Liberty,” which is 308 feet high, sounded the bell rallying the forces in the many ensuing Civil Wars.

The Palace of the Signoria then became the capitol of the Republic, and the square before it, the Piazza della Signoria, became its forum, and, flanking the forum, was built in 1376 after designs by Orcagna, a loggia or arcade for the public performance of affairs of state, which building was called The Loggia della Signoria. It is now called the Loggia dei Lanzi, from the fact that a Medici stationed his German Lancers there.

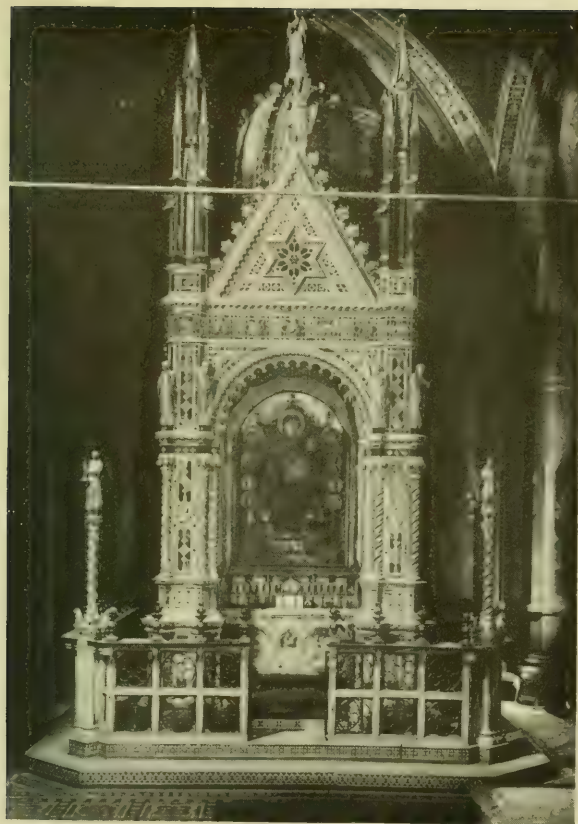
The Loggia dei Lanzi is now an open air museum of priceless treasures of sculpture by some of the great artists of Florence.

FLORENCE.

Quite near the headquarters of the Guilds Union is the Or San Michele Church, which the merchants decorated, and which is one of the most interesting in Florence, as it illustrates how close were the bonds which early connected commerce, art and religion. "Or" is derived from *Horium*, a granary, or *Hortus*, a garden, and the evolution of a loggia or shed, erected as a shelter from the weather, over a grain market, into one of the finest churches of Florence, is certainly worthy of note. In our visit to Or San Michele we notice many niches filled with statues of different saints, and when we learn that they were placed there as their patrons by the different Guilds, we regard them with an added interest.

On certain feast days we see waving above the statues the shields or banners of the different Guilds from which we may learn much of those early times. We see represented the hosiers, the blacksmiths, the notaries, the physicians, the furriers, the stockbrokers, the advocates, "the butchers, the bakers and candlestick makers," and other captains of industry. The statues are works of art, made by the foremost sculptors of the day, and the Church was erected by the Republic's architect, Orcagna, the successor of Taddio Gaddi, shortly after the Great Plague of 1348.

Notice the name, the Arnolfo who built Santa Croce, the Palazzo Vecchio, and the Duomo



Shrine in Or San Michele

Orcagna

THE REPUBLIC AND ITS PALACE.

Santa Maria del Fiore, the foremost and first great Gothic architect, erecting a shed as a protection from the weather where grain was to be sold; and before the loggia was built the spot was used as a garden, and before that time on it stood a chapel built in honor of St. Michael, erected before the eighth century.

The cause of that evolution was a picture of the Madonna, painted by one Ugolino of Siena, which picture aroused such devotion in the breasts of all beholders that crowds from all Tuscany flocked to burn candles and to make votive offerings towards the shrine which held it—simply one of the pilasters upholding the Loggia built by Arnolfo, and the devotions were so fervent and the hymns of praise were so incessant that a society was formed to have charge of the affair, which society was called the Company of Or San Michele.

That picture, which was destroyed by fire, is replaced by another which is kept veiled in the Church, and before the veil is removed, according to the edict issued long ago by the Company of Or San Michele, candles must be lighted before it. It is enclosed in a shrine which required Orcagna fourteen years to fashion, so elaborately is it carved.

Vasari's description of the work is so quaint that we presume to quote it:

“And he giving to different masters from many countries the other parts, kept for himself

FLORENCE.

and his brother all the figures in the work; and when it was finished he caused it to be built up and joined together without cement with fastenings of copper and lead, that the polished marble might not be stained, which succeeded so well that the whole chapel seems to be cut out of one piece of marble.

“But what great efforts he made in that dark age to display his subtle genius is chiefly seen in the great work in relief of the Twelve Apostles watching the Madonna borne up to heaven by angels. For one of the apostles he sculptured himself as he was, aged, with shaven face, with his cowl above his head. Below he wrote upon the marble these words:

“ ‘Andreas Cionis pictor Florentines Oratoru archimagister extitit hujus, MCCCLIX.’

“The building of the loggia and the tabernacle cost ninety-six thousand gold florins, which were very well spent, for whether as regards architecture, sculpture, or ornament, it is as beautiful as anything of those times, and such that it will always keep alive the name of Andrea Arcagna.”

“Westminster Abbey will be better understood after seeing Orcagna’s shrine at Or San Michele.”

CHAPTER III.

THE POET.

DANTE.

“Tuscan, that wandering through the realms of
gloom,

With thoughtful pace, and sad, majestic eyes,
Stern thoughts and awful from thy soul arise,
Like Farinata from his fiery tomb.

Thy sacred song is like the trump of doom;
Yet in thy heart what human sympathies,
What soft compassion glows, as in the skies
The tender stars their clouded lamps relume.

Methinks I see thee stand with pallid cheeks
By Fra Hilario in his diocese;

As up the convent-walls, in golden streaks,
The ascending sunbeams mark the day's decrease;

And, as he asks what there the stranger seeks,
Thy voice along the cloister whispers,

‘Peace!’ ” —*Henry W. Longfellow.*

The new Republic begun by the formation of the Arts and Crafts Guilds in the year 1265 had early to encounter an outbreak of factions which were offshoots of the Guelf and Ghibelline feuds. The factions were called the Bianchi and the Neri, the Whites and the Blacks.

FLORENCE.

That outbreak had its origin entirely outside of Florentine affairs—it began in a small town not far away.

Two families of Pistoia had a quarrel and the affair soon involved the whole town, and with a view of settling the difficulty, the principals were summoned to Florence, but, alack and aday, each party having friends and kinsfolk in the latter place, the whole city soon became involved and sided with either the Neri, who generally were Guelfs, or with the Bianchi, who were Ghibellines.

The dispute developed into violence and the violence developed into tumult and the tumult involved the whole community in the uproar. The Neri held a secret meeting at which it was resolved to send quietly to the pope to petition him to commission Charles of Valois, son of the king of France, to come to Florence to take charge and to pour oil on its troubled waters.

The Bianchi, on learning of this, were filled with indignation and also with apprehension as to the consequence of this measure to the state, and arming themselves they repaired to the Priori, who by this time had complete control of the government, and demanded redress: that the Neri be punished summarily for plotting and planning any measure against the welfare of the Republic, as well as against themselves, for they knew that papal intervention meant their banishment.

THE POET.

Now the chief of the Priori, and consequently the head of the government, in that year of 1300, was Dante Alighieri. By his advice the chief disturbers of both the Neri and the Bianchi were banished from Florence. Dante was accused at this time of having been partial to the Bianchi, although the accusation seems to have been unjust, for if he did treat the Neri with greater severity, there was a warrant for it, from the fact of their having planned the coup against the state.

However, the sentiment against him grew stronger, and when, shortly afterwards, the banished Bianchi were permitted to return to Florence, the indignation of the Neri broke its bounds.

Dante explained that when the Bianchi returned he was no longer in office, and that their return had been hastened by the death of one of their number, owing to the unwholesome air of the place of their exile.

However, the pope did send Charles of Valois to Florence, and the whole of the Bianchi party were banished. Dante at the time was in Rome on a mission of peace to the pope, but during his absence his enemies plotted against him, and had him included in the decree of banishment for two years, with the additional penalty of a fine of 8,000 lire, which, if not paid, would cause the complete confiscation of all his goods and possessions in Florence.

FLORENCE.

Dante, on learning of this indignity, took up arms with his other companions in misery and stormed the city—but without success.

His punishment was then fixed as the most extreme extended to even the greatest criminal—he and his associates would be burned should they fall into the hands of their enemies.

“Yet evermore her hate’s decree
Dwelt in his thought intolerable,—
His body to be burned,—his soul
To beat its wings at hope’s vain goal.”

—*Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*

Then began his wanderings, and his poverty and his distress; and greatest of all of his sufferings was the realization that they were wrongfully and unjustly inflicted upon him.

To tell how great was his anguish would require a pen no less gifted than his own; but may we not hazard the supposition that without all that suffering he should never have pictured so vividly the tortures of the damned, nor, on the other hand, the glories of the blessed in the Paradiso? For, was not his suffering the crucible that prepared his poet’s soul for its flight above?

“Follow his steps’ appointed way,—
But little light we find that clears
The darkness of the exiled years.

THE POET.

Follow his spirit's journey,—nay,
What fires are blent, what winds are blown
On paths his feet may tread alone?

Yet of the twofold life he led
In chainless thought and fettered will,
Some glimpses reach us,—somewhat still
Of the steep stairs and bitter bread,—
Of the soul's quest whose stern avow
For years had made him haggard now.

Alas! the sacred song whereto
Both heaven and hell had set their hand
Not only at fame's gate did stand
Knocking to claim the passage through,
But toiled to ope the heavier door
Which Florence shut forevermore.

Shall not his birth's baptismal town
One last high presage yet fulfil,
And at that font in Florence still
His forehead take the laurel-crown?—
O God! or shall dead souls deny
The undying soul its prophesy?

Ay, 'tis their hour. Not yet forgot
The bitter words he spoke that day
When for some great charge far away
Her rulers his acceptance sought;
'And if I go, who stays?' so rose
His scorn; 'and if I stay, who goes?'

FLORENCE.

‘Lo! thou art gone now, and we stay,’
The curled lips mutter; ‘and no star
Is from thy mortal path so far
As streets where childhood knew the way.
To heaven and hell thy feet may win,
But thine own house they come not in.’

Therefore, the loftier rose the song
To touch the secret things of God,
The deeper pierced the hate that trod
On base men’s track who wrought the wrong;
Till the soul’s effulgence came to be
Its own exceeding agony.

Arriving only to depart,
From court to court, from land to land,
Like flame within the naked hand
His body bore his burning heart,
That still on Florence strove to bring
God’s fire for a burnt offering.”

—*Dante Gabriel Rosetti.*

“A mightier Power she saw,
Poet and prophet give three worlds the law,
When Dante’s strength arose
Fraud met aghast the boldest of her foes.

* * * * *

“One man above all other men is great,
Even on this globe, where dust obscures the
sign.

THE POET.

God closed his eyes to pour into his heart
His own pure wisdom. In chill house he sate,
Fed only on those fruits the hand divine
Disdained not, thro' his angels, to impart.
He was despised of those he would have spilt
His blood to ransom."

—*Walter Savage Landor.*

Of all the great names inscribed upon the
Roll of Fame in Florence none is greater than
Dante's. Florence is emphatically the "city of
Dante," nor can we picture him as belonging to
any other, nor did he in spirit. His heart was
ever there, embittered and anguished though it
was made. He created a language for her by
his poem—Florentine Italian being made the
classic, instead of the language of Rome. "Florence
is the cradle of the Italian language, and
Dante is still living in her soul."

"I turn for consolation to the leaves
Of the great master of our Tuscan tongue
Whose words, like colored garnet-shirls in lava,
Betray the heat in which they were engendered.
A Mendicant, he ate the bitter bread
Of others, but repaid their meager gifts
With immortality. In courts of princes
He was a byword, and in streets of towns
Was mocked by children, like the Hebrew
prophet,
Himself a prophet. I, too, know the cry—

FLORENCE.

‘Go up, thou bald head!’ from a generation
That wanting reverence, wanteth the best food
The soul can feed on. There’s not room enough
For age and youth upon this planet;
Age must give way. There was not room
enough

Even for this great poet. In his song
I hear reverberate the gates of Florence,
Closing upon him, never more to open;
But mingled with the sound are melodies
Celestial from the gates of Paradise.
He came, and he is gone. The people knew not
What manner of man was passing by their doors
Until he passed no more; but in his vision
He saw the torments and the beatitudes
Of souls condemned or pardoned, and hath left
Behind him this sublime Apocalypse.”

—*Longfellow’s Michael Angelo.*

In 1316 Dante had the offer extended to him
by the Republic that he might return upon the
payment of a fine and by making public ac-
knowledgement of his offense.

“Nevertheless, when from his kin
There came the tidings how at last
In Florence a decree was pass’d
Whereby all banished folk might win
Free pardon, so a fine were paid
And act of public penance made.”

—*Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*



Dante

*"Io, he that strolls to Hell and back
At will!"*

Gerome

THE POET.

The offer he indignantly spurned, for he already foresaw that he should return in

“* * * other guise,

And standing up

At his baptismal font, shall claim the wreath
Due to the poet's temples.”

His Divine Comedy was already bringing him fame and reconciling him to his lot.

“For a tale tells that on his track,

As through Verona's streets he went,

This saying certain women sent:—

‘Lo, he that strolls to Hell and back

At will! Behold him, how Hell's reek

Has crisped his beard and singed his
cheek.’

‘Whereat’ (Boccaccio's words) ‘he smiled

For pride in fame.’ It might be so;

Nevertheless we cannot know

If haply he were not beguil'd

To bitter mirth, who scarce could tell

If he indeed *were* back from Hell.”

—*Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*

Longfellow likens the Divine Comedy to a vast cathedral which we enter to pray, shutting out all thought of this world erewhile:

“Oft have I seen, at some cathedral door,
A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,

FLORENCE.

Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er;
Far off the noises of the world retreat;
The loud vociferations of the street
Become an undistinguishable roar.
So, as I enter here from day to day,
And leave my burden at this minster gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait.

How strange the sculptures that adorn these
towers!

This crowd of statues, in whose folded sleeves
Birds build their nests; while canopied with
leaves

Parvis and portal bloom like trellised bowers,
And the vast minster seems a cross of flowers!
But fiends and dragons on the gargoyled eaves
Watch the dead Christ between the living
thieves,

And, underneath, the traitor Judas lowers.
Ah! from what agonies of heart and brain,
What exultations, trampling on despair,
What tenderness, what tears, what hate of
wrong,

What passionate outcry of soul in pain,
Uprose this poem of the earth and air,
This mediaeval miracle of song!

THE POET.

I enter, and I see thee in the gloom
Of the long aisles, O poet saturnine!
And strive to make my steps keep pace with
thine.

The air is filled with some unknown perfume;
The congregation of the dead make room
For thee to pass; the votive tapers shine;
Like rooks that haunt Ravenna's groves of pine
The hovering echoes fly from tomb to tomb.
From the confessionals I hear arise
Rehearsals of forgotten tragedies,
And lamentations from the crypt below;
And then a voice celestial, that begins
With the pathetic words, 'Although your sins
As scarlet be,' and ends with 'as white as snow.'

With snow-white veil and garments as of flame,
She stands before thee, who so long ago
Filled thy young heart with passion and the
woe

From which thy song and all its splendors
came;
And while with stern rebuke she speaks thy
name,

The ice about thy heart melts as the snow
On mountain heights, and in swift overflow
Comes gushing from thy lips in sobs of shame.
Thou makest full confession; and a gleam,
As if the dawn on some dark forest cast,
Seems on thy lifted forehead to increase;
Lethe and Eunoe—the remembered dream

FLORENCE.

And the forgotten sorrow—bring at last
That perfect pardon which is perfect peace.

I lift mine eyes, and all the windows blaze
With forms of saints and holy men who died,
Here martyred and hereafter glorified;
And the great Rose upon its leaves displays
Christ's triumph, and the angelic roundelays,
With splendor upon splendor multiplied;
And Beatrice again at Dante's side
No more rebukes, but smiles her words of
praise.

And then the organ sounds, and unseen choirs
Sing the old Latin hymns of peace and love,
And benedictions of the Holy Ghost;
And the melodious bells among the spires
O'er all the housetops and through heaven
above

Proclaim the elevation of the Host!
O star of morning and of liberty!
O bringer of the light, whose splendor shines
Above the darkness of the Apennines,
Forerunner of the day that is to be!
The voices of the city and the sea,
The voices of the mountains and the pines,
Repeat thy song, till the familiar lines
Are footpaths for the thought of Italy!
Thy fame is blown abroad from all the heights,
Through all the nations, and a sound is heard,
As of a mighty wind, and men devout,
Strangers of Rome, and the new proselytes,

THE POET.

In their own language hear thy wondrous word,
And many are amazed and many doubt."

"And Dante searched the triple spheres,
Moulding nature at his will,
So shaped, so colored, swift or still,
And, sculptor-like, his large design
Etched on Alp and Apennine."

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

"And now as manhood passes into age
The struggle and the blessing have been mine
To follow step by step, and line by line,
The course of that transcendent pilgrimage.
The forest wild, foul stream, and drear abyss,
The sunlight ocean, and the mountain fair,
The wondrous circles of the souls in bliss,
Where light and music tremble in the air."

—*E. H. Plumtre.*

Nor did Dante neglect opportunities for growth during his exile. We hear of him in Paris and all the chief cities of Europe among the learned and the gifted.

Ravenna was the last resting place in his earthly pilgrimage, as it is also the last resting place of his mortal remains, for the inhabitants of Ravenna stoutly refused to part with his body when in after years the Florentines petitioned for its return.

FLORENCE.

“Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar,
Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore;
Thy factions, in their worse than civil war,
Proscribed the bard whose name forevermore
Thy children’s children would in vain adore
With the remorse of ages. * * *
“Happier Ravenna! on thy hoary shore,
Fortress of falling empire! honor’d sleeps
The immortal exile.” —*Byron.*

Neither did Ravenna yield the body when
the powerful Medician, Pope Leo X, sent as
ambassador to negotiate for it, Michael Angelo,
who later apotheosized Dante in these sonnets:

“What should be said of him cannot be said,
By too great splendor is his name attached;
To blame is easier to those who him offended,
Than reach the faintest glory round him shed.
This man descended to the doomed and dead
For our instruction, then to God ascended;
Heaven opened wide to him its portals splendid,
Who, from his country’s closed against him,
fled.

Ungrateful land, to its own prejudice
Nurse of his fortunes; and this showeth well
That the most perfect, most of grief shall see.
Among a thousand proofs let one suffice:
That as his exile hath no parallel,
Ne’er walked the earth a greater man than he.”

—*Translated by Henry W. Longfellow.*

THE POET.

“Down to the dark abyss he went, and trod
The one and the other hell; this purpose
wrought,
Instinct with thoughts sublime he soared to
God;
And the great truths thence gained to mortals
taught;
Star of high valor! from his depth of rays,
On our dark minds eternal secrets blaze;
His sole reward that persecuting rod
With which her heroes a base world requites;
Dante’s great mind left far behind the lights
Of that ungrateful people whose applause
Is ne’er denied but to the wise and great;
Would I were such as he, mine the same fate,
Happiest of all that can on mortals wait,
Exile severe, endured in Virtue’s cause.”

—*Translated by John S. Harford.*

“Tender Dante loved his Florence well,
While Florence now to love him is content.”

—*Mrs. Browning.*

As the Florentines did not have his body to
honor, they erected a cenotaph in Santa Croce—

“In Santa Croce’s church forlorn
Of any corse, the architect and hewer
Did pile the empty marbles as thy tomb”—

and they instituted a chair of literature for the
expounding of his great poem. That system of

FLORENCE.

lectures is still continued in Or San Michele, but in 1378 the lectures were delivered in the Cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore and the lecturer appointed by the Republic was Giovanni Boccaccio.

The Florentines have Dante's portrait on the walls of the Bargello, painted by Giotto, as we have said.

ON A PORTRAIT OF DANTE BY GIOTTO.

“Can this be thou, who, lean and pale,
With such immitigable eye
Didst look upon those writhing souls in bale,
And note each vengeance, and pass by
Unmoved, save when thy heart by chance
Cast backward one forbidden glance,
And saw Francesca, with child's glee,
Subdue and mount thy wild-horse knee,
And with proud hands control its fiery prance?

With half-drooped lids, and smooth, round
brow,

And eye remote, that inly sees
Fair Beatrice's spirit wandering now
In some sea-lulled Hesperides,
Thou movest through the jarring street,
Secluded from the noise of feet
By her gift-blossom in thy hand,
Thy branch of palm from Holy Land;—
No trace is here of ruin's fiery sleet.



Portrait of Dante

Giotto

THE POET.

Yet there is something round thy lips
That prophesies the coming doom,
The soft, gray herald—shadow ere the eclipse
Notches the perfect disk with gloom;
A something that would banish thee,
And thine untamed pursuer be,
From men and their unworthy fates,
Though Florence had not shut her gates,
And Grief had loosed her clutch and let thee
free.

Ah! he who follows fearlessly
The beckoning of a poet-heart
Shall wander, and without the world's decree,
A banished man in field and mart;
Harder than Florence's walls the bar
Which with deaf sternness holds him far
From home and friends, till death's release,
And makes his only prayer for peace,
Like thine, scarred veteran of a lifelong war!"

—*James Russell Lowell.*

INSCRIPTION FOR A PORTRAIT OF DANTE.

"Dante Alighieri, a dark oracle
Of wisdom and of art I am; whose mind
Has to my country such great gifts assign'd
That men account my powers a miracle.
My lofty fancy passed as low as Hell,
As high as Heaven, secure and unconfin'd;
And in my noble book doth every kind
Of earthly lore and heavenly doctrine dwell.

FLORENCE.

Renowned Florence was my mother,—nay,
Stepmother unto me her piteous son,
Through sin of cursed slander's tongue and
tooth.

Ravenna sheltered me so cast away;
My body is with her,—my soul with One
For whom no envy can make dim the truth.”
—*Giovanni Boccaccio, translated by Dante Ga-*
briel Rossetti.

The same sonnet is thus translated by C.
Gray:

“Dante am I,—Minerva's son, who knew
With skill and genius (though in style obscure)
And elegance maternal to mature
My toil, a miracle to mortal view.
Through realms tartarean and celestial flew
My lofty fancy, swift-winged and secure;
And ever shall my noble work endure,
Fit to be read of men, and angels too.
Florence, my earthly mother's glorious name;
Stepdam to me,—whom from her side she
thrust,
Her duteous son; bear slanderous tongues the
blame;
Ravenna housed my exile, holds my dust;
My spirit is with Him from whom it came,—
A Parent envy cannot make unjust.”

“Ah! thou, too,
Sad Alighieri, like a waning moon
Setting in storm behind a grove of bays!

* * * * *

THE POET.

Yes, the great Florentine, who wove his web
And thrust it into hell, and drew it forth
Immortal, having burn'd all that could burn,
And leaving only what shall still be found
Untouch'd, nor with the smell of fire upon it,
Under the final ashes of this world."

—*Sydney Dobell.*

On the occasion of the two hundredth anniversary of Dante's birth his portrait on wood was installed in Santa Maria del Fiore, in which he is represented as holding in his hand the Divine Comedy from which rays of light issue—rays which illuminate, not only Florence, but all the world.

The six hundredth anniversary of his birth was celebrated by the erection of a monument to him in front of Santa Croce. It is his statue nineteen feet high, wrought in white marble, and supported by a base ornamented with the shields of the four principal cities of Italy; and at the request of the Florentines, Alfred Tennyson wrote this poem:

TO DANTE.

"King, that hast reigned six hundred years,
and grown
In power, and ever growest, since thine own
Fair Florence honoring thy nativity,
Thy Florence now the crown of Italy,
Hath sought the tribute of a verse from me,
I, wearing but the garland of a day,
Cast at thy feet one flower that fades away."

FLORENCE.

BOSTON TO FLORENCE.

“Proud of her clustering spires, her new-built
towers,

Our Venice, stolen from the slumbering sea,
A sister’s kindest greeting wafts to thee,
Rose of Val d’Arno, Queen of all its flowers!
Thine exile’s shrine thy sorrowing love em-
bowers,

Yet none with truer homage bends the knee,
Or stronger pledge of fealty brings than we,
Whose poets make thy dead Immortal ours.
Lonely the height, but ah, to heaven how near!

Dante, whence flowed that solemn verse of
thine

Like the stern river from its Apennine
Whose name the far-off Scythian thrilled with
fear;

Now to all lands thy deep-toned voice is dear,
And every language knows the Song Divine!”

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

ON A BUST OF DANTE.

“See, from this counterfeit of him
Whom Arno shall remember long,
How stern of lineament, how grim,
The father was of Tuscan song!
There but the burning sense of wrong,
Perpetual care, and scorn, abide—
Small friendship for the lordly throng,
Distrust of all the world beside.

THE POET.

Faithful if this wan image be,
No dream his life was—but a fight;
Could any Beatrice see
A lover in that anchorite?
To that cold Ghibelline's gloomy sight
Who could have guessed the visions came
Of beauty, veiled with heavenly light,
In circles of eternal flame?

The lips as Cumae's cavern close,
The cheeks with fast and sorrow thin,
The rigid front, almost morose,
But for the patient hope within,
Declare a life whose course hath been
Unsullied still, though still severe,
Which, through the wavering days of sin,
Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

Not wholly such his haggard look
When wandering once, forlorn, he strayed,
With no companion save his book,
To Corvo's hushed monastic shade;
Where, as the Benedictine laid
His palm upon the pilgrim guest,
The single boon for which he prayed
The convent's charity was rest.

Peace dwells not here—this rugged face
Betrays no spirit of repose;
The sullen warrior sole we trace,
The marble man of many woes.

FLORENCE.

Such was his mien when first arose
The thought of that strange tale divine—
When hell he peopled with his foes,
The scourge of many a guilty line.

* * * * *

O time! whose verdicts mock our own,
The only righteous judge art thou;
That poor, old exile, sad and lone,
Is Latium's other Virgil now.
Before his name the nations bow;
His words are parcel of mankind,
Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,
The marks have sunk of Dante's mind."

—*Thomas William Parsons.*

DANTE.

"Poet, whose unscarr'd feet have trodden Hell,
By what grim path and dread environing
Of fire couldst thou that dauntless footstep
bring

And plant it firm amid the dolorous cell
Of darkness where perpetually dwell
The spirits cursed beyond imaging?

Or else is thine a visionary wing,
And all thy terror but a tale to tell?
Neither and both, thou seeker! I have been
No wilder path than thou thyself dost go,
Close mask'd in an impenetrable screen,
Which having rent, I gaze around, and know

THE POET.

What tragic wastes of gloom, before unseen,
Curtain the soul that strives and sins below."

—*Richard Garnett.*

We see preserved even a stone on which
Dante was wont to sit, "Sasso de Dante."

"On that ancient seat,
The seat of stone that runs along the wall,
South of the Church, east of the belfry-tower,
(Thou canst not miss it) in the sultry time
Would Dante sit conversing and with those
Who little thought that in his hand he held
The balance, and assigned at his good pleasure
To each his place in the invisible world,
To some an upper region, some a lower;
Many a transgressor sent to his account,
Long ere in Florence numbered with the dead."

—*Rogers.*

"Under the shadow of a stately Pile,
The dome of Florence, pensive and alone,
Nor giving heed to aught that passed the while,
I stood, and gazed upon a marble stone,
The laurelled Dante's favorite seat. A throne
In just esteem, it rivals; though no style
Be there of decoration to beguile
The mind, depressed by thought of greatness
flown.

As a true man, who long had served the lyre,
I gazed with earnestness, and dared no more.
But in his breast the mighty Poet bore

FLORENCE.

A Patriot's heart, warm with undying fire.
Bold with the thought, in reverence I sate
down,
And, for a moment, filled the empty throne.”
—*William Wordsworth.*

Mrs. Browning has it:
“On a stone
Called Dante's,—a plain flat stone scarce dis-
cerned
From others on the pavement,—whereupon,
He used to bring his quiet chair out, turned
To Brunelleschi's church, and pour alone
The lava of his spirit when it burned;
It is not cold today. O passionate
Poor Dante, who, a banished Florentine,
Didst sit austere at banquets of the great,
And muse upon this far-off stone of thine,
And think how oft some passer used to wait
A moment in the golden day's decline—
With ‘Good-night, dearest Dante!’ ”
Yes, good-night, dearest Dante!

CHAPTER IV.

DANTE AND BEATRICE.

“Of Florence and of Beatrice
 Servant and singer from of old,
 O'er Dante's heart in youth had tolled
The knell that gave his lady peace;
 And now in manhood flew the dart
 Wherewith his city pierced his heart.

Yet if his lady's home above
 Was heaven, on earth she filled his soul;
 And if his city held control
To cast the body forth to rove,
 The soul could soar from earth's vain
 throng,
 And heaven and hell fulfil the song.”

—*Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*

* * * * *

We mark the spot on which Dante was wont to stand to watch for a glimpse of her, for love of whom, and as a monument to that love, he builded up his mighty poem which reaches out from the depths of hell to the heights of bliss—of which love even Thomas Carlyle, that crusty old dyspeptic, said, “In all the range of human

FLORENCE.

affection, there was never a passion so pure and so absorbing as that of Dante and Beatrice.”

The picture called the Meeting of Dante and Beatrice by the English artist Holiday, which we see copied so extensively—especially on Florentine post cards, illustrates their second meeting, immortalized in the Vita Nuova, as is also their first meeting:

“Nine times now, since my birth, the heaven of light had turned almost to the same point in its own revolution, when the glorious Lady of my mind, who was called Beatrice by many who knew not what to call her, first appeared before my eyes. She had already been in this life the length of time that in its course the starry heaven had moved toward the region of the East one of the twelve parts of a degree; so that it was about the beginning of her ninth year she appeared to me, and I was near the end of my ninth year when I saw her. She appeared to me clothed in a most noble color, a modest and becoming crimson, and she was adorned in such wise as befitted her very youthful age. At that instant, I say truly that the spirit of life, which dwells in the most secret chamber of the heart, began to tremble with such violence that it appeared fearfully in the least pulsation, and, trembling, said these words: *Ecce deus fortior me, qui veniens dominabitur mihi.* (Behold a god stronger than I, who coming shall rule over me.)

When so many days had passed that nine years were exactly complete since the above-described apparition of this gentle lady, on the last of these days it happened that this admirable lady appeared to me, clothed in purest white, between two gentle ladies of greater age than herself, and, passing along a street, turned her eyes toward that place where I stood very timidly; and by her ineffable courtesy, which is today rewarded in the eternal world, saluted me with such virtue that I was carried to the seventh heaven of bliss. That hour when her most sweet salutation reached me was precisely the ninth of that day; and since it was the first time that her words came to my ears, I took in such sweetness that, as it were intoxicated, I turned away from the folk; and, betaking myself to the solitude of my own chamber, I sat myself down to think of this most courteous lady.”—*Dante*.

This sonnet of Dante's also commemorates that meeting:

FLORENCE.

SONNET

OF BEATRICE DE'PORTINARI ON ALL
SAINTS' DAY.

“Last All Saints’ holy-day, even now gone by,
I met a gathering of damozels;
She that came first, as one doth who excells,
Had Love with her, bearing her company;
A flame burned forward through her steadfast
eye,
As when in living fire a spirit dwells;
So, gazing with the boldness which prevails
O’er doubt, I knew an angel visibly.
As she passed on, she bowed her mild approof
And salutation to all men of worth,
Lifting the soul to solemn thoughts aloof.
In heaven itself that lady had her birth,
I think, and is with us for our behoof;
Blessed are they who meet her on the earth.”

—*Dante Gabriel Rossetti’s Translation.*

After that first salutation by Beatrice, Dante had a marvelous dream, which impressed him so much that he sought interpretation for it is this sonnet:

DANTE’S DREAM.

“To every heart that feels the gentle flame,
To whom this present saying comes in sight,
In that to me their thoughts they may indite,
All health! in Love, our lord and master’s
name,



Dante and Beatrice

Holiday



Dante's Dream

Rossetti

DANTE AND BEATRICE.

Now on its way the second quarter came
Of those twelve hours wherein the stars are
bright,
When Love was seen before me, in such
might,
As to remember shakes with awe my frame.
Suddenly came he, seeming glad, and keeping
My heart in hand; and in his arms he had
My Lady in a folded garment sleeping.
He waked her; and that heart all burning
bade
Her feed upon, in lowly guise and sad,
Then from my view he turned; and parted,
weeping." —*Cary's Translation.*

That dream has been interpreted by many,
both in poetry and in art. Guido Cavalcante,
among others of Dante's contemporaries, an-
swered it in the following sonnet, and from
thenceforward was a warm friend of the poet
and is "the first of my friends," mentioned by
him in the *Commedia*:

"Unto my thinking, thou beheld'st all worth,
All joy, as much of good as man may know,
If thou wert in his power who here below
Is honor's righteous lord throughout this earth.
Where evil dies, even there he has his birth,
Whose justice out of pity's self doth grow.
Softly to sleeping persons he will go,
And, with no pain to them, their hearts draw
forth.

FLORENCE.

Thy heart he took, as knowing well, alas!
That death had claimed thy lady for a prey;
In fear thereof, he fed her with thy heart.
But when he seemed in sorrow to depart,
Sweet was thy dream, for by that sign, I say,
Surely the opposite shall come to pass."

—*Translated by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*

BEATA BEATRIX.

"And was it thine, the light whose radiance
shed
Love's halo round the gloom of Dante's brow?
Was thine the hand that touched his hand, and
thou
The spirit to his inmost spirit wed?
O gentle, O most pure, what shall be said
In praise of thee to whom Love's minstrels
bow?
O heart that held his heart forever now
Thou with his glory shall be garlanded.
Lo, 'mid the twilight of the waning years,
Firenze claims once more our love, our tears;
But thou, triumphant on the throne of song—
By Mary seated in the realm above—
O give us of that gift than death more strong,
The loving spirit that won Dante's love."

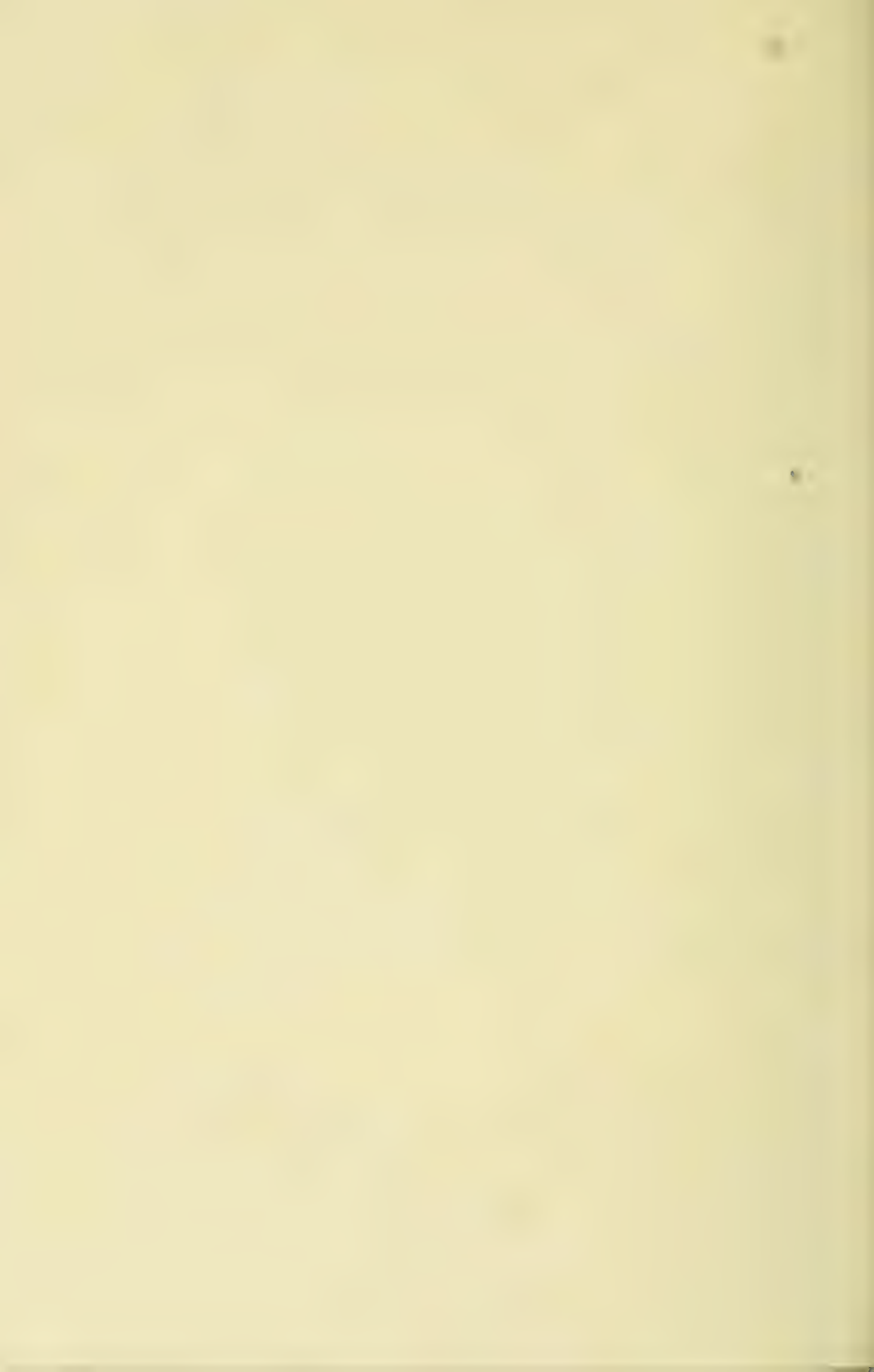
—*Samuel Waddington.*

"Dante once prepared to paint an angel:
Whom to please? You whisper, 'Beatrice.'
While he mused and traced it and retraced it,



Beata Beatrix

Rossetti



DANTE AND BEATRICE.

(Peradventure with a pen corroded
Still by drops of that hot ink he dipped for,
When, his left-hand in the hair o' the wicked,
Back he held the brow, and pricked its stigma,
Bit into the live man's flesh for parchment,
Loosed him, laughed to see the writing rankle,
Let the wretch go festering through Florence),
Dante, who loved well because he hated,
Hated wickedness that hinders loving,
Dante, standing, studying his angel,—
In there broke the folk of his Inferno.
Says he, 'Certain people of importance'
(Such he gave his daily dreadful line to)
Entered and would seize the poet.'
Says the poet, 'Then I stopped my painting.'

You and I will never see that picture.
While he mused on love and Beatrice,
While he softened o'er his outlined angel,
In they broke, those 'People of importance,'
We and Bice the loss forever."

—*Robert Browning.*

ON THE "VITA NUOVA" OF DANTE.

As he that loves oft looks on the dear form
And guesses how it grew to womanhood,
And gladly would have watched the beauties
bud
And the mild fire of precious life wax warm—
So I, long bound within the threefold charm

FLORENCE.

Of Dante's love sublimed to heavenly mood,
Had marveled, touching his Beatitude,
How grew such presence from man's shameful
swarm.

At length within his book I found portrayed
Newborn that Paradisal love of his,
And simple like a child; with whose clear aid
I understood. To such a child as this,
Christ, charging well his Chosen ones, forbade
Offence: 'For lo! of such my kingdom is.'

—*Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*

This is Dante's last description of Beatrice as
his guide in the Paradiso, and also as he views
her after she has resumed her seat in the high
heavens—vacated to help him thither:

“Wherefore love,
With loss of other object, forced me bend
Mine eyes on Beatrice once again.
If all, that hitherto is told of her,
Were in one praise concluded, 'twere too weak
To furnish out this turn. Mine eyes did look
On beauty, such, as I believe, in sooth,
Not merely to exceed our human; but,
That save its Maker, none can to the fullest
Enjoy it. At this point o'erpower'd I fail,
Unequal to my theme, as never bard
Of buskin or of sock hath failed before.
For as the sun doth to the feeblest sight
E'en so remembrance of that witching smile



Dante and Beatrice *Ary Scheffer*

DANTE AND BEATRICE.

Hath dispossessed my spirit of itself.
Not from that day, when on this earth I first
Beheld her charms, up to that view of them,
Have I with song applausive ceased
To follow; but now follow them no more;
My course here bounded, as each artist's is,
When it doth touch the limit of his skill.

* * * * *

Answering not, mine eyes I raised,
And saw her, where aloft she sat, her brow
A wreath reflecting of eternal beams.
Not from the center of the sea so far
Unto the region of the highest thunder,
As was my ken from hers; and yet the form
Came through that medium down, unmix'd and
pure.

'O lady! thou in whom my hopes have rest;
Who, for my safety, hath not scorn'd, in hell,
To leave the traces of thy footsteps mark'd;
For all mine eyes have seen, I to thy power
And goodness, virtue, owe and grace. Of slave,
Thou hast to freedom brought me; and no
means,

For my reliverance apt, hath left untried.
Thy liberal bounty still toward me keep:
That, when my spirit, which thou madest whole,
Is loosen'd from this body, it may find
Favor with thee.' So I my suit preferr'd;
And she, so distant, as appear'd, look'd down
And smiled."

—Cary's Translation.

CHRONOLOGICAL RESUMÉ

AT THE CLOSE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

St. Lawrence martyred.....	258
San Lorenzo Church built.....	393
St. Zanobius buried in San Lorenzo.	440
St. Benedict	480— 543
Baptistery founded	589
St. Martino's Church built.....	986
Badia built	993
Porphyry columns for Baptistery from Pisa	1114
St. Dominic	1170—1221
St. Francis of Assisi.....	1182—1226
Florin coined	1181
Office of Podesta established.....	1199
Franciscans came to Florence.....	1212
Dominicans came to Florence.....	1220
Arnolfo di Cambio.....	1232—1300
Order of Servites founded.....	1233
Cimabue	1240—1302
Palace of the Podesta built.....	1260
Guilds established	1265
Dante	1265—1321
St. Juliana	1270—1340
Pisano	1273—1349
Giotto	1276—1336

FLORENCE.

Republic of Florence established...	1283
Or San Michele Loggia built.....	1284
Baptistery remodeled	1293
Santa Maria Novello built.....	1294
Boniface VIII made pope.....	1294
Santa Croce built.....	1294
Duomo San Maria del Fiore begun..	1296
Palazzo Vecchio built.....	1298

CHAPTER V.

THE RENAISSANCE: PETRARCH.

“Now, tell us what is Italy?” men ask;

“Why, Boccaccio,
Dante, Petrarch.”

—*Mrs. Browning.*

“But where repose the all Etruscan three—
Dante, and Petrarch, and, scarce less than they,
The Bard of Prose, creative spirit! he
Of the Hundred Tales of Love—where did they
lay

Their bones, distinguished from our common
clay

In death as life.”

—*Byron.*

“Nor Alighieri, shall thy praise be lost,
Who from the confines of the Stygian coast,
As Beatrice led thy willing steps along,
To realms of light, and starry mansions sprung;
Nor Petrarch, thou whose soul-dissolving
strains,

Rehearse, O love! thy triumphs and thy pains;
Nor he, whose hundred tales the means impart,
To wind the secret snare around the heart;
Be these thy boast, O Florence! these thy pride,
Thy sons! whose genius spreads thy glory
wide.”

—*Politiano.*

FLORENCE.

At the time of Dante's banishment from Florence, in 1302, one of those condemned with him was a notary named Petracco di Messer Parenzo. (Petracco in Italian is the diminutive of Peter.) This Petracco with his family took up his abode in Arezzo, and the second year after that date, in 1304, a child was born to him and was named Francesco. Francesco di Petracco—Francis of Peter—rendered in Latin gives us Francesco Petrarca. The English form is Petrarch, a name great in the annals of literature.

Petrarch then was not born in Florence, although it was the home of his ancestors, but his name is associated with the city, and he was a shining light whose reflection made Florence first of all cities resplendent.

Petrarch, the morning star of the Renaissance, the poet, the collector of rare manuscripts; Petrarch, the elegant dresser, the ornament of courts, the handsome scholar, was first and foremost the lover of Laura.

Dante and Beatrice, Petrarch and Laura! Laura is immortalized because she inspired the poet with a passion so pure, so exalted, and so intense that it must needs express itself in measured forms till then unknown. The sonnet had been born, the octava rima, and Petrarch's use of it has given his name to one of its forms.

His sonnets to Laura take rank with the odes

PETRARCH.

of Pindar, and early brought him fame and honor. He had studied at the University of Bologna and other great universities of Europe, and when young went to the papal court, then at Avignon, where he was proffered the much coveted post of papal secretary of state, which post he declined, being desirous of freedom for his intellectual pursuits. He had developed a passion for the classics—the Latin and Greek authors, and strove to emulate them, especially Cicero and Virgil.

It was at Avignon in St. Clara's Church that he first saw Laura. The date of the meeting—April 6th, 1327—is recorded by the poet's own hand in a copy of his Virgil, which is preserved as a treasure in the Ambrosian Library at Milan.

His passion was unrequited, so he poured out his soul in his lyrics:

“Young was the damsel under the green laurel,
Whom I beheld more white and cold than snow
By sun unsmitten, many, many years.

* * * * *

There never have been such glorious eyes,
Either in our age or in eldest years;
And they consume me as the sun does snow;
Wherefore Love leads my tears, like streams
ashore,
Under the foot of that obdurate laurel,
Which boughs of adamant hath, and golden
hair.”

—*Translated by Charles Bagot Cayley.*

FLORENCE.

“Divinest Petrarch! he whose lyre
Like morning light, half dew, half fire,
To Laura and to love was vowed—
He looked on one, who with the crowd
Mingled, not mixed; one on whose cheek
There was a blush, as if she knew
Whose look was fixed on hers. Her eye,
Of a spring-sky’s delicious blue,
Had not the language of that bloom,
But mingling tears, and light and gloom,
Was raised abstractedly to heaven;—
No sign was to her lover given.

I painted her with golden tresses,
Such as float on the wind’s caresses
When the laburnums wildly fling
Their sunny blossoms to the spring.
A cheek which had the crimson hue
Upon the sun-touched nectarine;
A lip of perfume and of dew;
A brow like twilight’s darkened line.
I strove to catch each charm that long
Has lived,—thanks to her lover’s song!
Each grace he numbered one by one,
That shone in her of Avignon.

I ever thought that poet’s fate
Utterly lone and desolate.
It is the spirit’s bitterest pain
To love, to be loved again,
And yet between, a gulf which ever

PETRARCH.

The hearts that burn to meet must sever.
And he was vowed to one sweet star
Bright yet to him, but bright afar.”

—*L. E. Landon.*

The dawn of the new love for learning was just peeping over the horizon of the (then) western world, and men looked up in awe and admiration to the greatness of Petrarch's genius.

Kings were eager to have so desirable an acquisition grace their courts and vied with one another in entertaining him. The rulers of Venice voted him a palace in return for a promise of his library, Florence offered to restore the goods of his father, confiscated by his banishment, if he would come and reside within her walls, and the Senate of Rome invited him to deliver an oration on poetry, and when he ascended the steps of the Capitol to do so, crowned him with a laurel, thus making him *poet laureate*,

“Whose rhetorique sweeti
Culumyned all Ytale of poetrie.”—*Chaucer.*

That crown he hastened to put upon the altar of St. Peter's church—a symbolic action.

“And the crown
Which Petrarch's laureate brow supremely
wore,

FLORENCE.

Upon a far and foreign soil had grown,
His life, his fame, his grave, though rifled, not
thine own"—

Byron reminds the city of Florence.

Though Dante had chosen Virgil as his "sage Guide" through the *Inferno* of his great poem, and though he mentions Homer as the "Monarch of sublimest song," still his love for the old writers was not of that intense form that possessed Petrarch, and his subject matter, moreover, was distinctly mediaeval; so not to him, but to Petrarch, is accorded the honor of being the first of the Renaissance writers.

"And buried learning was redeemed to a new life."

Petrarch, however, has not lived to fame through his Latin compositions, nor through his knowledge of Greek, which was not extensive, but to his sonnets to Laura, which were written in the vernacular.

From Petrarch's sonnets:

THE BEAUTY OF LAURA IS PEERLESS.

"In one fair star I saw two brilliant eyes,
With sweetness, modesty, so glistening o'er,
That soon those graceful nests of Love before
My worn heart learnt all others to despise;
Equall'd not her whoever won the prize
In ages gone on any foreign shore;
Not she to Greece whose wondrous beauty bore

PETRARCH.

Number'd ills, to Troy death's anguish'd cries,
Not the fair Roman, who, with ruthless blade
Piercing her chaste and outraged bosom, fled
Dishonor worse than death, like charms displayed;

Such excellence should brightest glory shed
On Nature, as on me supreme delight,
But, ah! too lately come, too soon it takes its
flight."

—*Translated by Thomas Campbell.*

"Time was her tresses by the breathing air
Were wreathed to many a ringlet golden bright,
Time was her eyes diffused unmeasured light,
Her face methought that in its blushes showed
Compassion, her angelic shape and walk,
Her voice that seemed with Heaven's own
speech to talk,—

At these, what wonder that my bosom glowed!
A living sun she seemed—a spirit of heaven.
Those charms decline; but does my passion?
No!

I love not less—the slackening of the bow
Assuages not the wound its shaft has given."

—*Translated by Thomas Campbell.*

The same sonnet is translated by Wrottesley:

"Her golden tresses to the gale were streaming,
That in a thousand knots did them entwine,
And the sweet rays which now so rarely shine
From her enchanting eyes were brightly beam-
ing.

FLORENCE.

And—was it fancy?—o'er that dear face gleam-
ing

Methinks I saw Compassion's tint divine;
What marvel that this ardent heart of mine
Blazed swiftly forth, impatient of Love's
dreaming?

There was naught mortal in her stately tread
But grace angelic, and her speech awoke
Than human voices a far loftier sound.
A spirit of heaven,—a living sun she broke
Upon my sight,—what if these charms be fled?
The slackening of the bow heals not the wound."

PROEMIO.

Voi, ch' ascoltate in rime sparse il suono.

"Ye who shall hear amidst my scattered lays
The sighs with which I fanned and fed my
heart,

When, young and glowing, I was but in part
The man I am become in later days,—
Ye who have marked the changes of my style
From vain despondency to hope as vain,
From him among you who has felt love's pain
I hope for pardon, ay, and pity's smile,
Though conscious, now, my passion was a theme
Long idly dwelt on by the public tongue,
I blush for all the vanities I've sung,
And find the world's applause a fleeting
dream."

—*Translated by Thomas Campbell.*

PETRARCH.

Vaucluse, 19 miles from Avignon, in France, is famous because Petrarch lived there for 16 years; it is famous also for its fountain.

“For here, by Sorgue’s sequestered stream,
Did Petrarch fly from fame, and dream
Life’s noonday light away;
Here build himself a studious home,
And, careless of the crowns of Rome,
To Laura lend his lay.”

—*Alfred Austin.*

TO THE FOUNTAIN OF VAUCLUSE.

“Ye limpid brooks, by whose clear streams
My goddess laid her tender limbs!
Ye gentle boughs, whose friendly shade
Gave shelter to the lovely maid!
Ye herbs and flowers, so sweetly press’d
By her soft rising, snowy breast!
Ye Zephyrs mild, that breathed around
The place where Love my heart did wound!
Now at my summons all appear,
And at my dying words give ear.

If then my destiny requires,
And Heaven with my fate conspires,
That Love these eyes should weeping close,
Here let me find a soft repose.
So Death will less my soul affright
And, free from dread, my weary spright

FLORENCE.

Naked alone will dare t'essay
The still unknown, though beaten way;
Pleased that her mortal part will have
So safe a port, so sweet a grave.

The cruel fair, for whom I burn,
May one day to these shades return,
And smiling with superior grace,
Her lover seek around this place,
And when instead of me she finds
Some crumbling dust toss'd by the winds,
She may feel pity in her breast,
And, sighing, with me happy rest,
Drying her eyes with her soft veil.
Such tears must sure with Heaven prevail.

Well I remember how the flowers
Descended from these boughs in showers.
Encircled in the fragrant cloud
She sat, nor 'mid such glory proud.
These blossoms to her lap repair,
These fall upon her flowing hair,
(Like pearls envased in gold they seem);
These on the ground, these on the stream;
In giddy sounds these dancing say,
Here Love and Laura only sway.

In rapturous wonder oft I said,
Sure she in Paradise was made.
Thence sprang that bright angelic state,
Those looks, those words, that heavenly
gait,

PETRARCH.

That beauteous smile, that voice divine,
Those graces that around her shine.
Transported I beheld the fair,
And sighing cried, How came I there?
In Heaven amongst the immortal blest,
Here let me fix and ever rest."

—*Francesco Petrarca, translated by Molesworth.*

VAUCLUSE.

"Never till now so clearly have I seen
Her whom my eyes desire, my soul still views;
Never enjoyed a freedom thus serene;
Ne'er thus to Heaven breathed my enamour'd
 muse,
As in this vale sequester'd, darkly green,
Where my soothed heart its pensive thought
 pursues,
And nought intrusively may intervene,
And all my sweetly tender sighs renews.
To Love, and meditation, faithful shade,
Receive the breathings of my grateful breast!
Love not in Cyprus found so sweet a rest
As this, by pine and arching laurels made!
The birds, breeze, water, branches, whisper
 love;
Herb, flower and verdant path the lay sympho-
 nious move."

—*Petrarch, translated by Capel Lofft.*

FLORENCE.

ON HIS RETURN TO VAUCLUSE.

“Ye vales, made vocal by my plaintive lay;
Ye streams, embittered with the tears of love;
Ye tenants of the sweet melodious grove;
Ye tepid gales, to which my sighs convey
A softer warmth; ye flowery plains, that move
Reflection sad; ye hills, where yet I rove,
Since Laura there first taught my steps to
stray;—

You, you are still the same! How changed, alas,
Am I! who, from a state of life so blest,
Am now the gloomy dwelling-place of woe!
’Twas here I saw my love: here still I trace
Her parting steps, when she her mortal vest
Cast to the earth, and left these scenes below.”

—*Petrarch, translator unknown.*

HE REVISITS VAUCLUSE.

“Once more, ye balmy gales, I feel you blow;
Again, sweet hills, I mark the morning beams
Gild your green summits; while your silver
streams

Through vales of fragrance undulating flow.
But you, ye dreams of bliss, no longer here
Give life and beauty to the glowing scene:
For stern remembrance stands where you have
been,

And blasts the verdure of the blooming year.
O Laura! Laura! in the dust with thee,
Would I could find a refuge from despair!

PETRARCH.

Is this thy boasted triumph, Love, to tear
A heart thy coward malice dares not free;
And bid it live, while every hope is fled,
To weep, among the ashes of the dead?

—*Petrarch, translated by Anne Bannerman.*

PETRARCA'S RETREAT.

“Vaucluse, ye hills and glades and shady vale
So long the noble Tuscan bard's retreat,
When warm his heart for cruel Laura beat,
As lone he wandered in thy beauteous dale!
Ye flowers, which heard him oft his pains bewail
In tones of love and sorrow, sad, but sweet!
Ye dells and rocks, whose hollow side repeat,
Even yet, his ancient passion's moving tale!
Fountain, which pourest out thy water's green
In ever-flowing stream the Sorgue to fill,
Whose charms the lovely Arno's emulate!
How deeply I revere your holy scene,
Which breathes throughout the immortal poet
still,
Whom I, perchance all vainly, imitate!”

—*Luigi Alamanni.*

TO VAUCLUSA.

“What though, Vauclusa, the fond bard be fled
That wooed his fair in thy sequestered bow-
ers,
Long loved her living, long bemoaned her dead,
And hung her visionary shrine with flowers?

FLORENCE.

What though no more he teach thy shades to
mourn

The hapless chances that to love belong,
As erst, when drooping o'er her turf forlorn,
He charmed wild Echo with his plaintive
song?

Yet still, enamoured of the tender tale,
Pale Passion haunts thy grove's romantic
gloom,

Yet still soft music breathes in every glade
Still undecayed the fairy-garlands bloom,
Still heavenly incense fills each fragrant vale,
Still Petrarch's Genius weeps o'er Laura's
tomb."

—*Thomas Russell.*

Petrarch died at Arquà, near Padua, where
his home is still preserved:

"Arquà, too, her store
Of tuneful relics proudly claims and keeps,
While Florence vainly begs her banished dead,
and weeps."

—*Byron.*

"Three leagues from Padua stands, and long
has stood

(The Padua student knows it, honors it)
A lonely tomb, beside a mountain church

* * * * *

When, as alive, clothed in his canon's stole,
And slowly winding down the narrow path,
He came to rest there, nobles of the land,

PETRARCH.

Princes and prelates mingled in his train,
Anxious by any act, while yet they could
To catch a ray of glory by reflection.
And from that hour have kindred spirits flocked
From distant countries from the north, the
south,
To see where he is laid.”

—*Rogers.*

“There is a tomb in Arqua, reared in air,
Pillared in their sarcophagus, repose
The bones of Laura’s lover; here repair
Many familiar with his well-sung woes,
The pilgrims of his genius. He arose
To raise a language and his land reclaim,
From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes;
Watering the tree which bears his lady’s name
With his melodious tears, he gave himself to
fame.

They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died;
The mountain village where his latter days
Went down the vale of years; and ’tis their
pride—

An honest pride, and let it be their praise—
To offer to the passing stranger’s gaze
His mansion and his sepulchre; both plain
And venerably simple, such as raise
A feeling more accordant with his strain,
Than if a pyramid form’d his monumental fane.

FLORENCE.

And the soft, quiet hamlet where he dwelt
Is one of that complexion which seems made
For those who their mortality have felt,
And sought a refuge from their hopes decay'd

In the deep umbrage of a green hill's shade,
Which shows a distant prospect far away,
Of busy cities, now in vain display'd;
For they can lure no further; and the ray
Of a bright sun can make sufficient holiday."

—*Byron.*

ON THE TOMB OF PETRARCH.

"Ye consecrated marbles, proud and dear,
Blest, that the noblest Tuscan ye infold,
And in your walls his holy ashes hold,
Who, dying, left none greater, none his peer;
Since I, with pious hand, with soul sincere,
Can send on high no costly perfumed fold
Of frankincense, and o'er the sacred mould
Where Petrarch lies no gorgeous altars rear;
O, scorn not, if humbly I impart
My grateful offering to these lovely shades,
Here bending low in singleness of mind!
Lilies and violets sprinkling to the wind,
Thus Damon prays, while the bright hills and
glades,
Murmur, 'The gift is small, but rich the heart.'"

—*Benedetto Varchi.*

CHAPTER VI.

THE RENAISSANCE: BOCCACCIO.

The Renaissance had many phases, one—and at first the chief one—was the desire for reading the classics; then came a revival of new interests and ideas roused by such reading. The mediaeval idea of life was that it should be nothing more than a preparation for death, with the mind fixed upon eternity. Now there came into people's consciousness with the beauty of language and thought from the great storehouse of ages, a new sense of beauty, even of this life which was erstwhile only a vale of tears, and they reveled in the new found treasure.

Beauty of form, beauty of thought, beauty of expression, beauty of life; an awakening, an eagerness, a new birth,—that was the Renaissance; and though the thirst for knowledge was advocated and followed by the greatest intellects of the time, still the intellectual beauty was often accompanied by many pictures of the pagan excesses in the delights of this world, “the flesh and the devil,” and into that class of literature may we place the work of our Florentine writer of the age—Giovanni Boccaccio.

FLORENCE.

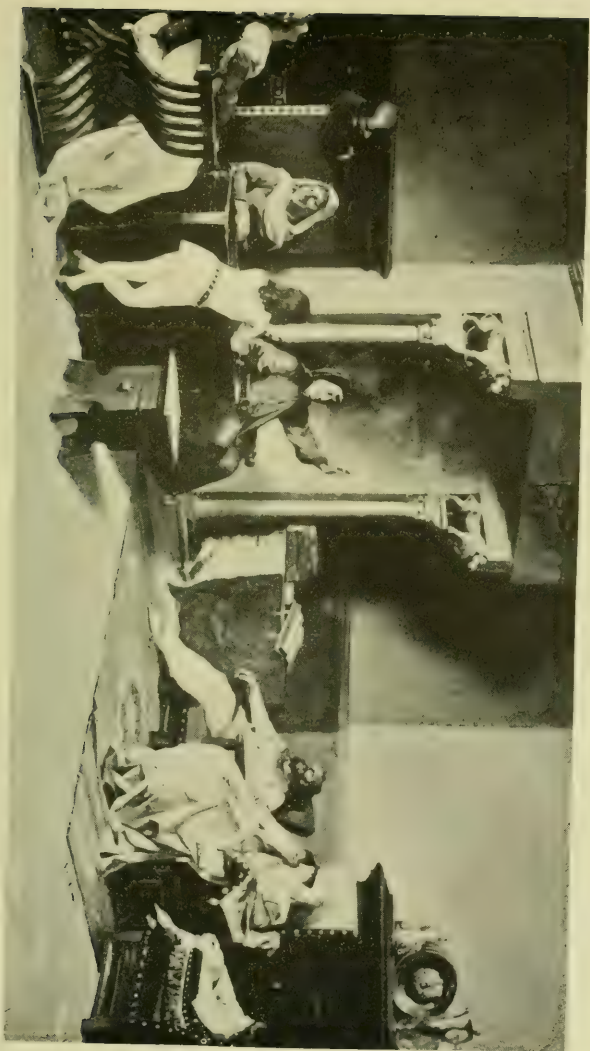
He was eight years old when Dante died, and was early known as a poet, a writer of songs, and a gallant, given to love and adventure, "a light o' love"; but in later life he reformed and took up the study of the classics and followed and spread the light of the "new birth," having, while Florentine ambassador, visited Rome, Avignon and Ravenna and formed a life-long friendship with Petrarch.

The following sonnet was written by him in connection with his lectures on Dante:

TO ONE WHO HAD CENSURED HIS PUBLIC EXPOSITION OF DANTE.

"If Dante mourns, there wheresoe'er he be,
That such high fancies of a soul so proud
Should be laid open to the vulgar crowd,
(As, touching my Discourse, I'm told by thee)
This were my grievous pain; and certainly
My proper blame should not be disavow'd;
Though hereof somewhat, I declare aloud,
Were due to others, not alone to me.
False hopes, true poverty, and therewithal
The blinded judgment of a host of friends,
And their entreaties, made that I did thus.
But of all this there is no gain at all
Unto the thankless souls with whose base ends
Nothing agrees that's great or generous."

—*Translated by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*



Boccaccio

Cassio

BOCCACCIO.

Boccaccio is known to fame for his prose work, the Decameron. Though written in the vernacular and with the subject matter local, the style is classic, and it laid the foundation of modern Italian prose.

In 1348, the Plague—the Black Death which devastated all Europe—visited Florence, and Boccaccio in the Decameron “Ten Days” takes in imagination three men and seven women to a villa near Florence, the Villa Palmieri—now called the Villa Crawford—and with a “let us eat, drink and be merry” spirit, they while away the time in song and story, shutting out all thought of the horrors around them. The number of stories—which Boccaccio calls novels—is one hundred, one story a day from each person, and many of them are extremely sensual.

We can trace the tales in English literature from Chaucer down to the present time, but the authors who have used them, have not done so, in some cases, to the elevation of their moral tone; however, Alfred Tennyson, in his high-mindedness, chose one worthy of his versifying, of which only a small part is given here:

THE GOLDEN SUPPER.

(A young lover, Julian, whose cousin and foster-sister, Camilla, has been wedded to his friend and rival, Lionel, endeavors to narrate the story of his own love for her, and the strange sequel to it. He speaks of having been haunted in delirium by visions and the sound of bells, sometimes tolling

FLORENCE.

for a funeral, and at last ringing for a marriage; but he breaks away, overcome, as he approaches the Event, and a witness to it completes the tale.)

* * * * *

“He flies the event: he leaves the event to me:
Poor Julian—how he rushed away; the bells,
Those marriage-bells, echoing in ear and heart,
But cast a parting glance at me, you saw,
As who would say, “Continue.” Well, he had
One golden hour—of triumph, shall I say?
Solace at least—before he left his home.
Would you had seen him in that hour of his!
He moved thro’ all of it majestically—
Restrain’d himself quite to the close—but now,
Whether they *were* his lady’s marriage bells,
Or prophets of them in his fantasy,
I never ask’d: but Lionel and the girl
Were wedded, and our Julian came again
Back to his mother’s house among the pines.
But there, their gloom, the mountains and the
Bay,

The whole land weighed him down as Etna does
The Giant of Mythology: he would go,
Would leave the land forever, and had gone
Surely, but for a whisper, “Go not yet,”
Some warning, and divinely as it seem’d
By that which followed—but of this I deem
As of the visions that he told—the event
Glanc’d back upon them in his after life,
And partly made them—tho’ he knew it not.

And thus he stayed and would not look at her—
 No, not for months : but, when the eleventh moon
 After their marriage lit the lover's Bay,
 Heard yet once more the tolling bell, and said,
 Would you could toll me out of life, but found—
 All softly, as his mother broke it to him—
 A crueller reason than a crazy ear,
 For that low knell tolling his lady dead—
 Dead—and had lain three days without a pulse :
 All that looked on her had pronounced her dead.
 And so they bore her (for in Julian's land
 They never nail a dumb head up in elm),
 Bore her free-faced to the free air of heaven,
 And laid her in the vault of her own kin.

What did he then? not die : he is here and hale—
 Not plunge headforemost from the mountain
 there,

And leave the name of Lover's Leap : not he :
 He knew the meaning of the whisper now,
 Thought that he knew it. 'This, I stay'd for
 this;

O love, I have not seen you for so long.
 Now, now, will I go down into the grave,
 I will be all alone with all I love,
 And kiss her lips. She is his no more :
 The dead returns to me, and I go down
 To kiss the dead.'

 The fancy stirr'd him so
 He rose and went, and entering the dim vault,
 And, making there a sudden light, beheld

FLORENCE.

All round him that which all will be.
The light was but a flash, and went again.
Then at the far end of the vault he saw
His lady with the moonlight on her face;
Her breast as in a shadow-prison, bars
Of black and bands of silver, which the moon
Struck from the grating overhead
High in the wall, and all the rest of her
Drown'd in the gloom and horror of the vault.

‘It was my wish,’ he said, ‘to pass, to sleep,
To rest, to be with her—till the great day
Peal'd on us with that music which rights all,
And raised us hand in hand.’ And kneeling
there

Down in the dreadful dust that once was man,
Dust, as he said, that once was loving hearts,
Hearts that had beat with such a love as mine—
Not such as mine, no, nor for such as her—
He softly put his arm about her neck
And kiss'd her more than once, till helpless
death

And silence made him bold—nay, but I wrong
him,

He revered his dear lady even in death;
But, placing his true hand upon her heart,
‘O, you warm heart,’ he moaned, ‘not even death
Can chill you all at once’; then starting, thought
His dreams had come again. ‘Do I wake or
sleep?

Or am I made immortal, or my love

BOCCACCIO.

Mortal once more?' It beat — the heart — it
beat:

Faint—but it beat: at which his own began
To pulse with such a vehemence that it drown'd
The feebler motion underneath his hand."

* * * * *

(He takes her from her swoon, back to her
mother's home, and finally restores her safe and
sound to her husband.)

* * * * *

"This love is of the brain, the mind, the soul:
That makes the sequel pure; tho' some of us
Beginning at the sequel, know no more."

* * * * *

And the following amusing rendition of
another tale is certainly innocuous!

A STORY FROM BOCCACCIO.

"I have got a certain habit that approacheth to
a merit,

Yet is something of a weakness and a trifle of
a bore;

'Tis that when I meet a pleasure, I must call a
friend to share it,

Or I miss of its enjoyment half the luxury or
more.

Thus—when some good-natured crony sends a
partridge or a pheasant,

Or a trout or river-salmon, that is not enough
for two,

FLORENCE.

For my life I can't sit down to dine alone, how-
e'er unpleasant
Comes the mutton anti-climax that must eke
the dinner through.

Or, again—I've got a garden, rather famous for
its roses,
But still more so for its artichokes, its beans,
and early peas:
Well, when any of these favorites begin to show
their noses,
I approach the garden-wall and cry, 'Step
here, sir, if you please.'

'Tis to Mr. Jones, my neighbor, to partake my
exultation,
But, if Mr. Jones be absent from his rake and
pruning-hook,
I must press the nearest biped in the cause of
admiration,
If it's only Tom, the stable-boy, or Margery,
the cook.

So, in Literature's garden, when I've met a song
or story
That has raised a pleasant smile, or caused a
pleasant tear descend,
Should you chance to call upon me, be admon-
ished I should bore ye
With the whole of the transaction from begin-
ning to the end.

BOCCACCIO.

I've been reading in Boccaccio, where I stumbled o'er a treasure

That I'd somehow overlooked, although I've loved the book for years,

It's a quarter after midnight, and I can't expect the pleasure

Of a visitor to favor me with sympathy and ears.

So I'll put the tale on paper, just as well as I can do it,

(For I can't wait till the morning for a call from Mr. Jones),

And I fancy, e'en in my hands, you'll be able to get through it,

As, in any clumsy setting, we can value precious stones.

It was in the land of gardens (by the way, I've never been there;

So the charms of local color you had better not expect),

In a garden among gardens, Nature's blue, and gold, and green, there

Were concentrated—as in Eden, Eve a bower might have decked.

By the way, pray understand me—misconception's always humbling—

('Tis of Italy I speak): a Roman villa there had stood;

FLORENCE.

And with moss and vines half hidden, broken
columns lay a-crumbling,
Which I won't attempt to paint, as only Mr.
Ruskin could.

And, were I to try the beauties of the sky and
sea and ocean
To depict, our traveled critics would be
quickly down on me;
All I want is to convey a golden, dreamy kind of
notion
Of a garden in the sunset, by the Adriatic
Sea.

Well—there sat two lovers, loving, neither gos-
siping nor moving,
Ne'er a sigh or kiss exchanging, nor a word
did either say:
They were simply, I repeat it, sitting quietly
and loving;
Which is quite an occupation, I can tell you,
in its way.

They were young and good and happy—more
description where's the need of?
Is it necessary, even, to inform you they were
fair?
Since that goodness, youth and happiness, from
all I see and read of,
Are to Beauty just as Oxygen, and Nitrogen
to Air.

BOCCACCIO.

So I give you a *carte blanche* of their external
forms and dresses,
All the details to fill in; you may indulge your
tastes at ease
In the choice of ladies' fashion, and in hue of
eyes and tresses,
And the gentlemen may clothe in any colored
stuffs you please.

Well, they sat there, never moving, only sitting
still and loving,
With their hands and souls united, and their
faces looking calm;
Drinking bliss at each heart's pore—no thought
of questioning or proving—
Do the lilies think of analyzing zephyr's pleas-
ant balm?

But, alas! (I'm but a Cockney; you must pardon
me some triteness
In my images from nature) in its pride of
dewy gem,
Little recks the happy lily, with its snowy, saucy
whiteness,
Of the brewing gust from northward, that will
snap it from its stem.

So, alas! with my two lovers, at their lazy,
happy loving,
With their hearts from doubt and trouble as
their sky from cloudlet, free,

FLORENCE.

With the hundred thousand influences round
them sweetly moving,
Of the garden, and the sunset, and the Adri-
atic Sea.

To the story! it's a short one: 'faith a line or
two would tell it,
Yet a folio not exhaust it (there's a verse in
Holy Writ
That contains but two short words, in half a
second you can spell it,
Yet the mighty Volume's purport is concen-
tred all in it).

In the grass, among the flowers, plucking cro-
cus-cup and daisy,
(Plants that probably in Italy were never
known to smile;
I repeat that I'm a Cockney), there he lounged,
serenely lazy,
Picking, throwing, nibbling, dreaming, doz-
ing, loving all the while.

Well; one leant upon his elbow, and his hand
went idly roving
Through the tresses of the other—not in rap-
ture or amaze
At their beauty; for the lovers who were sitting
there and loving,
Were *as one*—and none but coxcombs will
their own adorning praise.

No! he twirled the tresses hither, and he tossed
the tresses thither,
As he would his own moustaches, and the
maiden never moved;
Ne'er a freedom could she dream of for the
hand that trifled with her
Was her own, for they were one—and so they
trifled, sat and loved.

And his other hand strayed idly o'er the herb-
age of the garden
(By the way, 'twas once a wizard's, of the
noxious herbal school;
I'm a greenhorn at narration, so I trust that
you will pardon
Any trifling deviation from severe construc-
tive rules).

Scarce within his reach of arm, he spied a plant
of curious prickle;
It was tempting from its distance (still one
hand about her head).
Could he reach it? lo, a triumph! it is plucked,
its fibers tickle:
He must chew it—he has done so—in a mo-
ment he is *Dead!*

'Twas a poison! (I admit it's unartistic, all
worked up to;
It's abrupt, it's coarse, it's cruel, harsh—en-
titles me to groans:

FLORENCE.

But I've told you, ne'er a neighbor would look
in to chat and sup, too;
So, if any one's to blame, I think you'll own
it's Mr. Jones.)

He was dead, and she was living! Earth and
sea, and sky and ocean
All were changed—the light of life was gone,
rekindled ne'er to be;
In the dark she stood alone; the sun had sunk
with plummet motion;
Not a star shone o'er the blackness of the
Adriatic Sea!

It was black and cold and sudden — she was
hopeless, calm and frigid;
Ne'er a moan escaped her bosom, on her brow
was ne'er a frown;
She was broken, she was frozen, she was pulse-
less, she was frigid;
Can the Lily wave its petals when the north
has blown it down?

There she stood beside the body—not a kiss and
not a murmur;
They were one, and he was dead—beyond all
hopes and pains—
He was dead!—the better part of her—the vital
one, the firmer,
And the mortifying virus worked through
heart and soul, and veins.

BOCCACCIO.

She was dying, and she waited. There, the
neighbors came and found her,
And they charged her with his murder; how,
with magic art and wile,
She had poisoned her true lover; as the world-
lings clamored round her,
She but met them with the spectre of a dead,
but loving smile.

‘Dearest friends,’ she said, ‘I love you, for you
loved him and are wrathsome
At his death, and thirst for mine, in return
for such a life;
And I love ye that ye’d slay me with a death
that’s foul and loathsome,
As you think ’tis I have slain him; I! who
should have been his wife!

Best of friends—do not hate me bitterly, and
tear me into pieces;
For you deem ’tis I have done it—nor give
prayers up for my soul.
How you loved him! he was worth it. What!
your honest fury ceases?
Such true hearts must not be tortured, I’ll
confess to you the whole.’

And she led them to the garden, whence they
ruthlessly had torn her;
And the people, still unsatisfied, were mur-
muring with ire;

FLORENCE.

But the spirit flame within yet burnt, that upward still had borne her,
And the vulgar, 'neath it, cowered, as the heathen worship fire.

And she took them to the spot where late with him she sat a-loving;
And she told them of that happy time (years back it seemed to be!)
How they sat, and loved, and idled, never thinking, never moving,
In the garden, in the sunset, by the Adriatic Sea!

And she showed them how her lover had sat toying with her tresses,
And with one hand plucked a poisoned leaf (the other at her head).
'Here's the plant!' she said, and picked it;
'thus, its poison he expresses,
Just as I do'; and she *chewed* it. In a moment she was dead!

* * * * *

There's my story—do you like it? From Boccaccio I've departed
In the features; but I've given you, at all events, the bones.
It's a first attempt; if bullied, or but met with praise faint-hearted,
Why, in future, I shall go to bed, or knock up Mr. Jones."

—Robert B. Brough.

BOCCACCIO.

BOCCACCIO.

“One day upon a topmost shelf
I found a precious prize indeed,
Which father used to read himself,
But did not want us boys to read;
A brown old book of certain age
(As type and binding seemed to show),
While on the spotted title page
Appeared the name, ‘Boccaccio.’

I’d never heard the name before,
But in due season it became
To him who fondly brooded o’er
Those pages, a beloved name!
Adown the centuries I walked
Mid pastoral scenes and royal show;
With seigneurs and their dames I talked—
The crony of Boccaccio.

Those courtly knights and sprightly maids,
Who really seemed disposed to shine
In gallantries and escapades,
Anon became great friends of mine.
Yet was there sentiment with fun,
And oftentimes my tears would flow
At some quaint tale of valor done,
As told by my Boccaccio.

In boyish dreams I saw again
Bucolic belles and dames of court;
The princely youths and monkish men
Arrayed for sacrifice or sport;

FLORENCE.

Again I heard the nightingale
Sing as she sung those years ago
In his embowered Italian vale
To my revered Boccaccio.

And still I love that brown old book
I found upon the topmost shelf—
I love it so I let none look
Upon the treasure but myself!
And yet I have a stripling boy
Who (I have every cause to know)
Would to its full extent enjoy
The friendship of Boccaccio!

But boys are, oh! so different now
From what they were when I was one!
I fear my boy would not know how
To take that old raconteur's fun!
In your companionship, O friend,
I think it wise alone to go
Plucking the gracious fruits that bend
Where'er you lead, Boccaccio.

So rest you there upon the shelf,
Clad in your garb of faded brown;
Perhaps, some time, my boy himself
Shall find you out and take you down.
Then may he feel the joy once more
That thrilled me, filled me, years ago
When reverently I brooded o'er
The glories of Boccaccio."

—*Eugene Field.*

BOCCACCIO.

THE GARDEN OF BOCCACCIO.

“Of late, in one of those most weary hours,
When life seems emptied of all genial powers,
A dreary mood, which he who ne’er has known
May bless his happy lot, I sate alone;
And, from the numbing spell to win relief,
Call’d on the Past for thought of glee or grief.
In vain, bereft alike of grief or glee,
I sate and cow’r’d o’er my own vacancy,
And as I watched, the dull continuous ache,
Which, all else slumb’ring, seem’d alone to
wake;

O Friend! long wont to notice yet conceal,
And soothe by silence what words cannot heal,
I but half saw that quiet hand of thine
Place on my desk this exquisite design.

Boccaccio’s Garden and its faery,
The love, the joyaunce, and the gallantry!
An Idyll, with Boccaccio’s spirit warm,
Framed in the silent poesy of form.
Like flocks adown a newly-bathed steep
Emerging from a mist; or like a stream
Of music soft that not dispels the sleep,
But casts in happier moulds the slumberer’s
dream,

Gazed by an idle eye with silent might
The picture stole upon my inward sight.
A tremulous warmth crept gradual o’er my
chest,
As though an infant’s finger touch’d my breast,

FLORENCE.

And one by one (I know not whence) were
brought
All spirits of power that most had stirred my
thought
In selfless boyhood, on a new world tost
Of wonder, and in its own fancies lost;
Or charmed my youth, that kindled from above,
Loved ere it loved, and sought a form of love;
Or lent a luster to the earnest scan
Of manhood, musing what and whence is man!

Wild strains of scalds, that in the sea-worn
caves
Rehearsed their war-spell to the winds and
waves;
Or fateful hymn of those prophetic maids,
That call'd on Hertha in deep forest glades;
Or minstrel lay, that cheer'd the baron's feast;
Or rhyme of city pomp, of monk and priest,
Judge, mayor, and many a guild in long array,
To high-church pacing on the great saint's day.
And many a verse which to myself I sang,
That woke the tear yet stole away the pang,
Of hopes which in lamenting I renew'd.
And last, a matron now, of sober mien,
Yet radiant still and with no earthly sheen,
Whom as a faery child my childhood woo'd
Even in my dawn of thought—Philosophy;
Though then unconscious of herself, pardie,
She bore no other name than Poesy;
And, like a gift from heaven, in life's glee,

BOCCACCIO.

That had but newly left a mother's knee,
Prattled and play'd with bird and flower, and
stone,
And life reveal'd to innocence alone.

Thanks, gentle artist! now I can decry
Thy fair creation with a mastering eye,
And *all* awake! And now in fix'd gaze stand,
Now wander through the Eden of thy hand;
Praise the green arches, on the fountain clear;
See fragment shadows of the crossing deer;
And with that serviceable nymph I stoop
The crystal from its restless pool to scoop.
I see no longer! I myself am there,
Sit on the ground-sward, and the banquet share.
'Tis I, that sweep that lute's love-echoing
strings,
And gaze upon the maid who gazing sings;
Or pause and listen to the tinkling bells
From the high tower, and think that there she
dwells.
With old Boccaccio's soul I stand possesst,
And breathe an air like life, that swells my
chest.

* * * * *

Mid gods of Greece and warriors of romance,
See! Boccaccio sits, unfolding on his knees
The new-found roll of old Maeonides;
But from his mantle's fold, and near the heart,
Peers Ovid's book of Love's sweet smart!

FLORENCE.

O all-enjoying and all-blending sage,
Long be it mine to con thy mazy page,
Where, half conceal'd, the eye of fancy views
Fauns, nymphs, and winged saints, all gracious
to thy muse!

Still in thy garden let me watch their pranks,
And see in Dian's vest between the ranks
Of the trim vines, some maid that half believes
The *vestal* fires, of which her lover grieves,
With that sly satyr peeping through the
leaves!"

—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

The opening scene of the Decameron was placed before the Church of Santa Maria Novello:

"Let us in thought pursue (what can we better?)

Those who assembled there at matin-time;
Who, when vice revelled and along the street
Tables were set, what time the bearer's bell
Rang to demand the dead at every door,
Came out into the meadows; and, awhile
Wandering in idleness, but not in folly,
Sate down in the high grass and in the shade
Of many a tree, sun-proof, day after day,
When all was still and nothing to be heard,
But the cicala's voice among the olives,
Relating in a ring to banish care,
Their hundred tales.



The Decameron

J. Wagrez

BOCCACCIO.

Round the green hill they went,
Round underneath, first to a splendid house,
Gherardi, as an old tradition runs,
That on the left, just rising from the vale;
A place for luxury,—the painted rooms,
The open galleries and middle court
Not unprepared, fragrant and gay with flowers.
Then westward to another, nobler still yet;
That on the right, now known as the Palmiere,
Where art with nature vied,—a paradise
With verdurous walls, and many a trellised walk
All rose and jasmine, many a twilight glade
Crossed by the deer. Then to the Ladies' Vale;
And the clear lake, that as by magic seemed
To lift up to the surface every stone
Of luster there, and the diminutive fish
Innumerable, dropt with crimson and gold,
Now motionless, now glancing to the sun.
Who has not dwelt on their voluptuous day?
The morning banquet by the fountain-side,
While the small birds rejoiced in every bough;
The dance that followed, and the noontide slumber;
Then the tales told in turn, as round they lay
On carpets, the fresh water murmuring,
And the short interval of pleasant talk
Till supper-time, when many a siren-voice
Sung down the stars; and, as they left the sky,
The torches, planted in the sparkling grass,
And everywhere among the glowing flowers,
Burnt brighter and brighter. He, whose dream
it was,

FLORENCE.

(It was no more), sleeps in a neighboring vale;
Sleeps in the church, where, in his ear, I ween,
The friar poured out his wondrous catalogue;
A ray, imprimis, of the star that shone
To the wise men; a vialful of sounds,
The musical chimes of the great bells that hung
In Solomon's Temple; and, though last, not
least,
A feather from the Angel Gabriel's wing,
Dropt in the Virgin's chamber. That dark
ridge,
Stretching southeast, conceals it from our sight;
Not so his lowly roof and scanty farm,
His copse and rill, if yet a trace be left,
Who lived in Val di Pesa, suffering long
Want and neglect and (far, far worse) re-
proach,
With calm, unclouded mind. The glimmering
tower
On the gray rock beneath, his landmark once,
Now serves for ours, and points out where he
ate
His bread with cheerfulness. Who sees him not
('Tis his own sketch—he drew it from himself)
Laden with cages from his shoulder slung,
And sallying forth, while yet the morn is gray,
To catch a thrush on every lime-twigg there;
Or in the wood among his wood-cutters;
Or in the tavern by the highway-side
At tric-tra with the miller; or at night,
Doffing his rustic suit, and duly clad,

BOCCACCIO.

Entering his closet, and among his books,
Among the great of every age and clime,
A numerous court, turning to whom he pleased,
Questioning each why he did this or that,
And learning how to overcome the fear
Of poverty and death?"

—*Samuel Rogers.*

It was while in retirement here at Certaldo, that Boccaccio did penance for the follies of his youth, and would have burned the Decameron and entered into Holy Orders, but for the dissuasion of Petrarch; and yet so great were the excesses indulged in by the grosser element of the new learning's advocates, that in the following century, Boccaccio's books *were* burned in the "bonfire of vanities" instituted by Savonarola, and George Eliot puts into the mouth of Romola, who was so extremely classic that she was semi-pagan, these words relative to them:

"There are some things in them I do not want ever to forget," said Romola, "but you must confess, Piero, that a great many of those stories are only about low deceit for the lowest ends. Men do not want books to make them think lightly of vice, as if life was a vulgar joke, and I cannot blame Fra Girolamo for teaching that we owe our time to something better."

CHAPTER VII.

THE MEDICI.

Very different from the atmosphere created by Boccaccio in the Decameron, was the reality in the city of Florence during that dreadful scourge of 1348. Longfellow says in regard to a wax-work view of it in the Bargello Museum:

“It is like the sepulchre with its loathing corpses—with the blackening, the swelling, the bursting of the trunk, the worm, the rat, the tarantula at work.”

In such a field as this did 124,000 Franciscans throughout Europe yield up their lives in administering to the afflicted. In Florence, the *Misericordia*, the Brothers of Mercy, enlarged their buildings and the other famous charitable organization which had been formed for the care and entertainment of pilgrims, the Bigallo, was not behind in its work of zeal, and the Loggia of the Bigallo, now standing, was designed by Orcagna in 1352 for the *Misericordia* who then owned it, as a place for the exhibition of lost or abandoned infants.

At the time of Dante's banishment from Florence in 1302 we found the city in the power of

FLORENCE.

the Neri. They had punished unmercifully all the Bianci by banishment and by confiscation of all their possessions within the city, but were compelled by force of arms to maintain their supremacy.

In an encounter at Pisa in 1315, they received a forcible check, and a few years later met defeat.

Weakened by long dissensions, and fearing an attack upon the city, they appealed to the king of Naples for aid. He sent as his appointee, Walter de Brienne, the Duke of Athens, who was hailed by acclamation as a peace restorer, but alas! only too soon he disclosed his perfidy and was forced to flee for his life. That trial of an aristocratic rule was more than sufficient for the Florentines.

The chief families in the democracy then guided the Republic for the following quarter of a century, and in 1378 we hear of a member of the Guild of Physicians, one Salvestro de' Medici—that is, Salvestro of the Physicians—"medici" being the literal translation of Physicians—being appointed gonfaloniere, an office supreme in the city and created later than that of the priori.

Salvestro's family had from the early thirteenth century taken part in the affairs of their native city, but Salvestro was the first member who attained the highest office. His son, Giovanni, born in 1360, was the first to amass the

THE MEDICI.

great fortune for which the family through succeeding centuries was noted.

His unprecedented generosity placed him in high esteem, to which his two sons, Cosimo and Lorenzo, succeeded.

This Cosimo de'Medici, the grandson of the gonfaloniere, and the son of the wealth amasser, was given the title by decree of the city, of "Pater Patriae," the "Father of His Country," and a monument was ordered to be erected in his honor, in the church, which later became in reality, the Medician Church, St. Lorenzo. He was also called Il Vecchio, the patriarch, the Venerable One, and his brother Lorenzo, born in 1393, was the progenitor of the Medici who a couple of centuries later obtained absolute control, not only over Florence, but over all Tuscany.

The story of Cosimo, The Father of His Country, belongs in reality to the fifteenth century, when under the patronage of himself and his grandson Lorenzo, the Magnificent, Florence was destined to burst into the full bloom of the Renaissance of all art, learning, wealth, honor and renown.

We note, then, that during the fourteenth century, the light of Florence's "mornings" was dimmed by the constant civil wars and by the dissensions which occurred at home and abroad, and also by the dreaded scourge, the Plague, which carried off so many of her citizens.

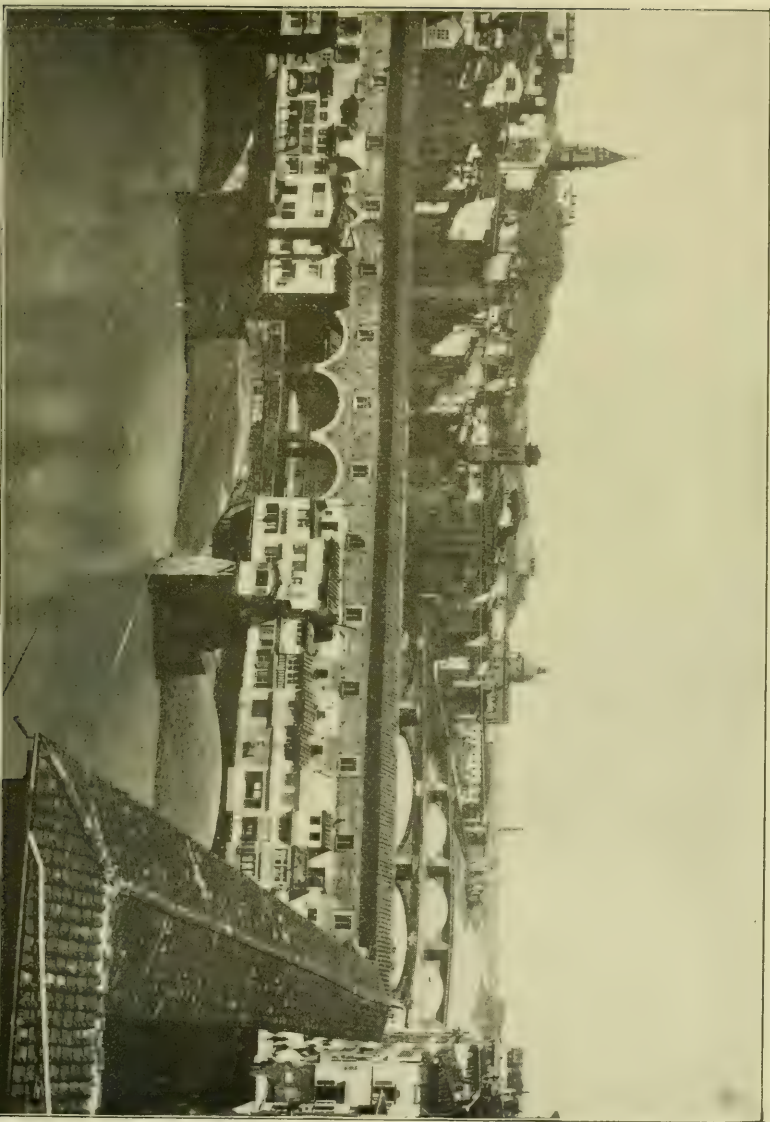
FLORENCE.

The morning of art, which appeared so roseate under Andrea Pisano, Cimabue and Giotto, remained obscured, during the whole century; the architecture under Arnolfo and Giotto was not extended in any noticeable case, except perhaps when Orcagna built the Loggia of the Bigallo, and altered Or San Micheli into a church, and when Taddeo Gaddi, in 1362, rebuilt the Ponte Vecchio, which connects the Palazzo Vecchio with the palaces of later date, the Pitti and the Uffizi.

The bridge—a Roman one—had been demolished repeatedly by the floods of the Arno.

Longfellow tells about it in this poem:

“Taddio Gaddi built me—I am old,
Five centuries old. I plant my foot of stone
Upon the Arno as Saint Michael’s own
Was planted on the dragon. Fold by fold
Beneath me as it struggles, I behold
Its glistening scales. Twice has it overthrown
My kindred and companions. Me alone
It moveth not, but is by me controlled.
I can remember when the Medici
Were driven from Florence; longer still ago
The final wars of Ghibelline and Guelf;
Florence adorns me with her jewelry;
And when I think that Michael Angelo
Hath leaned on me, I glory in myself.”



THE MEDICI.

Under the arches on either side of the bridge the goldsmiths have for centuries plied their trade and stationed their shops—

“Florence adorns me with her jewelry.”

In literature we find Florence’s two great sons pouring out their souls in melody but banished from her walls, and the only writer now known beyond the city’s gates, using the setting for his “Decameron” in his plague-ridden city.

It is true that at the close of the century were born those who later shed a luster on her fame, but their work did not begin until the succeeding century—Ghiberti, Brunelleschi, Donatello and Angelico.

“In my waking dreams

I see the marvelous dome of Brunelleschi,
Ghiberti’s gates of bronze, and Giotto’s tower;
And Ghirlandajo’s lovely Benci glides
With folded hands amid my trembled thoughts,
A splendid vision.”

—*Longfellow.*

To follow the history of the Medici would lead us into international affairs of Europe, during the centuries of the family’s power. We should follow two members of their family as popes to Rome, two daughters of their house to the throne of France, where one of them, besides being the wife of one king, “was mother of three,” and where she fostered her hereditary love of art in her new sphere, where we may still view the palace she built and the gorgeous

FLORENCE.

frescoes which were made in honor of her birth of her daughter—but alas, might also come into mind St. Bartholomew's day!—we might wander in spirit to that ever-interesting but much maligned being, Mary Stuart, who was educated at her court and who became the wife of her son; but our interest at present is centered in Florence and we care not so much for the policies and intrigues of its rulers, as for the mementoes of their power and influence which were extended in the encouragement of the art, literature, architecture, and sculpture which we find in this magnificent city.

During the first three-quarters of the fifteenth century, nearly, Cosimo de' Medici the Pater Patriae, was in reality ruler of Florence, though he preserved the republican form of government.

The literature of the time was mainly concerned in studying the treasured manuscripts of ages past; Greek scholars were encouraged to flock to this center of the revival of letters to lecture and to expound, and secretaries were busied incessantly in copying and circulating the thoughts of the great ones of the earth who had been sleeping, but who were now waked to life.

The Pater Patriae donated to the city priceless manuscripts and formed the nucleus of the library which is even now scarcely rivaled by any in Europe.

THE MEDICI.

The builders of his age are Brunelleschi and Michelozzo, his pupil and successor. Brunelleschi added to the beauty of Santa Maria del Fiore by erecting the dome, the idea for which he conceived from the dome of the Pantheon. Michael Angelo later copied it for the dome of St. Peter's at Rome.

Brunelleschi now lies buried under his dome of Santa Maria del Fiore, and there is a monument to him in the Piazza del Duomo.

He was the pioneer of Renaissance architects. San Lorenzo Church had been remodeled by him for Giovanni dei Medici, the father of the Pater Patriae, in classic style, and the church of the Holy Ghost—Santo Spirito—is his masterpiece.

The Pazzi Chapel in the cloisters of Santa Croce, and the chapel of St. Zanobius in the Duomo, also were built by him, and he designed the Loggia of the Foundlings Hospital in the Piazza SS. Annunziata.

His secular buildings are the Pazzi Palace, now called the Quaratesi Palace; the Barbadori Palace near the Ponte Vecchio, and the Pitti Palace.

The merchant Pitti was a bitter foe of the Medici and, spurred on by his followers, he endeavored to erect a palace which would outshine any of the Medician structures. Brunelleschi was given the order for its erection, but alas, the Medician supremacy proving invincible, the Pitti backers backed out, and the

FLORENCE.

palace was sold by the Pitti heirs to the Medici, and Cosimo, with his wife, Eleanor of Toledo, for whom he laid out around it the Boboli Gardens, so named from the former owner of the land, made it the Grand Ducal Court. On the occasion of the marriage of Cosimo's daughter, occurred the first presentation in Italy of a performance combining drama with music, and later in the same palace, on the occasion of the marriage of Maria dei Medici to Henry IV of France, was born modern Opera—the first of the Italian operas, *Euridice*, having been presented there.

The Pitti Palace is now a Royal residence, and the art collection of Pitti gallery, combined with the Uffizi, is one of the most famous in the world.

The Pater Patriae ordered the other builder of his time, Michelozzo, who had built for him a Medici Chapel in Santa Croce, and a palace now called the Riccardi Palace—to reconstruct a convent for the Silvestrine Monks, which he later transferred to the Dominicans. That convent is the famous San Marco, at whose head was the celebrated prior Antonino, who was afterwards archbishop of Florence and who was later canonized; and its seraphic inmate was Fra Angelico; and at the close of the century it was presided over by that other monk who has forever made San Marco famous—Girolamo Savonarola.

THE MEDICI.

“And thoughtfully the cells we trod
Which held within their narrow border
The prior who preached the wrath of God—
Stern Quixote of a Sacred Order.

* * * * *

And that good Friar, to whom alone
Of mortal men was spirit given
To pierce the veil that shrouds the Throne
And paint the golden Courts of Heaven.”

—*The Earl of Crewe.*

CHRONOLOGICAL RESUME

OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

Dante, the Chief of the Priori	1300
Dante banished	1302
Petrarch	1304-1374
Orcagna	1308-1368
Boccaccio	1313-1375
Office of Bargello created.....	1313
Guelfs defeated	1325
Pisano wrought his Baptistery door.....	1330
Campanile of Giotto.....	1330
Or San Michele built by Orcagna.....	1337
Certosa founded	1341
Plague in Florence.....	1348
Decameron	1348
Or San Michele made into a church.....	1348
Bigallo Loggia built by Orcagna.....	1352
Giovanni di Medici born.....	1360
Ponte Vecchio built by Taddeo Gaddi.....	1362
Boccaccio lectured on Dante.....	1368
Loggia dei Lanzi built from Orcagna's de- signs	1376
Salvestro di Medici head of Florence.....	1378
Ghiberti	1378-1455
Brunelleschi	1379-1446
Donatello	1386-1466
Fra Angelico	1387-1455
San Antonino	1389-1459
Cosimo de Medici, "Pater Patriae".....	1389-1464



CHAPTER VIII.

THE ARTIST MONKS, ANGELICO AND LIPPO LIPPI.

Truly was the coming of the Franciscans and the Dominicans to Florence in those early days of momentous importance to art, and truly was religious fervor the quickening breath of life which awoke the slumbering visions of beauty.

Francis and Dominic were apostles of the Renaissance—the renaissance of spirituality—and Cimabue and Giotto expressed their visions under the auspices of the former, while now we find a simple, sweet, pure Dominican monk so filled with the beauty of the life beyond, that he must needs catch some of its radiance, and imprison it upon the walls of his convent cells, showing also thereby the virtues and ideals of his chosen Order; but he cares naught for classic lines, he strives only to express what his soul contemplates in ecstasy.

It was truly an inspired task, and as such did he regard it; for, beginning his work with prayer and performing it, it is said, on his knees, he never erased a line, for he considered the line not his, but one of Divine guidance.

FLORENCE.

“Not for earth’s joys, triumphant, hymeneal,
Those harp-strings twang, those golden trum-
pets blare;
On golden grounds, in place of the blue air,
In Byzant lines unrounded and unreal,
The simple monk worked out his own ideal—
And were there ever forms more heavenly fair?
Nay, from the life the ineffable angels there
Seemed limned and colored by their servant
leal.
What was his charm? Whence the inflowing
grace?
The beauty of his holiness. His child-soul
dreamed,
When psalm and censer filled the holy place,
Till to take shape the mist and music seemed;
Till Mary Mother’s smile grew out of song,
To symphony of the seraphic throng.”

—*From the Catholic World.*

“And Angelico,
The artist saint, kept smiling in his cell
The smile with which he welcomed the sweet
slow
Inbreak of angels (whitening through the dim
That he might paint them) while the sudden
sense
Of Raphael’s future was revealed to him
By force of his own fair works’ competence.”

—*Mrs. Browning.*



Coronation of the Virgin
Uffizi

Fra Angelico

FRA ANGELICO.

Fra Giovanni was born in Vecchio, in one of the Tuscan provinces, and at the age of twenty, he entered the Dominican convent at Fiesole, where some of his frescoes may still be seen, but he was later transferred to San Marco at Florence. The epithet "Angelic" was appropriately applied to him, and his full title became "Il beato Fra Giovanni, angelico, da Fiesole"—"the blessed Brother John, the angelic, of Fiesole," but he lives to fame as *Angelico*,—all else matters not, it is only the angelic one we remember.

After his beautiful frescoes on the walls of San Marco were completed, he was summoned to Rome by the pope who would fain have made him Archbishop of Florence. His frescoes can be seen in the chapel of Nicholas VI, in the Vatican. Some few may be seen at Ovieto and at Cortona, and the Louvre with "The Coronation of the Virgin," and the National Gallery of London possess good examples of his work, as well as Florence's Accademia, and the Pitti and the Uffizi Galleries; but San Marco is indisputably the treasure-house of his art.

FOR THE MADONNA OF THE STAR, BY FRA ANGELICO.

"As when the night is deepest, and the far
Forgotten day is very vague and vain,
And no man knows if dawn may come again,
Until the day-star rise, oracular:

FLORENCE.

So in the night, God sent thee to unbar
The doors of day and bring the glorious reign
Of thy dear Son, O mother without stain,
Thou star-crowned Queen of Heaven, thou
Morning Star.

O Mary Mother, help my halting faith:
The night is round me and I cannot see;
The stars are hidden by the world's dead
breath;
Be thou my Star, and let me follow thee
Through this dim valley of the shadow of death,
Into the sunlight of God's majesty."

—*Ralph Adams Cram.*

Angelico died in Rome and is buried in the
Church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva.

This is his epitaph, translated:

"Let me not be praised that I was another
Apelles,
But that I gave all to the children of Christ.
Some works are for the Earth, others for
Heaven—
The flower of Etruria's cities bore me, Gio-
vanni."

FRA ANGELICO.

"Art is true art when art to God is true,
And only then; to copy Nature's work
Without the chains that run the whole world
through
Gives us the eye without the lights that lurk



Madonna of the Star

Angelico



FRA LIPPO LIPPI.

In its clear depths ; no soul, no truth is there.
Oh, praise your Rubens and his fleshy brush!
Oh, love your Titian and his carnal air!
Give me the trilling of a pure-toned thrush,
And take your crimson parrots. Artist-saint!
O Fra Angelico, your brush was dyed
In hues of opal, not in vulgar paint;
You showed to us pure joys for which you
sighed,
Your heart was in your work, you never
feigned;
You left us here the Paradise you gained!"

—*Maurice Francis Egan.*

Quite different from Angelico's spiritual conceptions are the pictures of his contemporary, Fra Filippo Lippi—or Lippo Lippi, for short—who painted his religious subjects in a human atmosphere, not idealizing them. Well might his Superior in the convent of the Carmine say:

"Faces, arms, legs and bodies like the truth
As much as pea and pea—it's a devil's game—
Your business is not to catch men with show,
With homage to the perishable clay,
But lift them over, ignore it all,
Make them forget there's such a thing as flesh.
Your business is to paint the souls of men!

Give us no more body than shows soul!
Here's Giotto, with his Saint a-praising God,

FLORENCE.

That sets us praising,—why not stop with him?
Why put all thoughts of praise out of our head
With wonder at lines, colors and what not!
Paint the soul, never mind the legs and arms!
Rub it all out, try at it a second time.
Oh that white smallish female with the breasts,
She's just my niece—Herodius, I would say,
Who went and danced and got men's heads cut
off—
Have it all out!" —*Robert Browning.*

Lippo Lippi's Madonna with Child and Angels, in the Uffizi is described by Richard Watson Gilder in his poem:

A MADONNA OF FRA LIPPO LIPPI.

"No heavenly maid we here behold,
Though round her brow a ring of gold;
This baby, solemn-eyed and sweet,
Is human all from head to feet.

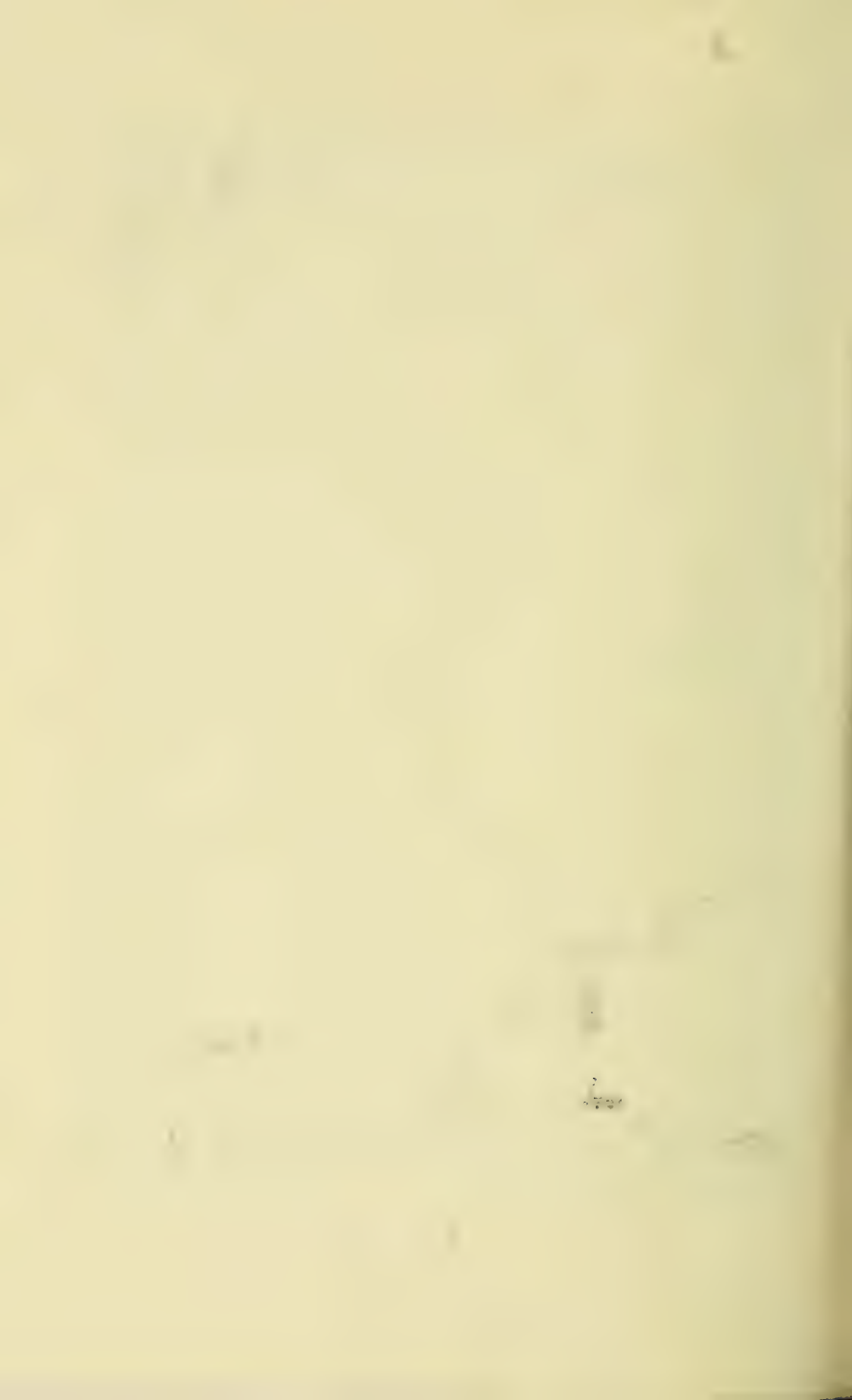
Together close her palms are prest
In worship of that godly guest;
But glad her heart and unafraid,
While on her neck His hand is laid.

Two children, happy, laughing, gay,
Uphold the little child in play;
Not flying angels these, what though
Four wings from their four shoulders grow.



Modonna with Child and Angels

Fra Filippo Lippi



FRA LIPPO LIPPI.

Fra Lippo, we have learned from thee
A lesson of humanity;
To every mother's heart forlorn,
In every house the Christ is born."

Fra Lippo's *adopted* son—for the sensational stories of the Frate's life, as told by Vasari, have recently been refuted, according to Lady Eastlake's Revision of Kugler's Handbook of Painting—was Filippino Lippi.

He was a pupil of Fra Lippo, and perhaps a family relative, but if not so, the assuming by a pupil of a master's name was a common custom of the time.

He was engaged by the wealthy Strozzi family to decorate their family chapel in Santa Maria Novello Church, and the Badia and St. Martino's Church are visited chiefly to view his masterpieces, particularly the Madonna appearing to St. Bernard.

The Adoration of the Magi and the Vision of St. Francis in the Uffizi are considered his best easel pictures. He has some celebrated frescoes in the Brancacci Chapel of the same Carmelite Church—the Carmine—of whose monastery Lippo Lippi was an inmate, and on whose walls are numerous frescoes by Masaccio, the copying of which was Lippo's early education in art, and within whose same walls did he breathe his last.

FLORENCE.

Masaccio also is buried in the Brancacci Chapel, a marble slab in the floor commemorating the fact. His paintings adorning the walls are his best monument.

“If any seek the marble or my name,
This church shall be the marble—and the name,
Yon oratory holds it. Nature envied
My pencil’s power, as Art required and loved it,
Thence was it that I died.”

“In this chapel wrought
One of the few, Nature’s interpreters,
The few whom Genius gives as lights to shine,—
Masaccio; and he slumbers underneath.
Wouldst thou behold his monument? Look
round!
And know that where we stand stood oft and
long,
Oft till the day was gone, Raphael himself;
Nor he alone, so great the ardour there,
Such, while it reigned, the generous rivalry;
He and far many more at once called forth,
Anxious to learn of those who came before,
To steal a spark from their authentic fire,
Theirs who first broke the universal gloom,—
Sons of the morning.”

—*Rogers.*



Madonna Appearing to St. Bernard

Filippino Lippi

MASACCIO.

MASACCIO.

In the Brancacci Chapel.

“He came to Florence long ago,
And painted here these walls, that shone
For Raphael and for Angelo,
With secrets deeper than his own,
Then shrank into the dark again,
And died, we know not how nor when.

The shadows deepened, and I turned
Half sadly from the fresco grand;
‘And is this,’ mused I, ‘all ye earned,
High-vaulted brain and cunning hand,
That ye to greater men could teach
The skill yourself could never reach?’

‘And who were they,’ I mused, ‘that wrought
Through pathless wilds, with labor long,
The highways of our daily thought?
Who reared those towers of earliest song
That lift us from the throng to peace
Remote in sunny silences?’

Out clanged the Ave Mary bells,
And to my heart this message came:
Each clamorous throat among them tells
What strong-souled martyrs died in flame
To make it possible that thou
Shouldst here with brother-singers bow.

FLORENCE.

Thoughts that great hearts once broke for, we
Breathe cheaply in the common air;
The dust we trample heedlessly
Throbbled once in saints and heroes rare,
Who perished, opening for their race
New pathways to the commonplace.

Henceforth, when rings the health to those
Who live in story and in song,
O nameless dead, that now repose
Safe in Oblivion's chambers strong,
One cup of recognition true
Shall silently be drained to you!"

—*James Russell Lowell.*

CHAPTER IX.

THE SCULPTORS AND GHIRLANDAJO.

Besides Ghiberti, who wrought the bronze doors of the Baptistery, this time preceding Michael Angelo, produced the sculptors Donatello with his follower, Mino da Fiesole; Luca della Robbia and Verrocchio.

Of Ghiberti's works other than the bronze doors on which he labored faithfully for fifty years, and the memorial to St. Zanobius in the Duomo, are the bronze statues of St. Stephen, St. Matthew and St. John of Or San Michele, and in Santa Croce and Maria Novello are monumental tombs ordered by different Florentine families.

In Santa Croce is a wooden crucifix wrought by Donatello, the first he made, and of which his friend Brunelleschi said the figure was that of a peasant. That criticism is still retailed to us by every guide in Florence.

Brunelleschi in answer to Donatello's retort that he should make one himself, did so, and the one he made was quite superior to Donatello's. It is now in the Church of Santa Maria Novello.

FLORENCE.

In the Baptistery is a wooden statue of the Magdalene, and in the Bargello is a marble statue of St. John, and when we realize that they were made by Donatello before his sixteenth year, we may marvel at the power they express.

It was about this time, in the year 1401, that a contest was proclaimed for the commission of the bronze doors of the Baptistery. Ghiberti's model, with Brunelleschi's rejected one, are now shown side by side in the Bargello Museum.

Brunelleschi, in chagrin, ceased to aspire for chief honors as a sculptor, but resolved to excel as an architect. He, accompanied by his young friend, Donatello—that is, “little Donato,” his name being Donato di Niccolo di Betto Bardi, “Donato, the son of Nicholas, the son of Betto Bardi”—left Florence for Rome.

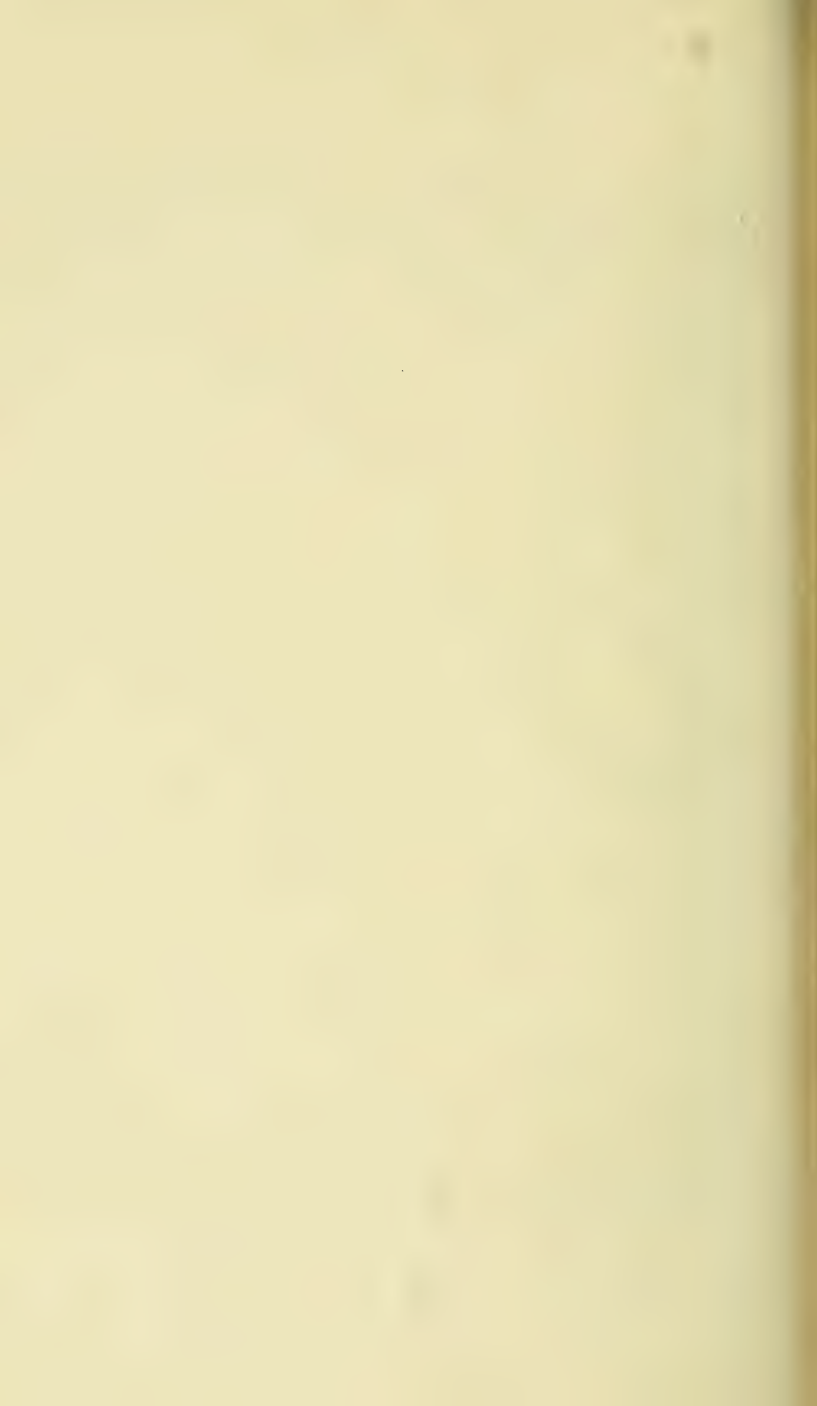
The two supported themselves by applying the goldsmith's trade—most artists and sculptors served apprenticeship to goldsmiths—Oragna, Luca della Robbia, Ghiberti, Verocchio, Andrea del Sarto, Ghirlandajo, Cellini and others—and we notice strongly the effects of the goldsmith's art in Angelica's angels. In Rome Brunelleschi and Donatello studied the antique masterpieces to their heart's content, Donatello the statues, and Brunelleschi the architecture.

What inspiration and ability that study ac-



St. George

Donatello



THE SCULPTORS.

complished may be noted in their later works, for it was after their return to Florence that Brunelleschi's buildings were erected, and Donatello's St. George in bronze in the Bargello Museum, whither it was removed from Or San Michele for safe keeping, and a copy substituted in its place; the marble statues of the saints of Or San Michele, Peter and Mark, of which latter Michael Angelo said he never saw a more honest face—the statues of the prophets for Maria del Fiore; the Marzocco, or ancient lion of Florence, now in the Bargello, where also is his David; the tomb of the so-called Pope John XXIII in the Baptistery,—all attest his great ability.

The Bargello, now called the National Museum, has a room for his work.

“The echoes of a bygone strife
Seemed surging round the dark Bargello;
Marble and bronze sprang fresh to life
Beneath the wand of Donatello.”

—*The Earl of Crewe.*

His Judith with the Head of Holofernes, now in the Loggia dei Lanzi, was placed before the Palazzo Vecchio in the year 1498, when the Medici were expelled from Florence, as a symbol, or as a warning to all tyrants, and as a salutary example to the people! “*Salutis Pub-*

licae Exemplum." A very famous work of Donatello, the Gattamelata equestrian statue in Padua, is reproduced in the Bargello Museum.

Only less famous than his statues are his works in relief; his beautiful Annunciation in Santa Croce, and his Singing and Dancing Children which were designed for the organ loft of the Cathedral, but for years cast aside to make room for some celebration of royalty, and are now shown in the Cathedral Museum.

Donatello stands forth as sculptor for sculpture's sake—and not as a decorator of architecture. He revived the classic idea of the art, and the artists of Florence have erected as a memorial his bust before the door of his workshop, which was not far from the Duomo.

Only fourteen years younger than Donatello was Luca della Robbia. He also executed in marble-relief a series of Singing and Dancing Boys and Angels for the organ-loft of the Duomo. They, with Donatello's "Cantoria," are to be seen in the Duomo Museum, and we notice that Donatello's express strength, but Luca's express grace and vitality.

Luca took as his text for this work the "Cantoria," the 150th Psalm, which he illustrated in his frieze of ten panels:

"Praise ye the Lord in His holy places; praise ye Him in the firmament of His power.

Praise ye Him for His mighty acts; praise



Singing Boys with Book

Luca della Robbia

THE SCULPTORS.

ye Him according to the multitude of His greatness.

Praise ye Him with sound of trumpet; praise ye Him with psaltery and harp.

Praise Him on high sounding cymbals; praise Him on cymbals of joy; let every spirit praise the Lord. Alleluia."

Of the work, Longfellow says, addressing the City of Florence:

"For Luca della Robbia there
Created forms so wondrous fair,
They made thy sovereignty supreme.
These choristers with lips of stone,
Whose music is not heard, but seen,
Still chant, as from their organ-screen,
Their Maker's praise."

In marble, also, Luca executed the monumental tomb of Bishop Federighi, now to be seen in the Church of the Holy Trinity, after its removal the second time. It was first placed in the Church of San Pancrazio, but was removed later to a little church near Florence, where Longfellow saw it when he wrote:

"Here in this old neglected church,
That long eludes the traveler's search,
Lies the dead bishop on his tomb;
Earth upon earth he slumbering lies,
Life-like and death-like in the gloom;
Garlands of fruit and flowers in bloom

FLORENCE.

And foliage deck his resting place;
A shadow in the sightless eyes,
Made perfect by the furnace heat,
All earthly passions and desires
Burnt out by purgatorial fires;
Seeming to say, 'Our years are fleet,
And to the weary, death is sweet.' "

A very elaborate Tabernacle is in the Church of the Holy Apostles and in the Duomo Sacristy is a door carved most elaborately in bronze relief. It is in ten panels.

Luca della Robbia is unique in the high grade of work he did in terra-cotta, having laid aside marble and bronze to work in that material, which is named for him, della Robbia-ware. He glazed it and brought it to an artistic finish scarcely credible, and it speedily became famous and was much in demand, but the secret of its composition was kept in the Robbia family for generations.

Throughout Florence we see much of the work in this ware, his beautiful Coronation of the Virgin in the Church of the Ognissanti, and his Madonna and Child in the Spedale degli Innocenti, and the coats of arms of the different Guilds, ornamenting the exterior of Or San Michele, and the Tabernacle over the little fountain in the Via Nazionale being particularly noteworthy.

The lovely "Bambini," of the Foundling's



Tomb of Bishop Federighi

Luca della Robbia



THE SCULPTORS.

Institute in the Piazza Annunziata, have been attributed to Luca, but are now said to have been done by his nephew, Andrea. In fact, the Robbias worked so much together that it is not easy to assign to each his respective work.

“But the most fragile forms of clay,
Hardly less beautiful than they,
These saints and angels that adorn
The walls of hospital, and tell
The story of good deeds so well
That poverty seems less forlorn,
And life more like a holiday.”

—*Longfellow.*

The Meeting of St. Francis and St. Dominic, by Andrea, is famous, and he has left us in the Medici chapel of Santa Croce a beautiful altar piece, one of his loveliest works, done in delicate blue and white. It represents the Virgin enthroned, surrounded by saints who are of most interest to the Florentines, and to the Medici: St. John the Baptist, St. Lawrence, and the Franciscan saints, Francis, Bernardino, and Louis of Toulouse, with St. Elizabeth of Hungary, and her symbol—a lap full of roses, the roses into which the Divine Charity had changed her loaves of bread. A worthy follower of the saintly founder of her order, for could Francis himself have loved Poverty more than did she love those who were enrolled in its ranks!

FLORENCE.

As we gaze these lines of Christina Rossetti's occur to us :

ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY.

“When if ever life is sweet,
Save in heart in all a child,
A fair virgin undefiled,
Knelt she at her Savior's feet;
While she laid her royal crown,
Thinking it too mean a thing
For a solemn offering,
Careless on the cushions down.

Fair she was as any rose,
But more pale than lilies white;
Her eyes full of deep repose
Seemed to see beyond our sight.
Hush, she is a holy thing;
Hush, her soul is in her eyes,
Seeking far in Paradise
For her Light, her Love, her King.”

In the sacristy of Santa Maria Novello we see a fountain or Lavatory, wrought by Giovanni della Robbia, the son of Andrea.

Mino di Giovanni, called Mino da Fiesole, from the fact of his having property in that place, was not a Florentine, but was a follower of Donatello, and has left in Florence many pieces of sculpture noted for their rare delicacy of finish and for their spirituality. In the Badia we have seen his beautiful altar-piece and



Baptism of Christ

Verrocchio

his tombs and monuments, one of which is the monumental tomb of Count Hugo, the son of the foundress of the Badia—the Countess Willa—and in the Bargello are some of his portrait busts. Mino, after leaving Florence, went to Rome, where are some of his monumental tombs; that of Pope Paul II is in the crypt of St. Peter's Church, and the tomb of Francesco Tornabuoni is in the Church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva.

Verrocchio was at first an artist, with Leonardo da Vinci as a pupil, and so able a pupil was he that he took part in finishing his master's pictures, one of which, *The Baptism of Christ* in the Accademia, shows as his handiwork one of the angels at the left with the profile, and so superior to Verrocchio's work was it accounted that his master never put hand to brush again.

Verrocchio's figures in that same picture are sculptural in pose and effect, and as a sculptor has Verrocchio left us his best work, the equestrian statue of Colleoni at Venice, where he died ere it was completed. In Florence we have in the Bargello his statue of David represented as a Florentine boy, but exhibiting the suggestion of that unfathomable smile which Leonardo so often portrayed, especially in his *Mona Lisa*. We have also his *Doubting Thomas*, and many busts of the Medici family and a monument for them in San Lorenzo wrought by him, as was also the beautiful fountain in the courtyard of the Palazzo Vecchio.

FLORENCE.

The artist of this time was Ghirlandajo, literally "the garland maker," his father, Dominico Corradi, being a goldsmith, and the garlands he wove for women's ornaments being so very popular he was given the name, Ghirlandajo, which name descended to his son.

Ghirlandajo was first and foremost a portrait painter, and his frescoes of San Maria Novello were ordered by wealthy Florentine families, and contain no less than twenty-one portraits of their respective relations. In the apse behind the high altar we find his tableaux representing the Life of St. John the Baptist, on one wall, and on the opposite walls scenes from the Life of the Blessed Virgin. The work was commissioned to be done by Giovanni Tornabuoni, whose sister Lucrezia was the wife of Piero de Medici, and the "Queen of Florence." Her portrait is introduced as St. Elizabeth in the Birth of St. John, as afterwards her son, Lorenzo the Magnificent, was often portrayed as St. John, the patron of Florence.

Giovanni Tornabuoni himself is standing next to the angel appearing in Zacharias, in another scene, and the spectators are several other members of the Tornabuoni family.

In the group of the Salutation is Ginevra de Benci, who was a celebrated beauty of her time, and Ghirlandajo introduces her again, in the frescoes dealing with the Life of the Blessed Virgin.



David

Verrocchio

In the same Salutation are small figures in the background, which are said to have been done by Michael Angelo, when a boy and while a pupil of Ghirlandajo, but there is a good reason to doubt the assertion, for at the time that the commission was given to Ghirlandajo, Angelo was twenty-one years of age. However, he may have done the work at that age.

We notice the same preponderance of detail in the Adoration of the Magi in the Uffizi and in the Nativity in the Accademia, while in the Palazzo Vecchio the fresco of St. Zanobius Enthroned has for a background the Duomo, the Campanile, the Baptistery, while above are figures from Roman history and a lunette with the Madonna. Ghirlandajo certainly gave good measure in fulfilling his orders!

To Ghirlandajo, Marco Vespucci gave the order for the decoration of the Vespucci family chapel in the Church of Ognissanti, the All Saints' Church—which decoration contains the portraits of the Vespucci men, among whom we see Amerigo, the protonym of our country, and the Vespucci women, among whom we see Simonetta, the wife of Marco, and the ideal and inspirer of all of Botticelli's works. We may gaze upon her portrait long and well, for ere we leave Florence we shall recognize her features and her lithe, winsome form, which have become renowned through Botticelli's brush.

Of Amerigo Vespucci, a cousin of Marco, who

FLORENCE.

ordered the frescoes, we may remark incidentally, that though his knowledge of astronomy and geography and his interest in the great discoveries arousing the known world did not find a field in the city devoted to art and literature, and though his many voyages of exploration and discovery resulted in the enrichment of nations not his own, and to which he was in his later years inclined, he is honored by the city of his birth in having part of its grandest thoroughfare—the Lung' Arno, named for him, the Lung' Arno Amerigo Vespucci, and his home, which he had converted into a hospital, is still standing.

But back to Ghirlandajo. He was called to Rome by Sixtus to take part in the decoration of his chapel, where his work, *The Calling of Peter and Andrew*, was considered to rank equal if not superior to that of his fellow artists; it contains, however, the same elaborated background as do his other works; hills and valleys and castles and things *ad infinitum*; but what's the odds if he cannot "paint me the picture and leave that out," he has given us what no man may ever equal, he has given us Michael Angelo! and the giving was an act of most noble, exalted unselfishness on his part.

What an acquisition the gifted boy of fourteen was to his *bottega* only he could know, and what an inspiration to the other pupils. So great was that boy's talent that the teacher, re-

GHIRLANDAJO.

versing the usual order of procedure in such cases, had to pay the father for allowing him to study with him, and it was certainly with a wrench that the master, after keeping him a year, gave him up and brought him to Lorenzo the Magnificent for greater advancement than he could have afforded him.

So let us pay to Ghirlandajo a tribute of respect as we stand by his grave, which is beneath his frescoes in Santa Maria Novello Church, and breathe over it a "Requiescat in pace."

CHAPTER X.

THE NOONDAY SPLendor OF FLORENCE— MICHAEL ANGELO.

“You speak a name
That always thrills me with a noble sound,
As of a trumpet! Michael Angelo!
A lion all men fear and none can tame;
A man that all men honor, and the model
That all should follow; he consecrates his life
To the sublime ideal of his art.”

—*Longfellow.*

When young Michael Angelo Buonarroti entered the school of painting established by Lorenzo de' Medici, the Magnificent, he was received into the household as one of the family by that distinguished personage, whose appellation describes his reign.

What he did, and how he grew to power and fame, were a long story for this space, and the telling of it, an exalted task; but though the greater part of his work and of his life belong to that larger field for his genius, Rome—we may not seize the excuse and picture only that side light of it which is caught in Florence.

FLORENCE.

Very speedily after his admittance to the new school of art established in the Medician Palace did he receive the disfigurement which he carried through life, a broken nose, done by the mallet in the hands of a fellow-student, enraged at his superiority.

“A block of marble caught the glance
Of Buonarroti's eyes,
Which brightened in their solemn deeps,
Like meteor-lighted skies.

And one who stood beside him listened,
Smiling as he heard;
For ‘I will make an angel of it,’
Was the sculptor's word.

And mallet soon and chisel sharp
The stubborn block assailed,
And blow by blow, and pang by pang,
The prisoner unveiled.

A brow was lifted, high and pure,
The waking eyes outshone;
And as the master sharply wrought,
A smile broke through the stone!

Beneath the chisel's edge, the hair
Escaped in floating rings;
And, plume by plume, was slowly freed
The sweep of half-furled wings.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The stately bust and graceful limbs
 Their marble fetters shed,
 And where the shapeless block had been
 An angel stood instead!"

* * * * *

—*Anonymous.*

An early work in sculpture is the Bacchus in the Uffizi, but his greatest works in Florence are the Sagrestia Nuova and the tombs of the Medici, in San Lorenzo, which were ordered by the Medician pope, Clement VII, in the early sixteenth century. Four tombs with their monuments were ordered by him—one for Giuliano, the brother of Lorenzo the Magnificent, who was killed while at the services in Maria del Fiore, in the uprising of the Pazzi family against the Medici in 1478; one for Lorenzo the Magnificent, who was the father of that other Medician pope, Leo X; one for the Magnificent's third son, Giuliano, and one for the grandson of the Magnificent, Lorenzo, Duke of Urbino, who was the father of Catherine de' Medici, afterwards queen of France.

A map of the family relationships would look like this:

LORENZO, THE MAGNIFICENT.

Pietro.	Giovanni, Pope Leo X.	Giuliano.
Lorenzo, Duke of Urbino.		
Catherine de' Medici, Queen of France.		

GIULIANO, MURDERED BY THE PAZZI.

Giulio, Pope Clement VII.

FLORENCE.

Only two of the tombs were completed, or nearly so—the one for Giuliano, the son of the Magnificent, and the other for his grandson, Lorenzo, the Duke of Urbino.

Guarding the tombs and beneath the statues are the recumbent figures of Night and Day, and Twilight and Dawn, which have aroused encomiums since their creation.

“Nor then forget that chamber of the Dead,
Where the gigantic shapes of Night and Day,
Turned into stone, rest everlastingly,
Yet still are breathing, and shed round at noon
A two-fold influence—only to be felt—
A light, a darkness, mingled each with each,
Both and yet neither. There, from age to age,
Two ghosts are sitting on their sepulchres.
That is the Duke Lorenzo. Mark him well,
He meditates, his head upon his hand;
What from beneath his helm-like bonnet scowls?
Is it a face, or but an eyeless skull?”

—*Rogers.*

When the poet Strozzi, who was a friend of Angelo's, wrote this about the figure of Night on the monument:

“La Notte che tu vedi in sì dolci atti
Dormiri, fu da un Angelo scolpita
In questo sasso, e perche' dorme, ha vita;
Destala se nol credi, e parleratti.”



Tomb of Giuliano de' Medici

Michael Angelo

MICHAEL ANGELO.

By many translated :

“The night that here reposing, thou dost see,
An Angel from the stone hath new created.
She sleeps, but life’s flame is animated,
What! dost thou doubt? Wake her, she’ll speak
to thee!”

“Night in so sweet an attitude beheld
Asleep, was by an angel sculptured
In this stone; and, sleeping, is alive;
Waken her, doubter, she will speak to thee.”

“Carved by an Angel, in this marble white
Sweetly reposing, lo, the Goddess Night,
Calmly she sleeps, and so must living be;
Awake her gently; she will speak to thee.”

—*J. A. Wright.*

Michael replied, referring to the tyranny by
which the Medici then oppressed Florence:

“Grato m’ e’ il sonno, e piu’ esser di sasso
Mentre che il danno e la vergogna dura;
Non veder, non sentir, m’ e’ gran ventura;
Pero’ non mi destar, deh! parla basso!”

“Sweet ’tis to sleep; and sweeter to be stone
In days which shame and vilest wrongs de-
prave;
Neither to see nor hear is all I crave,
Therefore speak low, and let me slumber on.”

FLORENCE.

“Welcome is sleep, more welcome sleep of stone
Whilst crime and shame continue in the land;
My happy fortune, not to see or hear;
Waken me not—in mercy, whisper low.”

“Grateful is sleep, whilst wrong and shame survive;
More grateful still in senseless stone to live;
Gladly both sight and hearing I forego,
Oh! then wake me not! Hush! whisper low.”

“‘Night’ seemed to sleep, and ‘Dawn’ to wake
Behind the walls of old St. Lawrence—
There hung a spell we would not break
About our Eastertide in Florence.”

—*The Earl of Crewe.*

“Is thine hour come to wake, O slumbering
Night?

Hath not the Dawn a message in thine ear?
Though thou be stone and sleep, yet shalt thou
hear

When the words fall from heaven—Let there
be Light.

Thou knowest we would not do thee the despite
To wake thee while the old sorrow and shame
were near;

We spake not loud for thy sake, and for fear
Lest thou shouldst lose the rest that was thy
right,

The blessing given thee that was thine alone,
The happiness to sleep and to be stone:

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Nay, we kept silence of thee for thy sake
Albeit we knew thee alive, and left with thee
The great good gift to feel not, nor to see;
But will not yet thine Angel bid thee wake?"

—*Swinburne.*

"Michael's Night and Day

And Dawn and Twilight wait in marble scorn,
Like dogs upon a dunghill, couched on clay
From which the Medician stamp's outworn,
The final putting off of all such sway
By all such hands, and freeing of the unborn
In Florence and the great world outside Florence.

Three hundred years his patient statues wait
In that small chapel of the dim St. Laurence;
Day's eyes are breaking bold and passionate
Over his shoulder, and will flash abhorrence
On darkness, and with level looks meet fate,
When once loose from that marble film of
theirs;

The Night has wild dreams in her sleep, and
Dawn.

Is haggard as the sleepless; Twilight wears
A sort of horror, as the veil withdrawn
'Twixt the Artist's soul and works had left
them heirs

Of speechless thoughts which would not quail
nor fawn,

Of angers and contempts, of hope and love;
For not without a meaning did he place

FLORENCE.

The princely Urbino on the seat above
With everlasting shadow on his face,
While the slow dawns and twilights disapprove
The ashes of his long-extinguished race
Which never more shall clog the feet of men.”

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

THE STATUE OF LORENZO DE'MEDICI.

“Mark me how still I am—The sound of feet
Unnumbered echoing through this vaulted hall,
Or voices harsh, on me unheeded fall,
Placed high in my memorial niche and seat,
In cold and marble meditation meet
Among proud tombs and pomp funereal
Of rich sarcophagi and sculptured wall,—
In death's elaborate elect retreat.
I was a Prince,—this monument was wrought
That I in honor might eternal stand;
In vain, subdued by Buonarroti's hand,
The conscious stone is pregnant with his
thought;
He to this brooding rock his fame devised,
And he, not I, is here immortalized.”

—*James Ernest Nesmith.*

Hawthorne says of the statues :

“No such grandeur and majesty have elsewhere been put into human shape.”

Angelo's David was hewn from a solid block of Carrara marble which for many years was



Tomb of Lorenzo de' Medici *Michael Angelo*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

thrown aside as useless, having been spoiled in the fashioning by a sculptor working on the building of Maria della Fiore. He built a shed around the marble and with his magic hammer, more potent than that of Thor's of old, wrought and chiseled into liberty the being imprisoned there. We may imagine how his spirit sung to his chosen mistress, Sculpture, as he worked:

“As when, O lady mine,
With chiselled touch
The stone unhewn and cold
Becomes a living mould,
The more the marble wastes
The more the statue grows.”

—*Mrs. Roscoe, Translator.*

And all Florence rejoiced, as they rejoiced before at the sight of that marvel of Cimabui's, and summoned artists from far and near to pass judgment upon the spot worthy to hold so great a miracle; Botticelli, Perugino and Leonardo da Vinci came, and the site decreed worthy of the king—the king of statues and the king of Israel that was to be—was the ringhieri of the Palazzo Vecchio, from which Donatello's Judith was removed to make place. The David later was put into the Academy and a copy in bronze, which was intended to take its place before the Palazzo, is now standing in the Piazza Michael Angelo, on the heights of San Miniato,

FLORENCE.

a spot overlooking the whole of Florence, and which Michael Angelo himself had fortified in the Republic's endeavor to keep out the Medici.

SAN MINIATO.

“While slow on Miniato's heights I roam,
And backward look to Brunelleschi's dome,
'Tis strange to think that here on many a day
Old Michael Angelo has paced his way,
And watching Florence, in his bosom found
A nobler world than that which lies around.
To him, perhaps, the ghost of Dante came
At sunset, with his pride of mournful fame.
By me the twain, the bard and sculptor stand,
With strong lip gazing and uplifted hand,
The great, the sad, fighters in ages past,
With their full peace fill e'en the weak at last.”

—*John Sterling.*

Sonnet of Michael Angelo Buonarroti:

“Never did sculptor's dream unfold
A form which marble doth not hold
In its white block; yet it therein shall find
Only the hand secure and bold
Which still obeys the mind.
So hide in thee, thou heavenly dame,
The ill I shun, the good I claim;
I alas! not well alive,
Miss the aim whereto I strive.
Not love, nor beauty's pride,



David *Michael Angelo*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Nor Fortune, nor thy coldness, can I chide,
If, whilst within thy heart abide
Both death and pity, my unequal skill
Fails of the life, but draws the death and ill.”

—*Translated by Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

One strong characteristic of Angelo's is his knowledge of anatomy, and his making use of that knowledge in all his work. In fact, he strives to express all phases of feeling by anatomy. He scorns clothing, as such, and holds up the human form as something divine.

Realizing that fact, we may be able to better understand his Holy Family in the Uffizi, the only picture in Florence finished by himself. It is a work done in his nineteenth year, and is not a pleasing composition, either in its presentation or execution.

The work was done in *tempera*, a process often employed by the early painters who used for colors the yolk of eggs—or the yolk and whites mixed—and the white juice of the fig trees. Michael Angelo never used oils in painting.

As to the presentation of the subjects in the Holy Family,—while Angelo clothed the central figures he obtruded into the scene his “anatomy,” by crowding into the background figure upon figure of—what? If they represent angels, they certainly have not put off their mortality, neither have they put on any angelic at-

tributes, and are clothed not even with wings, but with much of what angels are supposed to be without—anatomy.

But listen—"The painters introduced into their pictures what they loved best, in earth or sky, as votive offerings to the Queen of Heaven; and what Signorelli and Michael Angelo best loved was the human form."—

Edmund G. Gardiner.

This quotation from one of Michael Angelo's sonnets may help us rise to the heights of the grandeur of his sculptural presentation—for he was a sculptor, first and foremost, by choice, having become a painter only upon compulsion:

"Nor does God vouchsafe to reveal
Himself to me anywhere more than in
Some lovely mortal veil, and that
Alone I love, because He is mirrored therein."

"The sinful painter drapes his goddess warm,
Because she still is naked, being dressed;
The godlike sculptor will not so deform
Beauty, which limbs and flesh enough invest."

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

Michael Angelo placed a critic of his nude, a scrupulous cardinal, in Hell, in his fresco of the Last Judgment:



The Holy Family

Michael Angelo



MICHAEL ANGELO.

“But this last judgment
Has been the cause of more vexation to me
Than it will be of honor. Ser Biagio
Master of Ceremonies at the Papal Court,
A man punctilious and over-nice,
Calls it improper, says that those nude forms,
Showing their nakedness in such shameless
fashion,
Are better suited to a common bagnio,
Or wayside wine-shop, than a Papal Chapel.
To punish him, I painted him as Minos
And leave him there as Master of Ceremonies
In the Infernal Regions.” —*Longfellow.*

Everyone knows the retort the Pope made when petitioned by the cardinal to interfere:

“If it had been purgatory you were placed in, I should exert my influence to have you removed, but ‘out of hell there is no redemption,’ ” and the cardinal remains in hell to this day,—in the picture.

A copy of a work which was intended as a decoration for a room in the Palazzo Vecchio—Soldiers Surprised while Bathing in the Arno, was so wonderful a study in anatomy that the Medici had it locked up for safe keeping in their palace, to be used for the instruction of artists, by whom it was finally cut into pieces and scattered in every direction, some of the pieces now being in Mantua.

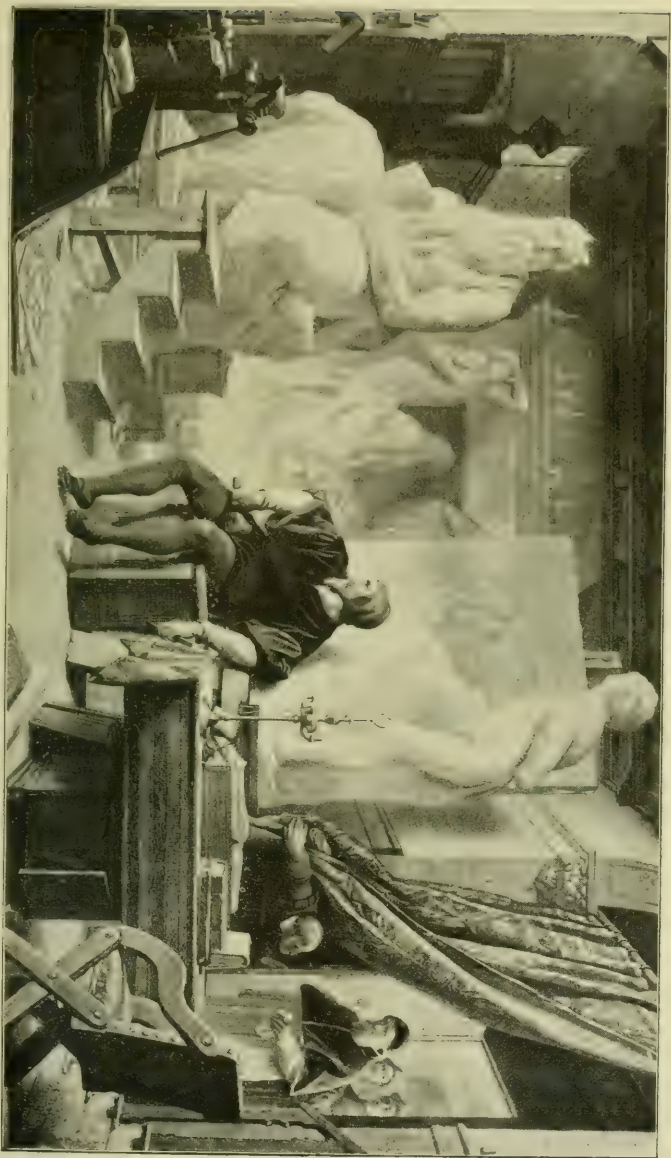
FLORENCE.

Rogers in his poem, *Italy*, thus describes the scene portrayed by the cartoon:

“Oft, as that great Artist saw,
Whose pencil had a voice, the cry, ‘To arms!’
And the shrill trumpet, hurried to the bank
Those who had stolen an hour to breast the tide,
And wash from their unharnessed limbs the
 blood
And sweat of battle. Sudden was the rush,
Violent the tumult, for already in sight
Nearer and nearer yet drew the danger.
Each and every sinew straining, every nerve,
Each snatching up, and girding, buckling on
Marion and greave and shirt of twisted mail,
As for his life—no more perchance to taste
Arno—the grateful freshness of the glades,
The waters,—where, exulting he had felt
A swimmer’s transport, there, alas! to float and
 welter!”

Of the many figures which were to adorn the monument of Pope Julius II only one was finished—the Moses in San Pietro in Vinculi in Rome, but the others which Angelo had designed for the same monument, and which were executed by his pupils, are now in the Accademia, with a collection of casts of his works and with his David.

Could Dante’s love for Beatrice or Petrarch’s for Laura have been more pure than that of Michael Angelo for Vittoria Colonna?



Michael Angelo in his Studio

(Showing the Moses, and Pope Julius II coming to inspect the work)

Cabanel

MICHAEL ANGELO.

In the Galerie Czartoryski is a portrait of Vittoria, painted by him, but it is not "by color or by stone," he immortalizes her—it is by his pen; for only second to his power as a sculptor or as an artist is his power as a poet.

"How can that be, lady, which all men learn
By long experience? Shapes that seem alive,
Wrought in hard mountain marble, will survive
Their maker, whom the years to dust return!
Thus to effect, cause yields. Art hath her turn,
And triumphs over nature. I, who strive with
sculpture,
Know this well: her wonders live
In spite of time and death, those tyrants stern.
So I can give long life to both of us
In either way, by color or by stone,
Making the semblance of thy face and mine.
Centuries hence, when both are buried,
Thus thy beauty and my sadness shall be shown,
And men will say, 'For her 'twas wise to
pine.' "

—*Michael Angelo.*

THE MIGHT OF ONE FAIR FACE.

"The might of one fair face sublimed my love,
For it hath weaned my heart from low desires;
Nor death I heed, nor purgatorial fires.
Thy beauty, antepast of joys above,
Instructs me in the bliss that saints approve;
For O, how good, how beautiful, must be

FLORENCE.

The God that made so good a thing as thee,
So fair an image of the heavenly Dove!
Forgive me if I cannot turn away
From those sweet eyes that are my earthly
 heaven,
For they are guiding stars, benignly given
To tempt my footsteps to the upward way;
And if I dwell too fondly in thy sight,
I live and love in God's peculiar light."

—*Translation attributed to J. E. Taylor and
also to Hartley Coleridge.*

The same sonnet is thus translated by William Wordsworth:

"Rapt above earth by power of one fair face,
Hers in whose sway alone my heart delights,
I mingle with the blest on those pure heights
Where Man, yet mortal, rarely finds a place.
With Him who made that Work that Work ac-
 cords
So well, that by its help and through His grace
I raise my thoughts, inform my deeds and
 words,
Clasping her beauty in my soul's embrace,
Thus, if from two fair eyes mine cannot turn,
I feel how in their presence doth abide
Light which to God is both the way and guide;
And, kindling at their luster, if I burn,
My noble fire emits the joyful ray
That through the realms of glory shines for
 aye."



Michael Angelo Reading his Sonnets
to Vittoria Colonna

Schneider



MICHAEL ANGELO.

TO VITTORIA COLONNA.

By Michael Angelo.

“When of some form and face, Art, pure, di-
vine,
Has caught the expressive mien, the features’
play,
A model next it forms of humble clay,
Then th’ ideal and the first birth combine;
But next in marble fair those features shine,
If truthful genius prompt the artist’s care;
And thus renascent, beautiful and fair,
Its glories neither Place nor Time confine.
Lady, both great and good, in me you view
That first imperfect model; thanks to thee,
Remodelled, born anew, ’tis mine to be.
If my defects thy pious aid supply
And the redundant smooth, what shall excuse
My vain, dark mind should it such aid refuse?”

—*Translated by John S. Harford.*

Angelo’s grief at the death of Vittoria is described by Stuart Stern in his poem, “Angelo.”

“Robed in stainless white,
Her hair unbound and streaming down
In gleaming flood about her, the clasped hands
Folding a lily-stem, she lay before him.
On her placid brow a calm unspeakable,
A peace so deep, it beamed like to a light.
He long stood thus, with burning, tearless eyes,
Immovable as if turned to stone.

FLORENCE.

When, suddenly, he knelt and kissed her hands,
And covering up his face, fled from the room—
Sped from the house, into the silent street.

His brain afire
With thousand whirling thoughts, he wandered
on

Swiftly from street to street, and place to place,
He knew not, cared not, whither. And then be-
side

A fallen column split from top to base,
He dropped upon his knees and cried aloud:
“Christ—Jesus—Lord—Redeemer—Helper—
Savior,

Help, save me now”; and then,
Remembering the last words the Savior uttered,
He, too, cried suddenly out: ‘It is accom-
plished!

I give her up, my God, to Thee and to him!
I do submit me to my Father’s will!’

Those few who met him,
As in the gray light of early dawn
He slowly threaded back his weary way
Through the long street, stepped shyly from his
path,
Fancying they beheld one risen from the dead.
For three days more no one saw Angelo
About the city, none but old Matteo
Knew he had yet returned from his long jour-
ney;

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Then he appeared, and hastily fell to work
On a great block of finest grain, 'till 'neath
His restless hands there grew to life a form
That proved a pride and marvel to the world.

But he

The master, who had wrought the wondrous
work,

Ne'er passed it by in after years, but that
He turned his face away, and in his soul
Rose up the words he wrote beneath the cross:
'No one hath knowledge how much blood it
cost!' "

IRREPARABLE LOSS.

AFTER THE DEATH OF VITTORIA COLONNA.

"When my rude hammer to the stubborn stone
Gives human shape, now that, now this, at will,
Following his hand who wields and guides it
still,

It moves upon another's feet alone:
But that which dwells in heaven, the world doth
fill

With beauty by pure motions of its own;
And since tools fashion tools which else were
none,

Its life makes all that lives with living skill.
Now, for that every stroke excels the more,
The higher at the forge it doth ascend,
Her soul that fashioned mine hath sought the
skies:

FLORENCE.

Wherefore unfinished I must meet my end,
If God, the great Artificer, denies
That aid which was unique on earth before.”
—*Translated from Michael Angelo by John
Addington Symonds.*

MICHAELANGELO'S KISS.

“Great Michaelangelo, with age grown bleak
And uttermost labors, having once o’er said
All grievous memories on his long life shed,
This worst regret to one true heart could speak:
That when with sorrowing love and reverence
meek,
He stooped o’er sweet Colonna’s bed,
His Muse and dominant Lady, spirit—wed,—
Her hand he kissed, but not her brow or cheek.

O Buonarroti—good at Art’s fire-wheels
To urge her chariot—even thus the Soul,
Touching at length some sorely-chasened goal,
Earns oftenest but a little: her appeals
Were deep and mute—lowly her claim. Let be:
What holds for her Death’s garner? And for
thee?”

—*Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*

The following sonnet is translated by Wordsworth and is entitled—

MICHAEL ANGELO.

AT FLORENCE.

FROM M. ANGELO.

“Eternal Lord! eased of a cumbrous load,
And loosened from the world, I turn to Thee;
Shun, like a shattered bark, the storm, and flee
To thy protection for a safe abode.
The crown of thorns, hands pierced upon the
tree,
The meek, benign and lacerated face,
To a sincere repentance promise grace,
To the sad soul give hope of pardon free.
With justice mark not Thou, O Light divine,
My fault, nor hear it with thy sacred ear;
Neither put forth that way thy arm severe;
Wash with thy blood my sins; thereto incline
More readily the more my years require
Help, and forgiveness speedy and entire.”

From Michael Angelo's sonnet to Vasari,
translated by Symonds:

“Now hath my life across a stormy sea,
Like a frail bark, reached that wide port where
all
Are bidden, ere the final reckoning fall
Of good and evil for eternity.

* * * * *

Painting nor sculpture now can lull to rest
My soul that turns to His great Love on high,
Whose arms, to clasp us, on the cross were
spread.”

FLORENCE.

Michael Angelo died in Rome in 1564, after a strenuous life of ninety years, and though the pope wished to retain the body in the Eternal City, the Florentines secretly conveyed it to Florence, and with fitting ceremonies placed it in Santa Croce, in the Buonarotti tomb.

Vasari designed the monument, a bust of the great man in a niche, with the figures of the Arts mourning over his sarcophagus; Cosimo, the Grand Duke, contributed the marble for it.

He is the first of the renowned ones whose burials within Santa Croce have made it to be the Pantheon of Florence.

“In Santa Croce’s holy precincts lie
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
Even in itself an immortality;

* * * * *

Here repose
Angelo’s, Alfieri’s bones, and his,
The starry Galileo, with his woes;
Here Machiavelli’s earth, returned to whence it
rose.”

—*Byron.*

Nor would it be fitting to have no memorial in the Eternal City, in which he labored so long and so well—and there is a monument erected to his memory in the church of the Holy Apostles, with the following inscription: Tanto nomi-
ni nullum par elogium. (No praise is sufficient for so great a man.)

MICHAEL ANGELO.

“The hand that rounded Peter’s dome
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew—
The conscious stone to beauty grew.”

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

MICHAEL ANGELO BUONARROTI.

“This is the rugged face
Of him who won a place
Above all kings and lords;
Whose various skill and power
Left Italy a dower
No numbers can compute, no tongue translate
in words.

Patient to train and school
His genius to the rule
Art’s sternest laws required;
Yet, by no custom chained,
His daring hand disdained
The academic forms by tamer souls admired.

In his interior light
Awoke those shapes of might,
Once known, that never die;
Forms of Titanic birth,
The elder brood of earth,
That fill the mind more grandly than they charm
the eye.

FLORENCE.

Yet when the master chose,
Ideal graces rose
Like flowers on gnarled boughs;
For he was nursed and fed
At Beauty's fountain-head,
And to the goddess pledged his earliest, warm-
est vows.

Entranced in thoughts whose vast
Imaginations passed
Into his facile hand,
By adverse fate unfoiled,
Through long, long years he toiled;
Undimmed the eyes that saw, unworn the brain
that planned.

A soul the Church's bars,
The State's disastrous wars
Kept closer to his youth.
Though rough the winds and sharp,
They could not bend or warp
His soul's ideal forms of beauty and of truth.

Like some cathedral spire
That takes the earliest fire
Of morn, he towered sublime
O'er names and fames of mark
Whose lights to his were dark;
Facing the east, he caught a glow beyond his
time.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Whether he drew or sung,
Or wrought in stone, or hung
The pantheon in air;
Whether he gave to Rome
His Sistine walls or dome,
Or laid the ponderous beams, or lightly wound
the stair;

Whether he planned defense
On Tuscan's battlements,
Fired with the patriot's zeal,
Where San Miniato's glow
Smiled down upon the foe,
Till Treason won the gates that mocked the in-
vader's steel.

Whether in lonely nights
With Poesy's delights
He cheered his solitude;
In sculptured sonnets wrought
His firm and graceful thought,
Like marble altars in some dark and mystic
wood,—

Still, proudly poised, he stepped
The way his vision swept,
And scorned the narrower view.
He touched with glory all
That pope or cardinal,
With lower aims than his, allotted him to do.

FLORENCE.

A heaven or larger zone—
Not theirs, but his—was thrown
O'er old and wonted themes.
The fires within his soul
Shone like an aureole
Around the prophets old and sibyls of his
dreams.

Thus self-contained and bold,
His glowing thoughts he told
On canvas or on stone,
He needed not to seek
His themes from Jew or Greek;
His soul enlarged their forms, his style was all
his own.

Ennobled by his hand,
Florence and Rome shall stand
Stamped with the signet-ring
He wore, where kings obeyed
The laws the artists made.
Art was his world, and he was Art's annointed
king.

So stood this Angelo
Four hundred years ago;
So grandly still he stands,
'Mid lesser worlds of Art,
Colossal and apart,
Like Memmon breathing songs across the des-
ert sands."

—*C. P. Cranch.*

CHAPTER XI.

THE MAGNIFICENT AND THE MONK.

Besides the school of art established by Lorenzo de' Medici, the Magnificent, the founding of the great art collection of the Uffizi Gallery, and the enrichment of the Laurentian Library—named for himself—he maintained a Platonic Academy in which not only ancient writers were studied, but also young intellects were encouraged to sprout and to blossom.

He himself was not only a student of the classics, but he was well known as a poet and a philosopher and a truly brilliant star in the Platonic firmament.

As to the nature of his sonnets and songs, we are told that they were immensely popular with the gilded youth of his time, who, reeling through the streets at night, would lustily sing forth sentiments which would now cause the most hardened sinners to blush.

“If it were so, it were a grievous fault!” Was it Achilles of old, who had a vulnerable heel? Perhaps the Medici had one, but let us not look for it. And, in regard to Lorenzo, as the bee sucks honey and the wasp poison, from the same flower, let us be the bee and cull what honey there is in his sonnets:

FLORENCE.

JEALOUSY.

“Sad, in a nook obscure, and sighing deep,
A pale and haggard beldame shrinks from
view;
Her gloomy vigils there she loves to keep,
Wrapt in a robe of ever-changing hue;
A hundred eyes she has that ceaseless weep,
A hundred ears that pay attention due.
Imagined evils aggravate her grief,
Heedless to sleep, and stubborn to relief.

HOPE.

Immense of bulk, her towering head she shows,
Her floating tresses seem to touch the skies,
Dark mists her unsubstantial shape compose,
And on the mountain's top her dwelling lies.
As when the clouds fantastic shapes disclose,
Forever varying to the gazer's eyes,
Till on the breeze the changeful hues escape,
Thus vague her form, and mutable her shape.

THE LOVER'S CHAIN.

Dear are those bonds my willing heart that bind,
Formed of three cords, in mystic union twined;
The first by beauty's rosy fingers wove,
The next by pity, and the third by love.
The hour that gave this wondrous texture birth,
Saw in sweet union, heaven, and air, and earth;
Serene and soft all ether breath'd delight,
The sun diffus'd a mild and temper'd light;

THE MAGNIFICENT AND THE MONK.

New leaves the trees, sweet flowers adorned the
 mead,
And sparkling rivers rush'd along the glade.
Reposed on Jove's own breast, his favorite
 child,
The Cyprian queen beheld the scene and smiled;
Then with both hands, from her ambrosial head
And amorous breast, a shower of roses shed;
The heavenly shower descending soft and slow,
Pour'd all its fragrance on my fair below;
Whilst all benign the ruler of the spheres
To sounds celestial open'd mortal ears."

ORISONS AND LAUDS.

"All nature, hear the sacred song!
 Attend, O earth, the solemn strain!
Ye whirlwinds wild that sweep along,
 Ye darkening storms of beating rain,
Umbrageous glooms, and forests drear,
And solitary deserts, hear!
Be still, ye winds, whilst to the Maker's praise
The creature of His power aspires his voice to
 raise.

O may the solemn breathing sound
 Like incense rise before the throne,
Where He, whose glory knows no bound,
 Great cause of all things, dwells alone.
'Tis He I sing, whose powerful hand
Balanced the skies, outspread the land;

FLORENCE.

Who spoke—from ocean's store sweet waters
came,
And burst resplendent from the heaven-aspir-
ing flame.

One general song of praise arise
To Him whose goodness ceaseless flows;
Who dwells enthroned beyond the skies,
And life and breath on all bestows.
Great source of intellect, His ear
Benign receives our vows sincere;
Rise, then, my active powers, your task fulfill,
And give to Him your praise, responsive to my
will.

Partaker of that living stream
Of light, that pours an endless blaze,
O let thy strong reflected beam,
My understanding, speak His praise.
My soul, in steadfast love secure,
Praise Him whose word is ever sure;
To Him, sole just, my sense of right incline,
Join every prostrate limb, my ardent spirit,
join."

—*Translated by W. Roscoe.*

STANZAS.

"Follow that fervor, O devoted spirit,
With which thy Savior's goodness fires thy
breast!
Go where it draws, and when it calls, Oh, hear
it!
It is thy Shepherd's voice, and leads to rest.

THE MAGNIFICENT AND THE MONK.

In this thy new devotedness of feeling,
Suspicion, envy, anger, have no claim;
Sure hope is highest happiness revealing,
With peace, and gentleness, and purest flame.

For in thy holy and thy happy sadness
If tears and sighs are sown by thee,
In the pure regions of immortal gladness
Sweet and eternal shall thy harvest be.

Leave them to say, 'This people's meditation
Is vain and idle!' sit with ear and eye
Fixed upon Christ, in childlike dedication,
O thou inhabitant of Bethany!"

—*Translated in London Magazine.*

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

"From the star highest placed
On earth, a flood of light divine hath poured.
O glorious queen,
O Virgin-spouse and Mother of the Lord,
O matin Ray serene—
Happy who bends, I ween,
Unto this holy Mother, fair and chaste.

O sweetness prized;
O joy supreme; O Solace and Support;
Maid, holy, undefiled,
The sinner's Heaven, Victory and Port;
Vase, the Messiah's styled,
Our Savior's; Mary mild,
Guide to that treasure by the world despised.

FLORENCE.

Mother, so worthy thou,
That heaven and earth and sun and stars and
 sea
Praise thee in festal hymn.
O distant Light of shining radiancy;
O Memory never dim,
Gate, Triumph—pride of Him—
That Treasure who in heaven reigns happy
 now.”

—*Translated by E. M. Clerke.*

Politiano, a poet of note, and a close friend
of Lorenzo's, pays this tribute to him:

“And thou, Lorenzo, rushing forth to fame,
Support of Cosmo's and of Piero's name,
Safe in whose shadow Arno hears from far,
And smiles to hear, the thunder of the war;
Endow'd with arts the listening throng to move,
The senate's wonder and the people's love,
Chief of the tuneful train! thy praises hear,
If praise of mine can charm thy cultured ear;
For once, the lonely woods and vales among,
A mountain goddess caught thy soothing song;
As swelled the notes she pierced the winding
 dell,
And sat beside thee in thy secret cell;
I saw her hands the laurel chaplet twine,
Whilst with attentive ear she drank the sounds
 divine.”

—*Translated by W. Roscoe.*

THE MAGNIFICENT AND THE MONK.

Lorenzo and his brother Giuliano were the tacitly acknowledged rulers of Florence, but they met opposition in a faction headed by the Pazzi family, a member of which had married their sister Bianca, and why should the Medici be supreme, when there were others capable and willing to occupy the same eminence? O well, maybe it was patriotism, maybe Florence did want her freedom, maybe the Republic was a mere name, well-nigh obliterated by that of the Medici—anyhow, the plot to assassinate them took effect while they were at services in the Duomo, the Easter of 1478, and Giuliano lost his life, but Lorenzo's was saved through the heroic action of the Prior of the Republic, Francesco Nori, who threw himself before Lorenzo, and so received the fatal blow. That action is commemorated by a tablet in Santa Croce, and later the son of the Medici so saved—Pope Leo X—granted an Indulgence to all who should pray for the repose of his soul.

Giuliano left a son, named Giulio, who also became pope—Clement VII.

Closely interwoven with the history of the Medici at this period was a Florentine of world-wide repute, and one whose name has coined a new word for the language—Niccolo Machiavelli. Born in 1469, the year that Lorenzo the Magnificent assumed the leadership in Florence, he at the expulsion of the Medici after the death of Lorenzo and the treachery of his son

Pietro, was given the position of secretary of the newly reorganized Republic, which position he held until the return of the Medici in 1512.

He strove to arouse the Florentines to a personal defense of their city—fighting being the work, at that time, of paid mercenaries, and at the return of the Medici, he was charged with treason. He was recalled to their favor later, and appointed historian. His history of Florence deals with the thirteenth century; his notorious work, *Del Principe*—the Prince—aroused consternation for its shameless lack of right principles; it laid the foundation, however, to its author's claim for being the father of political science. His comedies are the first to represent actual life and dialogue on the stage.

In 1527 on the sack of Rome and the imprisonment of Clement VII, the Florentines again drove forth the Medici, but as he was suspected of favoring them, the Republic did not countenance him, and in the same year he died.

He was buried in Santa Croce Church, and his home in Florence still remains, No. 16, Via Guicciardini, within a short distance from the Palazzo Vecchio.

Machiavelian principles imply political cunning and craftiness, and “a Machiavelian is an unprincipled citizen.”—*Dictionary*.

Another opponent of Lorenzo's was the Prior of San Marco, Savonarola. His opposition was

based on moral grounds, as well as on political ones. Howbeit, Lorenzo gave the Prior his respect, although he could not gain the latter's favor.

The account of his summoning him to Carreggi to his death-bed, is famous :

“This interview was scarcely terminated, when a visitor of a very different character arrived. This was the haughty and enthusiastic Savonarola, who probably thought that in the last moments of agitation and of suffering he might be enabled to collect materials for his factious purposes. With apparent charity and kindness, the priest exhorted Lorenzo to remain firm in the Catholic faith; to which Lorenzo professed his strict adherence. He then required an avowal of his intention, in case of his recovery, to live a virtuous and well-regulated life; to this he also signified his sincere assent. Lastly, he reminded him that, if needful, he ought to bear his death with fortitude. ‘With cheerfulness,’ replied Lorenzo, ‘if such be the will of God.’

“On his quitting the room, Lorenzo called him back, and as an unequivocal mark that he harbored in his bosom no resentment against him for the injuries he had received, requested the priest would bestow upon him his benediction, with which he instantly complied, Lorenzo making the responses with a firm and collected voice.”

—*From the Life of Lorenzo, by Roscoe.*

To which paragraph, this note is attached :

“In the Life of Savonarola, written in Latin at considerable length by Giovan Francesco Pico, prince of Mirandula, nephew of the celebrated Pico, whom we have had occasion so frequently to mention, an account is given of this interview, which differs in its most essential particulars from that which is here related. If we may credit this narrative, Lorenzo, when at the point of death, sent to request the attendance of Savonarola, to whom he was desirous of making a confession. Savonarola accordingly came, but, before he would consent to receive him as a penitent, required that he should declare his adherence to the true faith, to which Lorenzo assented. He then insisted on a promise from Lorenzo, that if he had unjustly obtained the property of others, he would return it. Lorenzo, after a short hesitation, replied, ‘Doubtless, father, I shall do this, or, if it be not in my power, I shall enjoin it as a duty on my heirs.’ Thirdly, Savonarola required that he should restore the Republic to liberty, and establish it in its former state of independence, to which Lorenzo, not choosing to make any reply, the priest left him without giving him his absolution. (*Savor. vita, inter vit. select viror. ap. Bats. Lond. 1704.*) A story that exhibits evident symptoms of that party spirit which did not arise in Florence until after the death of Lorenzo, and which, being contradictory to the

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account left by Politiano, written before the motives for misrepresentation existed, is rendered deserving of notice only by the necessity of its refutation."

The latter account of Lorenzo's death is often credited, the prevalent sentiment in that regard being voiced by Mrs. Browning:

"Who also by a princely death-bed, cried,
'Loose Florence, or God will not loose thy soul!'
Then fell back the Magnificent and died
Beneath the star-look shooting from the cowl,
Which turned to wormwood-bitterness the wide
Deep sea of his ambition."

It is also voiced by Alfred Austin, in his tragedy, *Savonarola*:

Lorenzo:

"Of all the company of hearts that sit
Round our existence smiling, that not one
Should be told off to see us to the land,
The road of which we know not! That seems
hard."

So he sends for Savonarola to light the way.

Savonarola:

"Why have you sent for me?

Lorenzo:

To readjust
Before I journey on, unbalanced wrongs
That gall my conscience.

FLORENCE.

Savonarola:

Show me them!

Since that it seems Plato avails not now.
Philosophy, like any false ally,
Comes to man's aid when need is at the least,
To shrink away in true extremity.
But Virtue, unaffected friend, contrives
To pull us through, though all the fiends conspire
To wedge us in with evil.

Lorenzo:

I have made
Elsewhere confession of my homelier sins,
But those transgressions that have walked
abroad
In all men's eyes, I have reserved for one
Who knows no private favor.

Savonarola:

Then speak on!

Death is the looking-glass of life wherein
Each man may scan the aspect of his deeds.
How looks it now, Lorenzo, now that God
Holds the unflattering mirror to your soul?

Lorenzo:

'Tis hard on twenty years since, but still, still,
The cry of sacked Volterra haunts my ears.

Savonarola:

And well it may, Lorenzo! Do you think
Thus to divide eternity? Twenty years
Have placed no second 'twixt your sin and you.

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Lorenzo:

I know it, Prior; and poignantly confess
To you and heaven the guilt was mostly mine.
Endorsing claims equivocal, to glut
The yawning coffers of the State, I clutched
A shadowy right; the alum mines were won,
And now the gain lies leaden on my breast,
Though bade I not the slaughter.

Savonarola:

Hold! We bid
Whatever buttresses our bold designs,
And are the architects of every wrong
Raised o'er the ruins of demolished right.
You cannot take before the throne of God
The quarry of your hunting; but the blood
Clings to your hands.

Lorenzo:

Seem they so red?
So red, contrition cannot wash them white?
For there is other gore that soaks my skirt,
Spilt in usurious payment of the blow
Struck by the Pazzi at my life, but spilt
Not from vindictiveness, but policy.

Savonarola:

Will policy avail to change the score
Of the Recording Angel? Hell is full
Of politic expedients, condoned
By Earth, to double their offense 'fore Heaven.

FLORENCE.

God saved your life; you slew your enemies.

(Lorenzo exhibits sign of agitation.)

Yet will He pardon even as He saved,
So anguish in the balance lift up guilt.
Is your confession ended?

Lorenzo:

Alas! no.

Full many an orphan maiden hath been robbed
Of dowry guaranteed; and virtue, shorn
Of its substantial outwork, hath succumbed
To the besieger. This seems direst wrong.

Savonarola:

And is the direst wrong. The body pushed
Out of this life precociously may find
A better tenement. But he that fouls
A virgin soul and leaves it to corrupt
Would strain God's mercy to the snapping-
point,
If it were not far-reaching as Himself.
You must amend this injury.

Lorenzo:

Show me how,
And quickly will I do it.

Savonarola:

It is enough.
Let restitution be in full ordained;
And, if you live, each victim ferret out
And wed her to the cloister.

THE MAGNIFICENT AND THE MONK.

Lorenzo:

Doing this,
May I the Almighty Arbiter confront,
And reckon on indulgence?

Savonarola:

Naught that is,
Mountain, nor sea, nor the vast atmosphere,
Nor even man's stupendous scope of sin,
Can get beyond the circumambient range
Of Divine mercy. But before my hands
May absolution shower upon your soul,
Three things there are first indispensable.

Lorenzo:

What may these be?

Savonarola:

Firstly, that you should have
Faith in God's mercy, living faith and full.

Lorenzo:

And that I have; for if I had it not,
How ill-caparisoned were I to start
Upon this final journey!

Savonarola:

Next, that you
Make reparation absolute, and lay
This as a prior legacy on your sons,
For lingering wrong to friend or enemy.
To this you pawn your soul?

FLORENCE.

Lorenzo:

My soul be bond,
And forfeit if I fail.

Savonarola:

Lastly, Lorenzo,
But mainly this of all, you must restore
Her liberties to Florence.

Lorenzo:

(Starting forward on the couch.)

Friar, hold!
You overstep your territory there,
And make a raid on my dominions.
Remember what is Caesar's.

Savonarola:

Do I fail?
Where did you get your empire? Who was it
gave
The Medici on Florence that sly grip
Which you have tightened? Nay, invoke not
God!
For he as Caesar ne'er anointed you;
And failing His anointment, show me then
The sanction of His people.

Lorenzo:

What I have,
They freely gave.

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Savonarola:

They were not free to give;
For you with splendor first corrupted them,
Drugging their love of virtue, that you might
Their love of freedom violate, and they
The detriment discern not.

Lorenzo:

I gave all,
All that I have, all I inherited,
To vivify this city, and to lift
Her diadem of glory high above
All cities, kingdoms, principalities;
Lavished the substance of my House on her,
Discriminating not which hers, which mine,
And die with empty coffers that enriched
The fame of Florence: Was it crime in me?
In face of heavenly ermine will I claim,
For that, exemption.

Savonarola:

Panders might as well
Plead the foul price they pay, as you invoke
The substance squandered on the Common-
wealth,
Whose freedom you have ravished. Well you
know
In Florence that the government of One
Was an abomination till your Line
Drew all the reins of rule into its hand,
And jingling trappings of subjection laid

FLORENCE.

Upon a pampered people. Glory! Fame!
Fame is but sound; conscience makes harmony;
And happy he who truthfully can say,
When the world's pagan plaudits cease, he
hears
The sacred music of a virtuous heart.
Give Florence back her freedom!

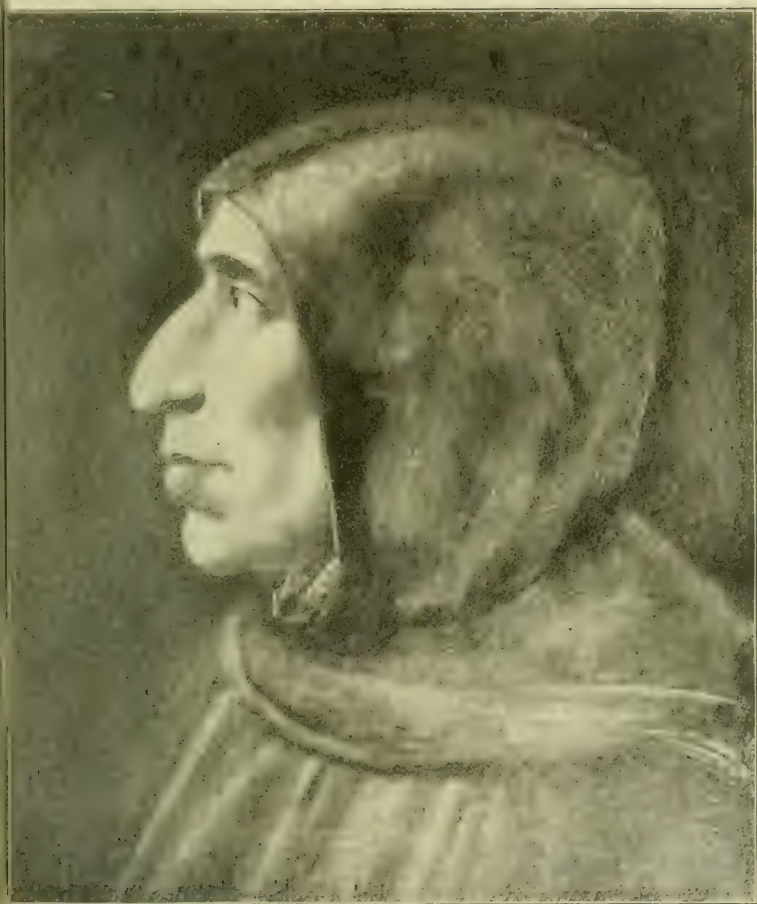
Lorenzo:

She is free.
And of her freedom made me what I am,
And by that freedom will unmake my sons
If they run short of wisdom.

Savonarola:

Then enough!
And summon your attendants.
(Lorenzo rings. His friends enter.)
You have need
No more of me. But this, Lorenzo, mark!
What you refuse, that Florence swift will take,
When your magnificence shall lie entombed,
And God arraign you for the right you filched,
But could not carry with you, nor bequeath.
Die, by my voice unshriven!"

Savonarola strove to steer clear and straight the bark of Florentine affairs after the death of Lorenzo and the expulsion of his son and successor, Pietro II; but he, too, fell under the might of his enemies and was forced to yield up his life to their fury. He was burned on the



Sayonarola

Fra Bartolommeo

Piazza del Signoria, in 1498, on a spot now marked by a statue of him, and annually do the Florentines scatter violets on the place of his execution and strive to wash away with their tears and loving administrations these dark blood spots on her history's page.

Florence cannot honor his ashes, for they were scattered into the Arno, but she preserved his monastery, made glorious by Angelico's brush, the San Marco, as a national monument to him, containing his mementoes; his rosary, his writing desk, his manuscripts. Here also is his portrait painted by one who was a disciple of his, and who after his death put on the Dominican habit and became Fra Bartolommeo. Botticelli also painted a memorial for him, *The Birth of Christ*, in which he depicts some Dominican monks being led by an angel towards the new born King, whom Savonarola had during his term of power, proclaimed King of Florence, and Raphael has placed him among the doctors and preachers of the Church, in his grand fresco, *Theologia*, in the Vatican.

George Eliot, in her powerful novel of Fifteenth Century Florence, *Romolo*, paints with her magic pen in strong, indelible ink, the portrait of that master mind of his age.

"Was Savonarola Really Excommunicated?" is the title of a book published by a clergyman of his Order, J. L. O'Neil, in which the question is answered in the negative.

Reverend Herbert Lucas, in his scholarly and interesting biographical study of Fra Girolamo Savonarola, quotes from Dr. Schnitzer: "When Savonarola, degraded and unfrocked, ended his life on the gallows, his cause seemed to be irretrievably lost, and his enemies triumphed. Nevertheless, he died a conqueror, and he died for the noblest cause for which a man can give his life—for the spread of God's kingdom on earth. The future belonged to him, and he to the church."

We may consider the following paragraph as a flashlight perspective of the reverend author's estimate of him:

"The severe austerity of Fra Girolamo's life, his truly wonderful gift of prayer, his fearless intrepidity, his boundless confidence in God, his keen insight into the true condition of the Church, and of civil society, his surpassing eloquence, his marvelous influence over the minds and hearts of men, an influence wielded on the whole for the noblest of ends—all these things claim the admiration which is due a truly great and good man. Yet the story of his life reminds us that even exalted gifts and noble qualities such as these may yet be unavailing to save a man from being misled by a subtle temptation into an unacknowledged self-esteem, which may end by sapping the very roots of obedience, by luring him onwards till at last he makes private judgment—in matters of conduct if not of doc-

trine—the court of final appeal. And when this point has been reached, only two issues are possible if the conflict becomes acute: spiritual ruin or temporal disaster. It was, perhaps, well for Fra Girolamo that temporal disaster overtook him, and that his baptism of fire came to him in time.”

Among the many charges and counter-charges brought against him, we may glean the following items in regard to his life:

Born in Ferrara in 1452, he early became imbued with philosophy and asceticism; he entered the Dominican Order at Bologna in 1474. At his first public appearance as a preacher in Florence in 1484, he failed to arouse enough of interest to warrant the continuance of the course of Lenten sermons that had been inaugurated. He then was sent to Brescia, where his zeal was recognized; recalled to Florence in 1489, his success as a preacher was tremendous. His method was forcible and denunciatory, and his favorite themes were Old Testament prophecies.

He was wont to prophesy events, which often came to pass; he fearlessly denounced all vice which the Renaissance had culled from the pagan literature, and he opposed Lorenzo de' Medici, as the exponent of the classicism which was the antithesis of Christianity and morality.

Not only did he denounce the Medici, but he also hurled his prophecies against the Borgian

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pope, Alexander VI, who then occupied the Chair of Peter.

The adherents of the Medici opposed him, and as his religious views were as strong as his political views on Florentine affairs, the pope imposed silence upon him. He did not obey. Savonarola was finally excommunicated. He did not acknowledge the excommunication, not considering the pope to have been just in the decree, and moreover to have attained to that office through political machinations. Savonarola was accused of having endeavored to have the king, Charles, form a new Consistory for the election of a new pontiff.

However, the Medician adherents in Florence attaining the ascendancy, and an opponent of Savonarola's, a Franciscan who condemned his opposition to the pope, having challenged him to a Trial by fire in order to discountenance his assumption of Divine gifts of prophecy, he failed in the ordeal, and lost his hold on the Florentines.

The Signory accused him of disturbing the public peace and the peace of the Church, and he was condemned to die.

Having disobeyed the repeated commands of the pontiff to repair to Rome for a hearing, Rome now did not interfere, but conceded to the charges.

“Fra Girolamo Savonarola had sounded the long-drawn and wailing blast of a fearless chal-

lenge to all the powers of wickedness. He had slipped and fallen in the shock of the first onset. But the notes of his trumpet-call reverberated through all Christendom, and through the century that was so soon to dawn upon the world, and woke many an echo which heartened other men and women besides S. Philip Neri and S. Catherine of Ricci for their own combat with evil. The Church was scourged after another manner than that which he had foreseen. The face of the Church has been renewed, though not so 'soon and speedily' as he had imagined. In substance, however, more than one of Fra Girolamo's 'conclusions' have been made good, even though his revelations have been for the most part disallowed. And, all his errors and their consequences notwithstanding, the Church and the world owe him a debt of gratitude."

—*From Herbert Lucas, S. J.*

"Savonarola and His Times," by Pasquale Villari, is considered to be an "incomparable biography," and is very interestingly told, and a work of recent date is "Girolamo Savonarola" by E. L. S. Horsburgh.

"It were foul
To grudge Savonarola and the rest
Their violets! rather pay them quick and fresh!
The emphasis of death makes manifest
The eloquence of action in our flesh,
And men who living were but dimly guessed,

FLORENCE.

When once free from their life's entangled
mesh,
Show their full length in graves."

—*Mrs. Browning.*

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

BY GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA.

Composed during a Plague in Florence.

"O Star of Galilee,
Shining o'er this earth's dark sea,
Shed thy glorious light on me.

Queen of Clemency and Love,
Be my Advocate above,
And through Christ all sin remove.

When the angel called thee blest,
And with transports filled thy breast,
'Twas thy Lord became thy guest.

Earth's purest Creature thou,
In the heavens exulting now,
With a halo round thy brow.

Beauty beams in every trace
Of the Virgin-Mother's face,
Full of glory and of grace.

A Beacon to the just,
To the sinner Hope and Trust,
Joy of the angel-host.

THE MAGNIFICENT AND THE MONK.

Ever-glorified, thy throne
Is where thy blessed Son
Doth reign: through him alone,

All pestilence shall cease,
And sin and strife decrease,
And the kingdom come of peace."

—*Translated by R. R. Madden.*



CHAPTER XII.

THE ARTIST OF THE MAGNIFICENT AND THE ARTIST OF THE MONK.

The influence on art of Lorenzo's Renaissance studies is seen first and foremost and most pronouncedly in Botticelli, a pupil of Fra Lippo Lippi, who more than any other artist heretofore, portrays classic subjects; his very famous *Primavera*, or Spring, now in the Accademia, being executed by special request of Lorenzo, as an illustration of one of his poems, and as a decoration for his villa at Castello.

As the central figure of *Primavera*, we see Simonetta de Vespucci, who was another brilliant star in the Platonic Academy and in the Medician firmament, being the wife of a near and dear friend of Lorenzo's brother, Giuliano, who also is introduced in the picture as Apollo, the god of fruition.

The picture is allegorical, and was readily understood by those imbued with the Renaissance spirit.

FLORENCE.

FOR SPRING.

BY SANDRO BOTTICELLI.

(In the Accademia of Florence.)

“What masque of what old wind-withered New
Year

Honors this Lady? Flora, wanton-eyed
For birth, and with all flowrets pranked and pied:
Aurora, Zephyrus, with mutual cheer
Of clasp and kiss: the Graces circling near,
'Neath bower-linked arch of white arms glorified;

And with those feathered feet which hovering
glide

O'er Spring's brief bloom, Hermes the har-
binger.

Birth-bare, not death-bare yet, the young stems
stand,

This Lady's temple-columns; o'er her head
Love wings his shaft. What mystery here is
read

Of homage or of hope? But how command
Dead Springs to answer? And how question
here

These murmurs of that wind-withered New
Year?"

—*Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*

Botticelli's Birth of Venus, in the Uffizi, portrays Simonetta as the title figure. In fact, Botticelli owes his great ability to the inspi-



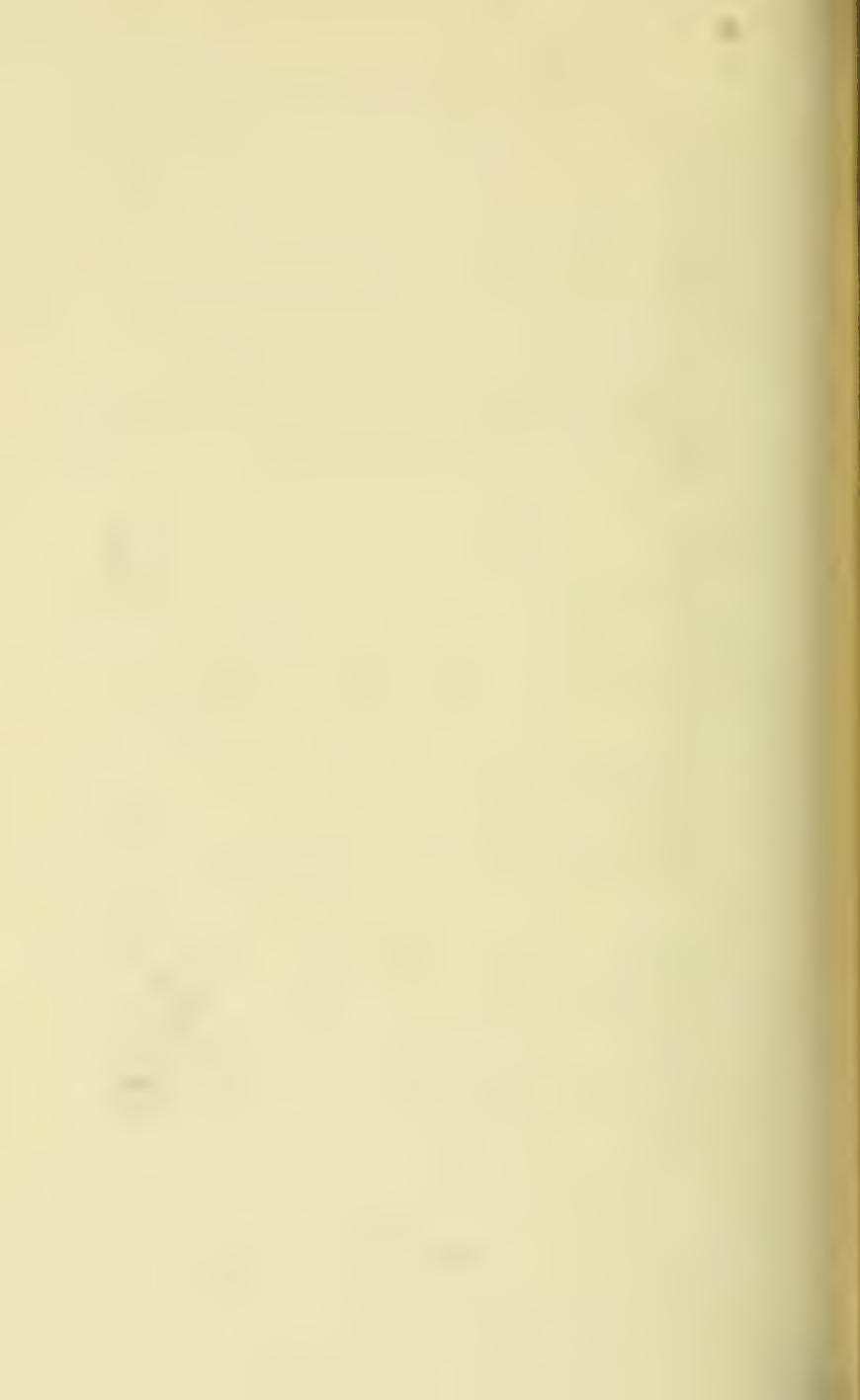
Primavera

Botticelli



The Calumny of Apelles

Botticelli



ration which the charms and beauty and love of Simonetta de Vespucci aroused in him. She was called "The Star of Genoa," having been of that city when Marco de Vespucci met her and married her. All in Florence yielded to the spell of her charms and most of all did Guiliano de' Medici, but never was there occasion to believe that the "Platonic" atmosphere was once tainted by scandal due to Simonetta de Vespucci.

She died of tuberculosis in 1476, two years before Giuliano de' Medici himself met his death in the Pazzi Conspiracy, and as the evil in people's minds was venting itself against her memory, Botticelli, who loved her truly, painted his great picture, *The Calumny of Apelles*, as a vindication of her fair fame. Lucian tells that Apelles was accused by a rival artist of conspiracy against the life of Ptolemy, and by a picture which he painted he showed forth his own innocence and punished his accuser.

That picture also is an allegory, nor could it easily be understood without the description. The central figure is Innocence—a naked youth—dragged to Judgment by Calumny bearing in her hand the torch of discord, and accompanied by Malice and Deceit. Before the judge stands Envy, a ragged beggar, bearing false witness against Innocence, and in the ears of the Judge are whispering Ignorance and Suspicion. On the other side stands Truth, a nude female

FLORENCE.

figure, from whom turns away an old dark hag, Remorse.

The "Innocence" is Giuliano de' Medici and the "Truth" is Simonetta de Vespucci, for the last time portrayed by Botticelli, but not for the last time remembered by him, for at his death he requested that he be laid near her grave, in which place we find his remains—outside the Vespucci Chapel in the Church of Ognissanti.

Of Botticelli's works, the Uffizi has a room, called The Hall of Botticelli. Among the many represented, besides the Calumny of Apelles, the Primavera, and the Birth of Venus, we notice his Fortitude and his Judith, which Ruskin comments upon in his "Mornings in Florence":

"Yes; that is your common Fortitude. Very grand, though common. But not the highest, by any means.

"Ready for all comers, and a match for them—thinks the universal Fortitude;—no thanks to her for standing so steady, then.

"But Botticelli's Fortitude is no match, it may be, for any that are coming. Worn, somewhat; and not a little weary, instead of standing ready for all comers, she is sitting—apparently in reverie, her fingers playing restlessly and idly—nay, I think even nervously, about the hilt of her sword.

"For her battle is not to begin today; nor



Fortitude

Botticelli



did it begin yesterday. Many a morn and eve have passed since it began—and now is this to be the ending day of it? And if this, by what manner of end?

“That is what Sandro’s Fortitude is thinking. And the playing fingers about the sword hilt would fain let it fall, if it might be; and yet, how swiftly and gladly will they close on it, when the far-off trumpet blows, which she will hear through all her reverie.

“There is yet another picture of Sandro’s here, which you must look at before going back to Giotto: the small Judith in the room next the Tribune, as you return from this outer one. It is just under Leonardo’s Medusa. She is returning to the camp of her Israel, followed by her maid carrying the head of Holofernes. And she walks in one of Botticelli’s light dancing actions, her drapery all on flutter, and her hand, like Fortitude’s, light on the sword hilt, but daintily—not nervously—the little finger laid over the cross of it.

“And at the first glance you will think the figure merely a piece of fifteenth century affectation. ‘Judith, indeed! say rather the daughter of Herodias, at her mincingest.’ Well, yes; Botticelli is affected, in the way that all men in that century necessarily were. Much euphuism, much studied grace of manner, much formal assertion of scholarship, mingling with his force of imagination. And he likes twisting the fin-

gers of the hands about, just as Correggio does. But he never does it like Correggio, without cause.

“Look at Judith again—at her face, not her drapery—and remember that when a man is base at heart, he blights his virtues into weaknesses; but when he is true at heart, he sanctifies his weaknesses into virtues. It is a weakness of Botticelli’s, this love of dancing motion and waved drapery; but why has he given it full flight here?”

After advising us to look up the history of Judith, according to the chapters and verses he designated, Ruskin continues:

“And you will feel, after you have read this piece of history, or epic poetry, with honorable care, that there is somewhat more to be thought of and pictured in Judith, than painters have mostly found it in them to show you; that she is not merely the Jewish Delilah to the Assyrian Samson; but the mightiest, purest, brightest type of high passion in severe womanhood offered to our human memory. Sandro’s picture is but slight; but it is true to her, and the only one I know that is; and after writing out these verses [that is, the verses in the Bible which refer to her] you will see why he gives her that swift, peaceful motion, while you read in her face only sweet solemnity of dreaming thought, ‘My peo-



Judith

Botticelli

ple delivered, and by my hand; and God has been gracious to His handmaid.' The triumph of Miriam over a fallen host, the fire of exulting mortal life in an immortal hour, the purity and severity of a guardian angel—all are here; and as her servant follows, carrying indeed the head, but invisible—(a mere thing to be carried—no more to be thought of)—she looks only at her mistress, with intense, servile, watchful love. Faithful, not in these days of fear only, but hitherto in all the days of her life, and afterwards forever."

There is also in the same room Botticelli's lovely Virgin and Child, called the Magnificat, as it represents our Lady writing in a book the "Magnificat," that hymn of joy and praise which had burst from her after her salutation by Elizabeth:

"My soul doth magnify the Lord;
And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior.
Because he hath regarded the humility of his
handmaid; for behold,
From henceforth all generations shall call me
blessed.
Because he that is mighty hath done great
things to me, and holy is his name.
And his mercy is from generation unto genera-
tion, to them that fear him.
He hath showed might in his arm: he hath scat-
tered the proud in the conceit of their
heart.

FLORENCE.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat,
and hath exalted the humble.

He hath filled the hungry with good things: and
the rich he hath sent empty away.

He hath received Israel his servant, being mind-
ful of his mercy.

As he spoke to our fathers, to Abraham and to
his seed forever.”

—*St. Luke.*

FOR THE MADONNA OF THE MAGNIFI-
CAT, BY SANDRO BOTTICELLI.

“Circled with solemn angels see her there,
Mother of God, with the Incarnate Word
Throned in her virgin bosom, and adored
Of earth and heaven; and she, all unaware
Of that bright crown the bending angels bear
Above her weary head, with sweet accord
Writing: ‘My soul doth magnify the Lord,
And holy shall his name be everywhere.’
Behold how sad she is, and in her eyes
Infinite sorrow, infinitely fair:
Not her own mother’s grief it is that lies
Upon her soul, a weary weight of care,
Not pity of self, but the blind, yearning cry
Of the world’s hopeless, helpless misery.”

—*Ralph Adams Cram.*

We see also Botticelli’s Adoration of the
Magi, painted for Maria Novello, for the Med-
ici, as a setting for their family portraits, hav-



The Madonna of the Magnificat

Botticelli

THE ARTIST OF THE MAGNIFICENT.

ing Cosimo Il Vecchio, the Pater Patriae, as one of the central figures, kneeling before the Divine Infant, and other well-known Medici grouped around him. Simonetta, as the Blessed Mother, is familiar to us, and the artist himself is in the group—at the extreme right, looking our way. In the Accademia are the Venus with the Three Graces, and the Coronation of the Virgin, a lovely work.

Pope Sixtus called Botticelli to Rome and appointed him master of the decorations of the Sistine Chapel, but he later returned to Florence, where he, as well as Lippo Lippi, was a pensioner of the Medici in his old age.

After Savonarola's death, his warm adherent and follower, Fra Bartolommeo, was visited in San Marco by Raphael, who stimulated him anew with love for painting and exchanged with him a knowledge of perspective for suggestions in coloring, which the monk was able to give. The two became fast friends, each helping the other, on one occasion, in finishing his pictures. Bartolommeo owed the higher cultivation of his art to the works of Leonardo da Vinci, and he, as well as Angelo and Leonardo, had prepared a sketch for the decoration of the Council Chamber of the Palazzo Vecchio, but his work, as was theirs, was left undone, though his outlines and sketches for it are preserved in the Uffizi—it was to have been the representation of the Patron Saints of Florence. His first

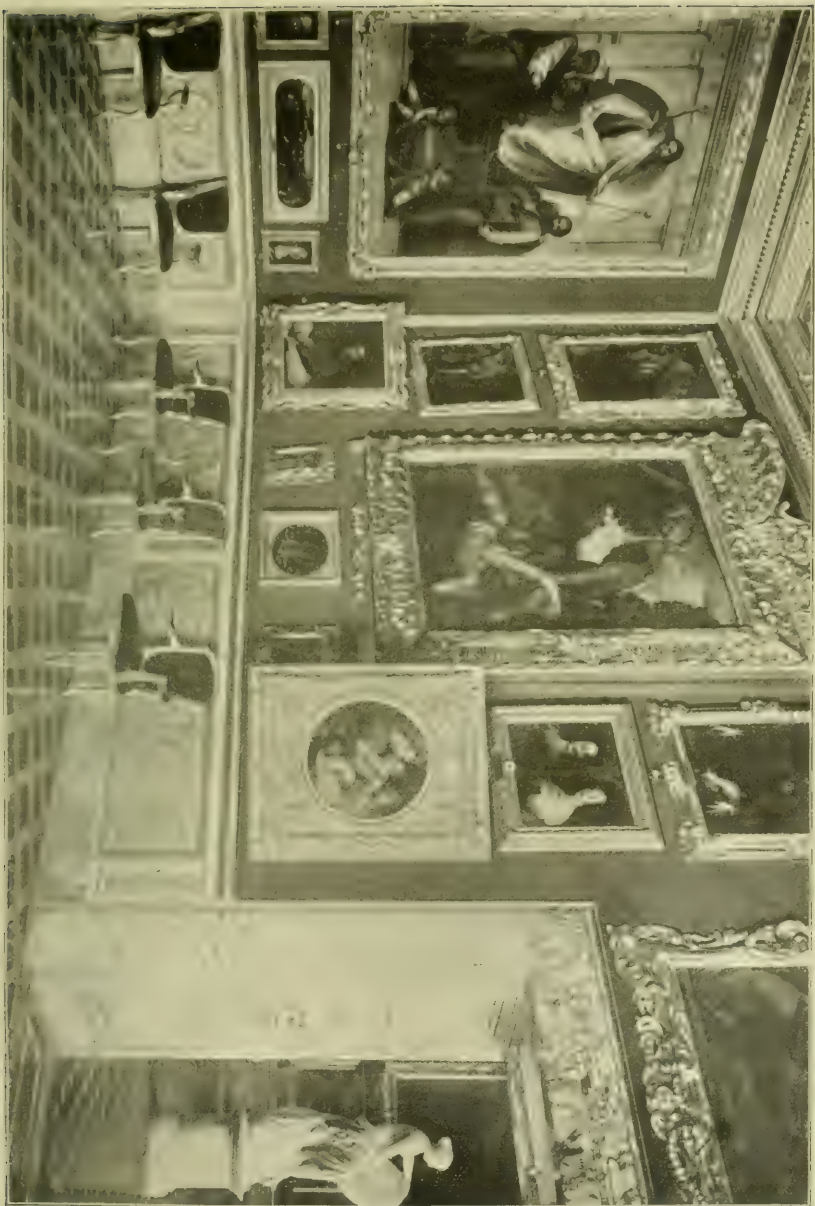
work of any importance was a fresco, *The Last Judgment*, in *Maria Novella*, which was completed by Albertinelli.

You see, we cannot mention Bartolommeo without at the same time speaking of his boyhood friend and almost inseparable companion, Albertinelli, who studied with him under the same early master, who later worked in the same *bottega* when they set out for themselves, and who would fain have followed him into the religious life, had he been so called.

In the Certosa or Carthusian Monastery of Florence is a Crucifixion by Albertinelli, and his Visitation in the Uffizi is a much copied work, and the circular Holy Family in the Pitti recalls Leonardo in coloring.

Albertinelli was not so well grounded in drawing as was Bartolommeo, but he set to work to copy his friend's manner, and succeeded so well that when called upon to finish works left undone by him, his part of the work could not be distinguished from that of the other.

Most of Bartolommeo's paintings, besides those decorating the walls of San Marco, are in the Pitti Gallery, where is his Resurrection of our Lord, called *Salvator Mundi*, and also his greatest work done in conjunction with Albertinelli, "*The Marriage of St. Catherine*," attributed in the following poem to Albertinelli:



Hall of Saturn in the Pitti Gallery, Florence



The Marriage of St. Catherine

Bartolommeo

THE ARTIST OF THE MONK.

ON A FLORENTINE PICTURE BY ALBERTINELLI.

“This pictured work, with ancient graces
fraught,

Or so they say, Albertinelli wrought.

He who that touching piece achieved, where
meet

The sisters twain, in Visitation sweet;

Of which the Tuscan city, 'mid her crowd

Of miracles, e'en yet is justly proud.

Oh, matchless line of years, whose generous
strife

Reared the reviving arts to perfect life:

Then, Petrarch's native lay refined on love;

Then, Angelo the impetuous chisel drove;

Then, oracles that stirred young Raphael's
breast

Spoke forth in colors, clear as words exprest.

Thou too, the pencil's scarce less gifted seer,

Fair is the dream thy hand interprets here:

How sweet yon Infant Christ's down-beaming
smile

On bright Saint John, who lifts his own the
while:

That bliss of young maternity how sweet,

Where mildly mingling, Saint and Mother meet:

Nay, more than mother's rapture, to behold

Her Savior-son, by prophet bards foretold.

FLORENCE.

Or if adoring meekness e'er had shrine
In human face, fond Kathrine, 'tis in thine:
In that one present joy of all possess,
Heedless of future, and by past unprest.

But hers, who stands anear that elder boy,
Margaret's, I ween, is no untroubled joy;
In her, methinks, the painter's hand hath sought
Meanings to plant of more than common
thought—

A look, as if that calm, yet clouded eye
Had glimpses of futurity;
And 'mid the glories of each final doom,
Foresaw, not less, the sorrows first to come."

—*John Kenyon.*

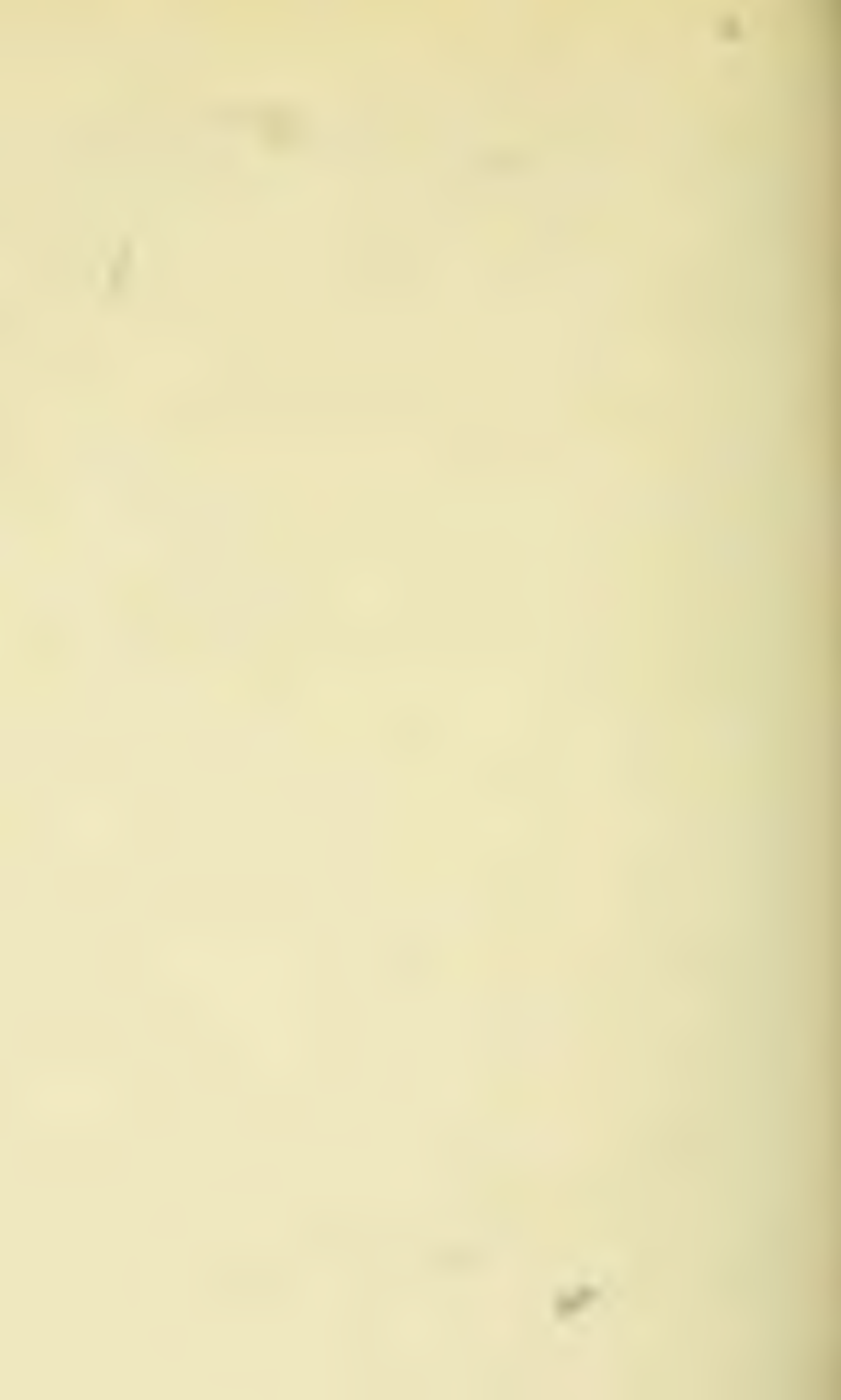
Albertinelli's Visitation is described by Mrs. Jameson:

"The first is the simple majestic composition of Albertinelli. (Florence Gal.)

The two women, standing alone under a richly sculptured arch, and relieved against the bright azure sky, embrace each other. There are no accessories. Mary is attired in dark blue drapery, and Elizabeth wears an ample robe of a saffron or other amber color.

The mingled grandeur, power and grace, and depth of expression in these two figures, are quite extraordinary; they look like what they are, and worthy to be the mothers of the greatest of kings and greatest of prophets.

Albertinelli has here emulated his friend Bartolommeo—his friend, whom he so loved, that when, after the horrible execution of Savona-



THE ARTIST OF THE MONK.

rola, Bartolommeo, broken-hearted, threw himself into the convent of St. Mark, Albertinelli became almost distracted and desperate. He would certainly, says Vasari, have gone into the same convent, but for the hatred he bore the monks, 'of whom he was always saying the most injurious things.'

Through some hidden influence of intense sympathy, Albertinelli, though in point of character the very antipodes of his friend, often painted so like him, that his pictures—and this noble picture more particularly—might be mistaken for the work of the frate."

THE VISITATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

And Blessed Mary rose and went her way
To Judah, 'mid whose verdant hills there lay
The home of Zaccharias, there to greet
With rev'rent salutation, and repeat
To Saint Elizabeth her secret strange and
sweet.

Her simple salutation scarce was spoke,
When from the aged woman's lips there broke
A burst of blessing: "Can it surely be
The mother of my Lord should come to me?
The very babe beneath my heart doth welcome
thee!"

And Mary's answer was that rapturous song
Whose holy echoes our faint lips prolong—
"Magnificat!" My Lord and Savior sweet,
In Blessed Mary I Thy presence greet.

—"Guild of the Holy Ghost."

CHAPTER XIII.

IN A BLAZE OF GLORY.

LEONARDO DA VINCI, RAPHAEL, AND ANDREA DEL SARTO.

Basking in the glory of the Medician splendor were Leonardo da Vinci, the sometime rival of Michael Angelo, as was Raphael in a later day—and Andrea del Sarto.

Leonardo da Vinci was born at Vinci, a small town not far from Florence, in 1452, and his father, Ser Piero Antonio of Vinci, was the notary of the Signoria of Florence. When very young Leonardo displayed great gifts of mind and body, and was placed under the care of Verrocchio, in whose studio he had as a fellow student, Perugino, and when only twenty-one years of age, he took his place in the Guild of Artists at Florence.

In his later years he entered into that well-known contest with Michael Angelo for the decoration of the Council Hall of the Palazzo Vecchio which Savonarola had ordered for affairs of state during his dominion of Florence; Michael Angelo's subject being an incident in the War with Pisa, "Soldiers Surprised While

FLORENCE.

Bathing in the Arno," of which we have already spoken.

Leonardo's subject was The Battle of Anghiari of 1440, when Milan was vanquished by Florence, and after spending a few years upon the work it was abandoned, and his cartoon was also lost or destroyed. About this time, 1504, he finished his celebrated Mona Lisa, the portrait of the third wife of Zanobi de Giaconda, which Francis I of France purchased for 4,000 gold florins, and which has so recently been stolen from the Louvre, where it was one of the most precious treasures.

LEONARDO'S MONA LISA.

"Make thyself known, Sibyl, or let despair
Of knowing thee be absolute; I wait
Hour-long and waste a soul. What word of fate
Hides 'twixt the lips that smile and still forbear?

Secret perfection! Mystery too fair!
Tangle the sense no more, lest I should hate
The delicate tyranny, the inviolate
Poise of thy folded hands, the fallen hair.
Nay, nay,—I wrong thee with rough words;
still be

Serene, victorious, inaccessible;
Still smile but speak not; lightest irony
Lurk ever 'neath thy eyelids' shadow; still
O'ertop our knowledge; Sphinx of Italy,
Allure us and reject us at thy will!"

—*Edward Dowden.*



Mona Lisa

Da Vinci

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

MONA LISA.

“She gave me all a woman can,
Nor her soul’s nunnery forego,
A confidence that man to man
Without remorse can never show.

Rare art, that can the sense refine
Till not a pulse rebellious stirs,
And, since she never can be mine,
Makes it seem sweeter to be hers!”

—*James Russell Lowell.*

ON THE MEDUSA OF LEONARDO DA VINCI,
IN THE FLORENTINE GALLERY.

“It lieth, gazing on the midnight sky,
Upon the cloudy mountain peak supine;
Below, far lands are seen tremblingly;
Its horror and its beauty are divine.
Upon its lips and eyelids seems to lie
Loveliness like a shadow, from which shine,
Fiery and lurid, struggling underneath,
The agonies of anguish and of death.

Yet it is less horror than the grace
Which turns the gazer’s spirit into stone,
Whereon the lineaments of that dead face
Are graven, till the characters be grown
Into itself, and thought no more can trace;
’Tis the melodious hue of beauty thrown
Athwart the darkness and the glare of pain,
Which humanize and harmonize the strain.

FLORENCE.

And from its head as from one body grow,
As grass out of a watery rock,
Hairs which are vipers, and they curl and flow
And their long tangles in each other lock
And with unending involutions show
Their mailed radiance, as it were to mock
The torture and the death within, and saw
The solid air with many a ragged jaw;

And, from the stone beside, a poisonous eft
Peeps idly into those Gorgonian eyes;
Whilst in the air a ghastly bat, bereft
Of sense, has flitted with a mad surprise,
Out of the cave this hideous light has cleft,
And he comes hastening like a moth that hies
After a taper; and, the midnight sky
Flares, a light more dread than obscurity.

'Tis the tempestuous loveliness of terror;
For from the serpents gleams a brazen glare
Kindled by that inextricable error
Which makes a thrilling vapor of the air
Become a ——— and ever-shifting mirror
Of all the beauty and the terror there—
A woman's countenance, with serpent locks,
Gazing in death on heaven from those wet
rocks.'"

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

The Pitti Gallery is rich in Leonardo's pictures, and most of the great galleries of Europe contain at least one of his works. In fact, as in the case of Michael Angelo, and later of Ra-



Head of Medusa

Leonardo da Vinci

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

phael, his Florentine period is only an incident in his larger, fuller life lived in many countries, and to confine ourselves to that period only may not display a proper perspective.

At Milan, where there is a large monument erected to him, he founded a new school of painting, where one of his disciples was Luini, and he left on the walls of the refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie, "The Last Supper," one of the masterpieces of the world.

We think of him generally as a painter, but he was a sculptor, an architect and an engineer as well, having been employed when only twenty-eight years of age as an engineer to the Sultan of Cairo, and visiting and working in the far East. His anatomical drawings are treasured by the medical world and are now in Windsor Castle, England.

He left the manuscript of a volume, "Trattato della Pittura," dealing with all phases of the painters' art, which has been published and translated into many languages.

His last days were spent in the service of France, where he died in 1519, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

RAPHAEL.

"Out of all the hundred fair Madonnas
Seen in many a rich and distant city—
Sweet Madonnas, with the mother's bosoms,
Sad Madonnas, with the eyes of anguish;

FLORENCE.

Rapt Madonnas, caught in clouds of heaven
(Clouds of golden, glad, adoring angels)
She of Florence in "the Chair" so perfect;
She that was the "Grand Duke's" wealth and
glory,
She that makes the picture of "The Goldfinch";
Ghirlandajo's with the cloak and jewels;
Guido's Queen, whom men and angels worship;
Della Robbia's best; and that sweet "Perla,"
Seville's bright boast, Mary of Murillo
(Painted, so they vow, with milk and roses);
Guido Reni's "Quadro" at Bologna;
Munich's masterpiece; grim Durer's goddess;
Yes, and thy brave work, Beltraffio mio—
Many as the lessons are I owe them,
Thanks and wonder, worship, grateful mem-
ories,
Oftenest I shall think of Perugino's.

—*Sir Edwin Arnold.*

Raphael was a pupil of Perugino at Perugia, and early in his career he copied his master's manner exclusively, adding over and beyond the work, a coloring and grace emphatically his own. With his master he came to Florence at the time of the great Leonardo de Vinci-Michael Angelo contest for the decoration of the Palazzo Vecchio, as did other great artists from far and near, and he remained in Florence for a while, gathering in new and broader ideals for his work, which showed the influence of Leonardo, and also of Bartolommeo of San Marco.



Madonna Granduca
Pitti Gallery

Raphael



Madonna of the Goldfinch
(Madonna del Cardellino)

Raphael

“Forth from Urbino’s gate there came
A youth with the angelic name
Of Raphael; in form and face
Himself angelic, and divine
In arts of color and design.”

—*Longfellow.*

He left in the galleries many of his famous Madonnas, among which are the Granduco, because the grand duke owned it, and carried it with him whithersoever he went, giving it the sobriquet of “the wanderer”; the Cardellino, or Madonna of the finch, from the finch in the child’s hand—the finch in art typifying sacrifice; and the della Sedia, or Madonna of the Chair.

“Is it in grace maternal she excels
Only, or sumptuous womanhood mature,
This lady of sultana-like coiffure?
Nay, her dark eyes are thought’s divinest wells;
Nay, on her lips the lilies’ perfume dwells,
The seal of the angel: doth it not endure
Immortally here, impressed on none less pure
Than, in her arms, the Child-Emmanuel’s?

See, not less tender, less to be adored,
This other Mary: child-eyes wonder-wide
At her Maternity, the mystic Bride,
And Mother, and meek Handmaid of the Lord.
Murillo’s Peasant Girl is strangely fair
By this superb Madonna of the Chair.”

—*The Catholic World.*

FLORENCE.

“First bring me Raphael, who alone hath seen
In all her purity, heaven’s virgin queen,
Alone hath felt true beauty.”

—*Walter Savage Landor.*

“Silent we stood, in deepest awe,
Where Raphael’s hand has set forever
The whirlwind Israel’s prophet saw
In vision by the captives’ river:
Silent, where sits in loveliest guise
The wistful Virgin Mother, leaning
To watch her wondrous Infant’s eyes,
Enkindled with divinest meaning.”

—*The Earl of Crewe.*

“Fain would I Raphael’s godlike art rehearse,
And show the immortal labors in my verse,
Where from the mingled strength of shade and
light

A new creation rises to my sight;
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colors glow.”

—*Joseph Addison.*

Of his portrait in the Uffizi, painted by himself, Rogers says:

“His heavenly face a mirror of his mind,
His mind a temple for all lovely things
To flock to and inhabit.”



St. John in the Desert

Raphael

RAPHAEL.

“Rare Raphael, Urbino’s lovely child!
Whose golden locks encluster brows so mild,—
What visions dost thou see, O angel-wise,
That fill with radiance thy glorious eyes?
Dost thou the secrets of the stars divine,
Hear heav’nly strains for which our spirits
pine?

Lift from our eyes the veil, that we may see
The glorious visions of eternity!
Kind Heav’n has only lent us thee awhile,—
Its songs of love still linger in thy smile.
With art’s most heav’nly power thou dost por-
tray
Life’s lesson, Love! Love in its purest way,
Enduring mother-love, which unconfined,
Will teach us, Christ-like, how to love mankind.

—*Florence Holbrook.*

BEFORE THE PICTURE OF THE BAPTIST, BY
RAPHAEL, IN THE GALLERY AT
FLORENCE.

“The Baptist might have been ordained to
cry
Forth from the towers of that huge Pile,
wherein
His Father served Jehovah; but how win
Due audience, how for aught but scorn defy
The obstinate pride and wanton revelry

FLORENCE.

Of the Jerusalem below, her sin
And folly, if they with united din
Drown not at once mandate and prophecy?
Therefore the Voice spake from the desert,
 thence
To Her, as to her opposite in peace,
Silence, and holiness, and innocence,
To Her, and to all Lands its warning sent,
Crying with earnestness that might not cease,
'Make straight a highway for the Lord—
 repent.' ”

—*William Wordsworth.*

INCOGNITA OF RAPHAEL.

“Long has the summer sunlight shone
On the fair form, the quaint costume;
Yet, nameless still, she sits, unknown,
A lady in her youthful bloom.

Fairer for this! No shadows cast
Their blight upon her perfect lot,
Whate'er her future or her past
In this bright monument matters not.

No record of her high descent
There needs, nor memory of her name;
Enough that Raphael's colors blent
To give her features deathless fame!

'Twas his anointing hand that set
The crown of beauty on her brow;
Still lives its early radiance yet,
As at the earliest, even now.



Velata, or Incognita

Raphael

RAPHAEL.

'Tis not the ecstasy that glows
In all the rapt Cecilia's grace;
Nor yet the holy calm repose
He painted on the Virgin's face.

Less of the heavens, and more of earth,
There lurk within these earnest eyes,
The passions that have had their birth
And grown beneath Italian skies.

What mortal thoughts, and cares, and dreams,
What hopes and fears and longing rest
Where falls the folded veil, or gleams
The golden necklace on her breast!

What mockery of the painted glow
May shade the secret soul within;
What griefs from passion's overflow,
What shame that follows after sin!

Yet calm as heaven's serenest deeps
Are those pure eyes, those glances pure;
And queenly is the state she keeps,
In beauty's lofty trust secure.

And who has strayed, by happy chance,
Through all those grand and pictured halls,
Nor felt the magic of her glance,
As when a voice of music calls?

Not soon shall I forget the day,—
Sweet day, in spring's unclouded time,—
While on the glowing canvas lay
The light of that delicious clime,—

FLORENCE.

I marked the matchless colors wreathed
On the fair brow, the peerless cheek;
The lips, I fancied, almost breathed
The blessing that they could not speak.

Fair were the eyes with mine that bent
Upon the picture their mild gaze,
And dear the voice that gave consent
To all the utterance of my praise.

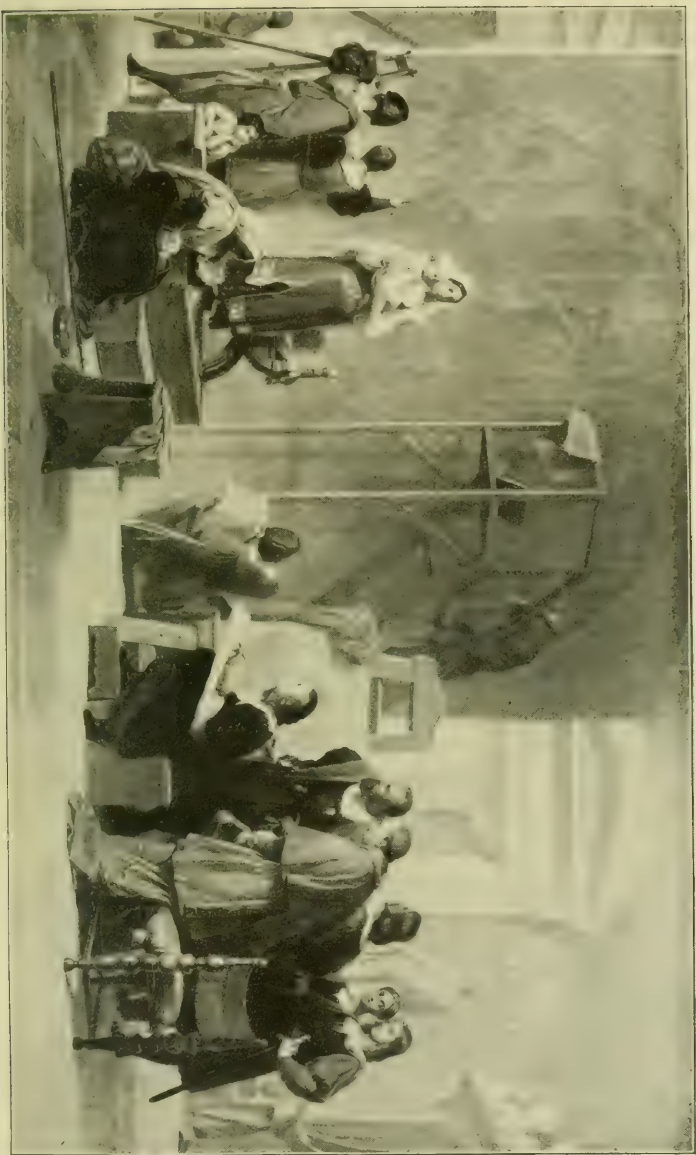
O fit companionship of thought;
O happy memories, shrined apart;
The rapture that the painter wrought,
The kindred rapture of the heart.

—*William Allen Butler.*

“Raphael made a century of sonnets,
Made and wrote them in a certain volume
Dinted with the silver-pointed pencil
Else he only used to draw Madonnas:
These, the world might view—but one, the volume.

Who that one, you ask? your heart instructs
you.

Did she live and love it all her lifetime?
Did she droop, his lady of the sonnets,
Die, and let it drop beside her pillow
Where it lay in place of Raphael's glory,
Raphael's cheek so duteous and so loving—
Cheek, the world was wont to hail a painter's,
Raphael's cheek, her love had turned a poet's?



Raphael in his Studio

J. Labert

RAPHAEL.

You and I would rather read that volume,
(Taken to his beating bosom by it)
Lean and list the bosom—beats of Raphael,
Would we not? than wonder at Madonnas—
Her, San Sisto named, and her, Foligno,
Her, that visits Florence in a vision,
Her, that's left with lilies in the Louvre—
Seen by us and all the world in circle."

—*Robert Browning.*

RAPHAEL.

"I shall not soon forget that sight:
The glow of autumn's westering day,
A hazy warmth, a dreamy light,
On Raphael's picture lay.

It was a simple print I saw,
The fair face of a musing boy;
Yet, while I gazed, a sense of awe
Seemed blending with my joy.

A simple print:—the graceful flow
Of boyhood's soft and wavy hair,
And fresh young lip and cheek, and brow
Unmarked and clear, were there.

Yet through its sweet and calm repose
I saw the inward spirit shine;
It was as if before me rose
The white veil of a shrine.

FLORENCE.

As if, as Gothland's sage has told,
The hidden life, the man within,
Discovered from its frame and mould,
By mortal eye were seen.

Was it the lifting of that eye,
The waving of that pictured hand?
Loose as a cloud-wreath on the sky,
I saw the walls expand!

The narrow room had vanished,—space,
Broad, luminous, remained alone,
Through which all hues and shapes of **grace**
And beauty looked or shone.

Around the mighty master came
The marvels which his pencil wrought,
Those miracles of power whose fame
Is wide as human thought.

There drooped thy more than mortal face,
O mother, beautiful and mild,
Enfolding in one dear embrace
Thy Savior and thy child!

The rapt brow of the Desert John;
The awful glory of that day
When all the Father's brightness shone
Through manhood's veil of clay.

And, midst gray prophet forms, and wild,
Dark visions of the days of old,
How sweetly woman's beauty smiled
Through locks of brown and gold!



Raphael Painting the Madonna

Wittmer

Illustrating how Raphael, in lieu of the proper materials, drew the lovely peasant and her child whom he met accidentally, on the end of a wine cask. The work is now known as The Madonna of the Chair.



There Fornarina's fair young face
 Once more upon her lover shone,
 Whose model of an angel's grace
 He borrowed from her own.

Slow passed that vision from my view,
 But not the lesson which it taught;
 The soft, calm shadows which it threw
 Still rested on my thought:

The truth, that painter, bard, and sage,
 E'en in earth's cold and changeful clime,
 Plant for their deathless heritage
 The fruits and flowers of time.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
 Of which the coming life is made,
 And fill our future's atmosphere
 With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the Life to be
 We weave with colors all our own,
 And in the field of Destiny
 We reap as we have sown.

Still shall the soul around it call
 The shadows which it gathered here,
 And, painted on the eternal wall,
 The Past shall reappear.

Think ye the notes of holy song
 On Milton's tuneful ear have died?
 Think ye that Raphael's angel throng
 Has vanished from his side?

FLORENCE.

O no! We live our life again;
Or warmly touched, or coldly dim,
The pictures of the Past remain,—
Man's work shall follow him!"

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

There is also a palace in Florence, the result of Raphael's architectural labor, the Palazza Pandolfini, but in Rome remain the monuments of his genius, the Stanza and Loggia of the Vatican, and there did he die at the early age of thirty-seven.

RAPHAEL'S DEATHBED.

Raphael speaks:

"What; Leo's self has sent
To ask of Raphael? Kindly done; and yet
The Iron Pontiff, whom I painted thrice,
Had come. No matter: these are gracious
words,
'Rome were not Rome without me.' My best
thanks

Back to his Holiness; and dare I add
A message, 'twere that Rome can never be
Without me. I shall live as long as Rome.
Bramarte's temple there, bequeathed to me
To hide her cross—crowned bosom in the
clouds—

San Pietro, travertine and marble-massed
To more than mountain majesty—shall scarce



Death of Raphael

Morgari

Outlast that bit of canvas. Let the light in.
 There's the Ritonda waiting patiently
 My coming. Angelo has built his chape
 In Santa Croce, that his eyes may ope
 On San Filippo's Duomo. I would see—
 What think you?—Neither Dome, nor Giotto's
 shaft,

Nor yon stern Pantheon's solemn sullen grace,
 But her, whose colors I have worn, since first
 I dreamed of beauty in the chestnut shades
 Of Umbria—her, for whom my best of life
 Has been one labor—her, the Nazareth-Maid,
 Who gave to Heaven a Queen, to man a God,
 To God a Mother. I have hope of it:

And I would see her—not as when she props
 The Babe slow tottering to the Cross amid
 The flowering field; nor yet when Sibyl-eyed,
 Backward she sweeps her Son from Tobit's
 Fish;

Nor e'en as when above the footstool-angels,
 She stands with trembling mouth, dilated eyes,
 Abashed before the uncurtained Father's
 throne—

But see her wearing the wrapt smile of love
 Half human, half divine, as fast she strains
 Her Infant in the Chair."

—*George H. Miles.*

"Raphael is not dead,
 He doth but sleep;
 For how can he be dead
 Who lives immortal in the hearts of men."

—*Longfellow.*

FLORENCE.

“Steeped in the glow and glory of old Rome—
So old, so young, in life, and death, and art—
His pictures shine, so near to Truth’s great
heart,

That through the ages, Truth has in her home,
The brightest stars in her celestial dome,
Kept them alive; and will, till time is done,
Fill them with stronger light than fire or sun.
Great Prince of Painters! laurel wreathes his
name;

The world may babble,—she’s an ancient dame,
And say his life and art held much of clay,
Reproaching him; yet saints fell on their way.
If sin repented be a blot on fame,
His fame is fameless, though he reached fame’s
goal,

And left us glory shining from his soul.

—*Maurice Francis Egan.*



Annunciation
Pitti Gallery

Andrea del Sarto

ANDREA DEL SARTO.

Andrew Vannucchi, the son of a tailor, and hence called Andrea del Sarto, was another artist of this period. He was born in Florence in 1487, and died there in 1531. He gained much of his skill in copying and studying Leonardo and Angelo, but though he was called "The Faultless Painter," he lacked the great spiritual insight and imagination of his illustrious predecessors.

His frescoes in Florence are to be found in the Servite Church of the Annunciation, one picture, the Madonna del Saco, being especially famous. It is so-called from the grain sack against which St. Joseph leans. The Church of the Recollects also contains his frescoes, and in the suburbs of Florence, in the former Val-lombrosan convent of San Salvi, his cenacolo or fresco of the Last Supper, is said to rank only second to that of Da Vinci in Milan.

His Annunciation in the Pitti Gallery may thus be described by Bayard Taylor:

"Madonna's girlish form, arrested there
With poising foot, and parted lips, and eyes
With innocent wonder bright, and glad surprise,
And hands half-clasped in rapture or in prayer,
Met the Announcing Angel. On her sight
He burst in splendor from the sunny air,
Making it dim around his perfect light,
And in his hand the lily-stem he bare."

FLORENCE.

Del Sarto's St. John the Baptist, in the same gallery, is also described by Mr. Taylor:

“The God-selected child, there should he stand,
Alone and rapt, as from the world withdrawn
To seek, amid the desolate land,
His Father's counsel: in one tender hand
A cross of reed, to lightly rest upon,
The other hand a Scrolled phylactery
Should, hanging, hold,—as it the seed might be
Wherefrom the living Gospel shall expand.”

One of Andrea's finest easel pictures is in the Uffizi, The Madonna with the Harpies, so called because of the harpies on the pedestal, in which he placed his own portrait as St. John, and his wife's as the Blessed Lady, of course. He was so enamoured of his wife, who was of inferior character, however, that he could never paint a picture without having in it her portrait, and when Francis I of France invited him to Paris to work for him, his wife Lucrezia, for a mere whim, wrote him to return to Florence, and when he did so, caused him to squander the money the king gave for his return to complete his contract, to the king's great disgust.

That was one instance only of the detriment she was to his artistic advancement and to his art, forcing him to rush through his work, for the money in it which she craved.

Robert Browning, through the mouth of Andrea del Sarto, speaking to his wife, in a poem of the same name, says:



St. John The Baptist
Pitti Gallery

Andrea del Sarto

“Ah, but a man’s reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what’s a heaven for? All is silver-gray
Placid and perfect with my art: the worse!

* * * * *

Yonder’s a work now, of that famous youth
The Urbinate who died five years ago.
(’Tis copied, George Vasari sent it me.)
Well, I can fancy how he did it all,
Pouring his soul, with kings and popes to see,
Reaching, that heaven might so replenish him,
Above and through his art—for it gives way:
That arm is wrongly put—and there again—
A fault to pardon in the drawing’s lines,
Its body, so to speak: its soul is right,
He means right—that, a child may understand.
Still, what an arm! and I could alter it!
But all the play, the insight and the stretch—
Out of me, out of me! And wherefore out?
Had you enjoined them on me, given me soul,
We might have risen to Raphael, I and you!

* * * * *

Had the mouth there urged
God and the glory! never care for gain—
The present by the future what is that?
Live for fame, side by side with Angelo!
Raphael is waiting! up to God, all three!
I might have done it for you. So it seems.

* * * * *

What would one have?
In heaven, perhaps, new chances, one more
chance,

Four great walls in the New Jerusalem,
 Meted on each side by the angel's reed,
 For Leonard, Rafael, Angelo and me
 To cover—the first three without a wife,
 While I have mine! So—still they overcome
 Because there's still Lucrezia,—as I choose."

As a copyist Andrea del Sarto fully demonstrated his title to Faultless, for one picture, now in the Pitti Gallery, he copied so perfectly, as to deceive the artist whose work it partly was. Raphael had painted a portrait of Leo X which was hung in the Medici palace in Florence, and when the Duke of Mantua, on his way to Rome to visit the succeeding Medician pope, Clement VII, saw the portrait, he desired greatly to possess it, and asked the pope for it. Clement, who, as Cardinal Giulio de'Medici is represented in the group, granted him the picture and wrote to the Medici in Florence to pack it and ship it on to Mantua.

They were loth to part with it, yet unwilling to disobey the pope, so laid before Andrea del Sarto their dilemma. He immediately set to work secretly to copy the portrait, which was done so as to deceive Giulio Romano, a pupil of Raphael's who had helped him in the work, and also to deceive the Duke of Mantua who received it as the work of Raphael. Fortunately, when informed of the deception, he was not displeased, but exclaimed that he prized it no less,



Madonna of the Harpy
Uffizi Gallery

Andrea del Sarto

for as a work of art, it certainly was of a superior order, in itself and in its power of deceiving.

That copy of Leo X is now in the National Museum at Naples.

CHRONOLOGICAL RESUME OF THE
FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Luca della Robbia.....	1400-1482
Masaccio	1402-1429
Filippo Lippi	1412-1469
Riccardi Palace built.....	1430
Amerigo Vespucci	1431-1519
Mino da Fiesole	1431-1484
Andrea del Verocchio.....	1435-1488
San Marco built by Michelozzo.....	1436
Pitti palace built by Brunelleschi.....	1440
Perugino	1446-1523
Botticelli	1447-1510
Lorenzo de' Medici, the Magnificent..	1448-1492
Ghirlandajo	1449-1492
Leonardo da Vinci	1452-1519
Savonarola	1452-1498
Filippino Lippi	1460-1504
Death of Cosimo de' Medici, the Pater Patriae	1464
Lorenzo de' Medici the ruler in Flor- ence	1469
Machiavelli	1469-1527
Fra Bartolommeo	1469-1517

FLORENCE.

Pietro, successor of Lorenzo the Magnificent	1471-1503
Michael Angelo	1474-1564
Albertinelli	1474-1515
The Pazzi Conspiracy and death of Giuliano dei Medici.....	1478
Raphael	1483-1520
Andrea del Sarto	1488-1530
Strozzi palace built by Majano.....	1489
Death of Lorenzo, the Magnificent...	1492
Medici expelled	1493
Republic proclaimed	1493
Death of Savonarola	1498

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY IN FLORENCE.

ERE YET THE SHADOWS FALL.

Benvenuto Cellini:

“I have cast in bronze
A statue of Perseus, holding thus aloft
In his left hand the head of the Medusa,
And in his right, the sword that severed it;
His right foot planted on the lifeless corse;
His face superb and pitiful, with eyes
Down-looking on the victim of his vengeance.”

Michael Angelo:

“I see it as it should be.”

Benvenuto:

“As it will be
When it is placed upon the Ducal Square
Half-way between your David and the Judith
of Donatello.”

—*Longfellow.*

Cellini's Perseus, now in the Loggia dei Lanzi, is the one great work in sculpture of his lifetime.

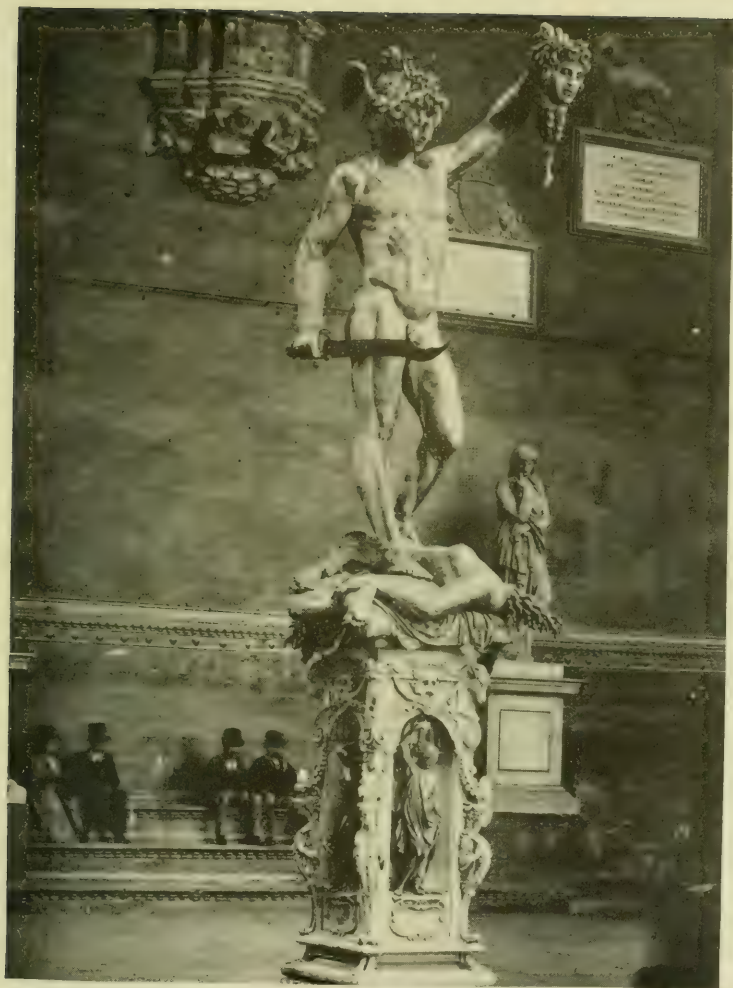
“In the Loggia, where is set
 Cellini’s godlike Perseus, bronze or gold,
 (How name the metal, when the statue flings
 Its soul so in your eyes?) with brow and sword
 Supremely calm, as all opposing things,
 Slain with the Gorgon, were no more abhorred
 Since ended.”

—*Mrs. Browning.*

Cellini was a clever goldsmith, and his work was much sought after by prelates and nobles of Rome as well as by the rulers of the neighboring countries; a spicebox in particular, which he made for Francis I, being famous for its exquisite workmanship.

He was born in Florence in 1500, but he was at an early age compelled to leave the city on account of his too great freedom in the use of his sword, a tendency which he exhibited whithersoever he went, but which was tolerated by his patrons on account of the excellence of his work.

After many years spent abroad, he returned to Florence, where he executed the Perseus by order of the Grand Duke, Cosimo I; that subject being chosen to typify the violent end of the Republic, and it was a task doubtless congenial to Cellini, who idealized in the work his own characteristics. He carved elaborately the base, or pedestal, with scenes from the hero’s life, and he carved also at the back of Perseus’



Perseus

Cellini

head his own portrait, which was overlooked, or undiscovered until quite recently.

Besides holding high rank as a goldsmith and as a sculptor, Cellini was one of the great writers of his age, his Autobiography being one of the world works, brilliantly written and splendid as a mirror which he held up to the nature of his time, but most of all to the nature of Benvenuto Cellini, the bravado and immoral braggart—for he ever holds the center of the stage, and pope, emperor and others are quoted only to his own aggrandizement.

We might liken his autobiography to Perseus' shield, which though bright, still reflected the Gorgon's head.

“The world is a mirror into which we look, and see our own image.”

—*John Lancaster Spalding.*

Another biographer, the Boswell of his time, and also a protege of Cosimo I, was Giorgio Vasari, a pupil and friend of Michael Angelo, whose tomb in Santa Croce he sculptured; but Vasari is now remembered and enjoyed for his book, “The Lives of the Most Eminent Painters, Sculptors and Architects,” which is a veritable mine of criticism and information, and to whose pages most writers on art refer.

“We are told by Vasari,” or “As Vasari says,” will generally be found in every article

FLORENCE.

on art, and though there are many inaccuracies in his work, his style is quaint and charming.

He was the favorite artist and architect of Cosimo, for whose residence he altered the Palazzo Vecchio, and decorated it with historical frescoes. He also built the Uffizi Palace for municipal offices, and connected it with the Pitti Palace by a long covered passageway over the Ponte Vecchio.

His portrait of Allesandro dei Medici is in the Uffizi Gallery. Allesandro was the predecessor, as Duke of Florence, of Cosimo I, and was the brother of Catherine dei Medici, the Queen of France, and the son of the Duke of Urbino—Lorenzo, whose monument by Michael Angelo is in San Lorenzo.

Allesandro was a despicable ruler and was murdered by another Medici.

Was it at this time that the following invocation was written by Bernardo Giambullari?

ON BEHALF OF THE CITY OF FLORENCE.

“Hail, Full of grace, alway;
Mary, thy goodness show;
Have pity, and to Christ for pity go,
For this fair city to such woe a prey.

Mary, in mercy spare;
Ah, turn thy pitying eyes on us below;
Look on thy city fair,
That ne’er was yet so agonized in woe;

Have pity, and to Christ in pity go,
That He may peace restore:
Have mercy, I implore,
On this fair city to such woe a prey.

Mercy and peace serene,
Mary, thy Florence doth entreat of thee;
Ah, from rebellion wean
The afflicted people by thy clemency;
No fiercer plague can be
Than discord wild:
Ah, pity, Mary mild,
On this fair city to such woe a prey.

For charity is dead,
Faith quenched, and justice banished hence to
fly;

Pride is our rule instead;
In luxury and envy each doth vie.
Mary, for help we cry,
By innocence besought
Ah, take a pitying thought
Of this fair city to such woe a prey.

For save thy mercy be
Our shield, sweet Mary, from all peril sore,
No other shield have we;
Then in thy pity, from thy Son implore
Of aid and counsel store,
Wherein our safety lies:
Ah, be thy goodness touched in tender wise
By this fair city to such woe a prey."

—*Translated by E. M. Clerke.*

FLORENCE.

However, speaking of Cosimo, as we have said, he married Eleanor of Toledo, to whose Spanish suite of attendants he assigned a chapel in Santa Maria Novella Church, since then known as the Spanish Chapel, and famous for many reasons. It had been built in 1340, in honor of Corpus Christi, a feast day but a short time before instituted in the Church.

The statue of Cosimo I stands in the Piazza Signoria, near the Palazzo Vecchio. It is the work of John of Bologna and at its base it has three bronze bas-reliefs representing Cosimo's feats of glory: his entrance into Siena which he had conquered; his acceptance of the title of Grand Duke of Tuscany—the first of the Medici to be so honored—and his investiture of that title by the pope.

“Among the awful forms, in elder time
Assembled, and through many an after-age
Destined to stand as Genii of the Place
Where men most meet in Florence, may be seen
His who first played the tyrant. Clad in mail,
Aloft he sits upon his horse of brass;
And they that read the legend underneath
Go and pronounce him happy.

* * * * *

Two of the sons, Giovanni and Garzia,
(The eldest had not seen his nineteenth summer)

Went to the chase, but only one returned.

Giovanni, when the huntsman blew his horn,
O'er the last stag that started from the brake,
And in the heather turned to stand at bay,
Appeared not; and at close of day was found
Bathed in his innocent blood. Too well, alas,
The trembling Cosimo guessed the deed and the
doer,

And having caused the body to be borne
In secret to the chamber—at an hour
When all slept sound, save her who bore them
both,

Who little thought of what was yet to come,
And lived but to be told—he bade Garzia
Arise and follow him. Holding in one hand
A winking lamp, and in the other a key
Massive and dungeon-like, thither he led,
And having entered in and locked the door,
The father fixed his eyes upon the son,
And closely questioned him. No change be-
trayed

Or quest or fear. Then Cosimo lifted up
The bloody sheet. 'Look there! Look there,' he
cried,

'Blood calls for blood, and from a father's
hand

Unless thyself wilt save him that sad office.' "

—*Rogers.*

Cosimo then slew his son.

There were more killings in Cosimo's family;
his daughter Isabella having been too giddy, or
too loving in the wrong direction, was executed

FLORENCE.

by her husband, and Cosimo's brother's wife, Eleanora, also was executed—but O dear, dear, there is no poetry for it.

Another murder, or shall we call it execution? charged to the Grand Duke was that of the Strozzi, a son of the wealthy family for whom the famous palace of that name was built in 1489. One member of the family has been beatified, and the son had married a daughter of the Medici, but, conspiring against her family, he was imprisoned, and his death was attributed to Cosimo.

We shall see Strozzi Chapel in Santa Maria Novella Church, with the walls decorated by Filippino Lippi; and also the family tomb erected by Majano, who had also built their palace, and who carved beautifully the roof of the Council Chamber of the Palazzo Vecchio.

The son of Cosimo, Ferdinand I, also a Grand Duke of Tuscany, has a statue by John of Bologna, in the Piazza Annunziata. This statue inspired Robert Browning's poem,

THE STATUE AND THE BUST.

“There's a palace in Florence, the world knows
well,

And a statue watches it from the square,
And this story of both do the townsmen tell.

Ages ago, a lady there,
At the furthest window facing the east,
Asked, ‘Who rides by with the royal air?’

The bridesmaids' prattle around her ceased :
She leaned forth, one on either hand ;
They saw how the blush of the bride increased,

They felt its beats her heart expand,
As one at each ear, and both in a breath,
Whispered, 'The Great Duke Ferdinand.'

That selfsame instant, underneath,
The Duke rode past in his idle way,
Empty and fine like a swordless sheath.

Gayly he rode, with a friend as gay,
Till he threw his head back, 'Who is she?'
'A bride the Riccardi brings home today.'

Hair in heaps laid heavily
Over a pale brow spirit-pure,—
Carved like the heart of the coal-black tree,

Crisped like a war-steed's encolure,—
Which vainly sought to dissemble her eyes
Of the blackest black our eyes endure.

He looked at her, as a lover can ;
She looked at him as one who wakes,—
The past was asleep, and her life began.

As love so ordered for both their sakes,
A feast was held that selfsame night
In the pile which the mighty shadow makes.

(For Via Larga is three-parts light,
But the palace overshadows one,
Because of a crime which may God requite !

FLORENCE.

To Florence and God the wrong was done,
Through the first republic's murder there
By Cosimo and his cursed son.)

The Duke (with the statue's face in the square)
Turned in the midst of his multitude
At the bright approach of the bridal pair.

Face to face the lovers stood
A single minute and no more,
While the bridegroom bent as a man subdued,—

Bowed till his bonnet touched the floor,—
For the Duke on the lady a kiss conferred,
As the courtly custom was of yore.

In a minute can lovers exchange a word?
If a word did pass, which I do not think,
Only one out of the thousand heard.

That was the bridegroom. At day's brink
He and his bride were alone at last
In a bedchamber by a taper's blink.

Calmly he said that her lot was cast,
That the door she had passed was shut on her
Till the final catafalk repassed.

The world, meanwhile, its noise and stir,
Through a certain window facing the east
She might watch like a convent's chronicler.

Since passing the door might lead to a feast,
And a feast might lead to so much beside,
He, of many evils, chose the least.

* * * * *

Meanwhile, worse fates than a lover's fate
Who daily may ride and lean and look
Where his lady watches behind the grate!

And she—she watched the square like a book
Holding one picture, and only one,
Which daily to find she undertook.

When the picture was reached the book was
done,

And she turned from it all night to scheme
Of tearing it out for herself next sun.

Weeks grew months, years,—gleam by gleam
The glory dropped from youth and love,
And both perceived they had dreamed a dream,

Which hovered as dreams do, still above,
But who can take a dream for truth?
O, hide our eyes from the next remove.

One day, as the lady saw her youth
Depart, and the silver thread that streaked
Her hair, and won by the serpent's tooth,

The brow so puckered, the chin so peaked,—
And wondered who the woman was,
So hollow-eyed and haggard-cheeked,

FLORENCE.

Fronting her silent in the glass,—
'Summon here,' she suddenly said,
'Before the rest of my old self pass,
'Him, the carver, a hand to aid,
Who moulds the clay no love will change,
And fixes a beauty never to fade.

'Let Robbia's craft so apt and strange
Arrest the remains of young and fair,
And rivet them while the seasons range.

'Make me a face on the window there
Waiting as ever, mute the while,
My love to pass below in the square.'

* * * * *

But long ere Robbia's cornice, fine
With flowers and fruits which leaves enlace,
Was set where now is the empty shrine,

(With, leaning out of a bright blue space,
A ghost might from a chink of sky,
The passionate pale lady's face,

Eying ever with earnest eye
And quick-turned neck at its breathless stretch,
Some one who ever passes by,)

The Duke sighed like the simplest wretch
In Florence, 'So my dream escapes!
Will its record stay?' And he bade them fetch

Some subtle fashioner of shapes,—
'Can the soul, the will, die out of a man
Ere his body find the grave that gapes?

‘John of Douay shall work my plan,
Mould me on horseback here aloft,
Alive (the subtle artisan!),

‘In the very square I cross so oft
That men may admire, when future suns
Shall touch the eyes to a purpose soft,

‘While the mouth and the brow are brave in
bronze,—
Admire and say, “When he was alive,
How he would take his pleasure once!”

‘And it shall go hard but I contrive
To listen meanwhile and laugh in my tomb
At insolence which aspires to strive.’ ”

* * * * *

Ferdinand was the founder of the Medici Villa at Rome while a Cardinal there—though without Holy Orders. He was a collector of rare works of art, such as the Niobe group, which he afterwards brought to Florence.

John of Bologna has a fountain in the Boboli Gardens and his Mercury in the Accademia is very much copied and is well known; of it Hawthorne says:

“John of Bologna’s Mercury, poisoning himself on tiptoe, and looking not merely buoyant enough to float, but as if he possessed more than the eagle’s power of lofty flight. It seems a wonder that he did not absolutely fling himself

FLORENCE.

into the air when the artist gave him the last touch. No bolder work was ever achieved ; nothing so full of life has been done since."

Mercury is represented as just blown out, full-fledged, poised for flight, from the lips of Aeolus, whose head, on which Mercury's toe just lingers, serves as a pedestal for the statue.

Bologna's St. Luke is in Or San Michele and he has two groups of statuary in the Loggia dei Lanzi—The Rape of the Sabine Women, and Hercules Slaying the Centaur. Hawthorne writes of Bologna :

"I think there has been no better sculptor since the days of Phidias."

And yet neither John of Bologna nor Benvenuto Cellini received the commission for the Fountain of Neptune near Cosimo's statue in the Piazza del Signoria. That design by a sculptor otherwise not well-known, Bartolommeo Ammanati, who built the Ponte Trinita, and made additions to the Pitti Palace, was preferred to the models offered by the other two.

The fountain as a fountain, is a mere joke—the water trickling from it being only a smile, but the figure of Neptune who is surrounded by Tritons, is carved from the purest Carrara marble.



Mercury *John of Bologna*

ST. PHILIP NERI.

Affecting an art quite different from any hitherto associated with Florence—for this was before the birth of the opera—was one born in 1515, who though apparently he has not left behind him many foot-prints on the sands of his native city, he has accomplished a work which can be measured only by the sands of Time.

St. Philip Neri,—“Good Bipo,” he was called in Florence—early set out for the eternal city where he was eventually called “the Apostle of Rome,” for there, quietly and assiduously, but no less strenuously than did the apostle of Florence, he set about work of reform in the people of the Church; but unlike Savonarola, whom he greatly honored and revered, he avoided all political connections and disturbances.

The reform was not to be accomplished amid the din of battle and the bugle blasts of denunciations, but “like the gentle rain from heaven,” the grace that was to renew the earth, descended into men’s souls.

The members of the religious community which he established to carry on the good work, were called “Priests of the Oratory,” and their exercises were quite different from those hitherto practiced, consisting of all-day services, prayers, meditations, or discourses, intermingled with hymns and the acting of plays and religious dramas set to music and now expressed in the musical forms called Oratorios, and one

FLORENCE.

of our great Oratorios is the musical setting of one of the great poems of one of the great oratorians—the Dream of Gerontius, by John Henry Newman, Cardinal, of Brompton Oratory, London, associated with which church was also Frederick William Faber :

ST. PHILIP IN ENGLAND.

“St. Philip came from the sunny South,
From the streets of holy Rome;
His heart was hot with the love of souls,
And England gave him a home.

He had never slept outside the town
More than half his quiet life;
But his heart so burned, that in heaven he
turned
A pilgrim, and man of strife.

Through many a land and o’er many a sea
With his staff and beads he came;
Men saw him not, but their hearts grew hot,
As though they were near a flame.

In France and Spain, and in Polish towns,
He planted his School of Mirth,
In Mexico, and in rich Peru,
Nay, in every nook of earth.

He came himself, that traveling Saint!
Felt, if not heard or seen;
It was not enough his sons should be
Like what Philip himself had been.

Dear England he saw, its cold, cold, hearts;
Quoth he, What a burning shame
That hearts so bold should be still so cold;
Good truth! they have need of my flame!

He came with his staff, he came with his beads,
You would know the old man by sight,
If he were not a saint who hides his face
And his virgin eyes so bright.

Tell me if ever your heart of late
Hath been strangely set on fire;
Have you been hardly patient with life,
And looked on death with desire?

Has earth seemed dull, or your soul been full
Until you were fain to cry?
Or have holy Names burnt you like flames,
And you knew not how or why?

Hath sin seemed the easiest thing in the world
To put at arm's length from yourself?
Hath Mary, sweet Mary, grown precious to you,
Like a miser's hidden pelf?

If it so be, oh listen to me!
Rejoice, for St. Philip is nigh;
At Jesus' name he hath lit his flame,
And you felt him passing by.

He is out on earth to spread Mary's mirth,
And that is—saving poor souls;
And happy are those on whom he throws
But one of his burning coals.

FLORENCE.

This is the way that St. Philip works :

He comes in the midst of your cares,
He passes by, turns back on the sly,
And catches you unawares !

Light to your eyes, and song to your ears,
A touch that pricks like a dart,
'Tis Philip alone works in hearts of stone,
And Mary taught him his art.

Now down on your knees, good neighbors,
please ;

Thank our dear Lady for this,—
That Philip hath come to an English home
With those winning ways of his.

Ask him to stay full many a day,
A hardworking saint is he !
And is it not true there is much to do
In this land of liberty ?

Now read me aright, good people, pray !
'Tis Philip himself is here ;
'Tis Philip's flame, more than Philip's name
That you all should prize so dear.

For Philip's sons are but Philip's staff,
A staff that he wieldeth still ;
Good father he is to those sons of his,
But a sire with a right strong will.

He is not content his sons should be
Like what their father had been :
He works himself ; he trusts no one else ;
He is here today I ween.

Bid him God speed, since the Roman Saint
An Englishman fain would be;
Long may he hide by his new fireside,
For a right merry saint is he!"

—*Frederick William Faber.*

But why should *we* wander away from Florence, for here, in the century following St. Philip's birth, the Fathers of the Oratory have erected a church, and named it in his honor. It occupies the side of the Piazza Firenze.

GALILEO.

We find in Santa Croce, an elaborate monument to Galileo. He was not born in Florence, though of an ancient Florentine family, and Santa Croce contains the bones of one of his progenitors, the slab over whose grave—now almost effaced by the footsteps of Time—has been much praised by Mr. Ruskin.

Galileo Galilei was born in Pisa, where the oscillations of the Cathedral sanctuary lamp led him to discover and to apply the momentum of the pendulum. The invention of the microscope has been attributed to him, but erroneously. The telescope and the thermometer, which he invented, belong to Florence, whither the Grand Duke invited him to repair and with the title of court mathematician, to pursue his scientific investigations without fear—

FLORENCE.

“Fear! What had he to do with fear,
Who ventured out abroad,
Unpiloted, thro’ pathless space,
By angels only trod:—
Who wandered with unfailing flight,
Creation’s vastness o’er,
And brought to light an infinite,
So unconceived before.

When gazing on those worlds which first
He was allowed to scan,
How puny would appear the aims
And littleness of man!
And proud his inward consciousness,
That he had dared to be
A sharer in the mysteries
Of God’s immensity.”

—*Margaret Junkin.*

Galileo’s home, not far from Florence at Arcetri, is of very great interest; the convent in which his daughter was a religious is also near.

“Be reverent a little, for a little space at least; for here Galileo learned the story of the sun, and here Milton, looking on Val d’Arno, dreamed of Paradise.”—*Ouida.*

“Nearer we hail
Thy sunny slope, Arcetri, sung of Old
For its green wine,—dearer to me, to most,
As dwelt on by that great Astronomer

Seven years a prisoner at the city-gates
Let in but in his grave-clothes. Sacred be
His villa (just was it called The Gem)
Sacred the lawn, where many a cypress threw
Its length of shadow, while he watched the
stars.

* * * * *

There, unseen,
In manly beauty Milton stood before him,
Gazing with reverent awe—Milton, his guest,
Just come forth all life and enterprise.”

—*Rogers.*

Galileo was in his later years both blind and deaf, and Milton doubtless never dreamed that in the former affliction he should resemble him.

After Galileo's death, his fingers were cut off—three of them—by an ardent admirer, when his body was finally placed in the church, for at first it was allowed to lie only in the sacristy, there being an uncertainty whether his scientific assertions were opposed to religious belief.

Much is said of his trial by the Inquisition, sometimes called the Holy Office, a judicial body of inquiry—(“Inquisition,” from *inquirere*, to inquire) into matters relating to faith.

An inquisitorial body was maintained by many ancient religions to see that there was no dissent from the state functions, and when Catholicity became the state religion of the Roman Empire, the rulers—especially Theodosius and

Justinian—appointed inquisitors, whose office it was to summon offenders before the civil tribunal, for in ages past, heresy was considered a civil crime, as well as a religious one.

Was it not literally an inquisitorial body of the early Puritans of America, which, after severe persecution, drove out Roger Williams from its midst, into the wilderness, because he denied the right of its magistrates to impose faith and worship?

And what about Anne Hutchinson, was not the synod which was held to try her for heresy, and which banished her also into the wilds, where she and her few followers who declared that “no one was to be accounted a delinquent for doctrine,” and where they met their death by the Indians—an Inquisition?

Edward Everett was a master of good English, but did it occur to him that he lived in a “glass house,” when he hurled the epithet “bigots,” at the members of the Church in the following extract of his? And what is his authority for the assertion that the Franciscans and Dominicans deride Galileo’s discoveries?

“There are occasions in life in which a great mind lives years of rapt enjoyment in a moment. I can fancy the emotions of Galileo when, first raising the newly-constructed telescope to the heavens, he saw fulfilled the grand prophecy of Copernicus, and beheld the planet Venus crescent like the moon.

“It was such another moment as that, when the immortal printers of Mentz and Strassburg received the first copy of the Bible into their hands, the work of their divine art; like that, when Columbus, through the gray dawn of the 12th of October, 1492, beheld the shores of San Salvador; like that, when the law of gravitation first revealed itself to the intellect of Newton; like that, when Franklin saw, by the stiffening fibers of the hempen cord of his kite, that he held the lightning in his grasp; like that, when Leverrier received back from Berlin the tidings that the predicted planet was found.

“Yes, noble Galileo, thou art right. ‘It does move.’ Bigots may make thee recant it, but it moves, nevertheless. Yes, the earth moves, and the planets move, and the mighty waters move, and the great sweeping tides of air move and the empires of men move, and the world of thought moves, ever onward and upward, to higher facts and bolder theories. The Inquisition may seal thy lips, but they can no more stop the progress of the great truth propounded by Copernicus, and demonstrated by thee, than they can stop the revolving earth.

“Close, now, venerable sage, that sightless, tearful eye; it has seen what man never before saw; it has seen enough. Hang up that poor little spy-glass; it has done its work. Not Herschel nor Rosse have comparatively done more. Franciscans and Dominicans deride thy discov-

eries now, but the time will come when, from two hundred observatories in Europe and America, the glorious artillery of science shall nightly assault the skies; but they shall gain no conquests in those glittering fields before which thine shall be forgotten.

“Rest in peace, great Columbus of the heavens; like him, scorned, persecuted, broken-hearted—in other ages, in other hemispheres, when the votaries of science, with solemn acts of consecration, shall dedicate their stately edifices to the cause of knowledge and truth, thy name shall be mentioned with honor.”

The Church considered the ecclesiastical tribunal for heretical censure to be invested in the bishops, but in the 11th and 12th centuries an extraordinary commission was sent by Pope Innocent III into the south of France to help in the suppression of the vile teachings of the Waldenes and Albigensees which threatened the state as well as the Church.

At the Fourth Lateran Council, in 1215, the bishops and others in authority were impressed with the necessity of checking heresy, but there was no special court for it; but in 1248, Pope Innocent IV established one and placed it under the direction of the Dominicans, then newly organized.

The Inquisition in Spain was a state function, and was so severe in its dealings that the Bull of Pope Sixtus IV was issued against it.

However, in regard to Galileo, *if* the Inquisitorial body at first did not comprehend the scientific truths as discerned by him, and fearing that Holy Scriptures might be discredited, *did* request that he should not advance any theory opposed to the teachings of the Church, had not Holy Scriptures stated that the sun stood still during Joshua's prayer?

That seemed an unusual occurrence, for the Churchmen as well as others of that age, thought that our earth usually stood still and that the sun revolved around it.

Galileo advanced the correctness of the Copernican theory which we all now recognize, that the sun is the center of our system and that the earth and the other planets revolve around it.

THE COPERNICAN SYSTEM.

“The sun revolving on his axis turns,
And with creative fire intensely burns;
Impell'd the forcive air, our earth supreme
Rolls with the planets round the solar gleam.
First Mercury completes his transient year,
Glowing, refulgent, with reflected glare;
Bright Venus occupies a wider way,
The early harbinger of night and day;
More distant still our globe terraqueous turns,
Nor chills intense, nor fiercely heated burns;
Around her rolls the lunar orb of light,
Trailing her silver glories through the night.

FLORENCE.

On the earth's orbit see the various signs,
Mark where the sun, our year completing,
 shines;

First the bright Ram his languid ray improves;
Next glaring wat'ry thro' the Bull he moves;
The am'rous Twins admit his genial ray;
Now burning thro' the Crab he takes his way;
The Lion flaming, bears the solar power;
The Virgin faints beneath the sultry shower.

Now the just Balance weighs his equal force,
The slimy Serpent swelters in his course;
The sabled Archer clouds his languid face;
The Goat, with tempests, urges on his race;
Now in the water his faint beams appear,
And the cold Fishes end the circling year.

Beyond our globe the sanguine Mars displays
A strong reflection of primeval rays;
Next belted Jupiter far distant gleams,
Scarcely enlighten'd with the solar beams;
With four unfix'd receptacles of light,
He towers majestic thro' the spacious height:
But further yet the tardy Saturn lags,
And five attendant luminaries drags;
Investing with a double ring his pace
He circles through immensity of space.

These are thy wondrous works, first Source
 of good
Now more admir'd in being understood."

—*Thomas Chatterton.*

However, the Church cannot be impugned for ignorance, for was not Copernicus a Churchman? He was made doctor of canon law at Ferrara, in 1503; he was "Scholasticus" of Breslau till 1538, and he was canon of Frauenburg, although he never received Holy Orders; and was it not a pope, Gregory, who rectified the Calendar? Moreover, it is in regard to matters of Faith and not of science, that the Church wields the scepter of Infallibility.

We are told that Galileo suffered tortures under the inquisition, but the fact is, he was highly honored by the pope, and invited to the Vatican to demonstrate his important discoveries. We are also told that he was forced to deny that the earth moves—but that assertion also has been proved to be false.

Yes, it moves, figuratively, as well as literally, and though each age has its own shining lights, and its problems, and characteristics distinctly its own, and though the great age of science and invention had come, and we cannot yet say,—gone; still, that age of Faith and of Art,—has it not been worth while?—for

"Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death,
To break the shock which blind nature cannot
shun,
And lands though smoothly on the further
side."
And of other things,—

FLORENCE.

“All passes. Art alone
Enduring stays with us;
The Bust outlasts the throne—
The coin, Tiberius.”

—*Henry Austin Dobson.*

CHRONOLOGICAL RESUMÉ OF THE SIX- TEENTH CENTURY.

Benvenuto Cellini.....	1500-1571
Giorgio Vasari	1511-1571
Bartolommeo Ammannati	1511-1592
St. Philip Neri	1515-1595
Cosimo I, Grand Duke.....	1519-1574
Catherine de'Medici	1519-1589
Giulio de'Medici, became Pope Clem- ent VII	1523
John of Bologna	1525-1608
Allesandro was Duke.....	1530-1537
Uffizi Palace built by Vasari.....	1561
Galileo	1564-1642
Francesco was Grand Duke.....	1574-1587
Ferdinand became Grand Duke.....	1587
Birth of Italian Opera.....	1600

PART II.

PART II.

THE TREASURES OF FLORENCE.

“There be more things to greet the heart and
eyes

In Arno’s dome of Art’s most princely shrine,
Where Sculpture with her rainbow sister vies”

—*Byron.*

PIAZZA DELLA SIGNORIA.

Statue of Cosimo I, by John of Bologna.
Fountain of Neptune, by Bartolommeo Am-
manti, said to mark the spot of the execution of
Savonarola.

PALAZZA VECCHIO.

Now the Town Hall of Florence. From the
tower, a good view of the city. Platform where
was placed the Ringhieri, decorated with sculp-
ture. The Marzocco, or lion of Florence, by
Donatello. In the Courtyard, a fountain of red
porphyry, by Vasari, surmounted by a statue of
a child with a dolphin by Verrocchio, and Arms
of the city of Florence; by Bandinelli, a group

of statuary, Hercules and Cacus, which was much ridiculed at the time of its completion. Inscription on the walls made when Savonarola proclaimed Christ king of Florence. Stairway with inscription in Latin and in Italian, naming the architects who had some share in the erection or the alteration of the palace: Arnolfo di Cambio, Pisano, Michelozzo, Bandinelli, Vasari and others; and also an inscription expressing a welcome to the princess who was to come as a bride to the Palazzo when it was the abode of the Medici in the year 1565—Joanna of Austria. Poor Joanna, we shall notice her statue, never finished in her honor, but now used as “Abundance” on the heights of the Boboli Gardens. Her husband, Francesco dei Medici is remembered only in connection with Bianca Capella. The Council Chamber, that was to have been decorated by Angelo, Leonardo and Bartolommeo, but whose works were never completed; instead it is decorated with frescoes by Vasari—the subjects being historical and showing the portraits of famous men. Vasari raised the roof, which has since been carved by Majano, and he otherwise altered it for Cosimo I.

The Council Chamber had been made by order of Savonarola, who presided over affairs of Florence in it when the Medici were banished. His statue is now placed there. In that same room Cosimo I was proclaimed Duke of Tuscany, in 1569.

“We paced through frescoed Council-halls
Dim with the dust of buried ages;
We lingered near the gorgeous walls
Where winds the train of Eastern Sages.”

—*The Earl of Crewe.*

Suite of rooms of Eleanor of Toledo, decorated with frescoes by Ghirlandajo, Botticelli, Filippino Lippi and Perugino.

Suite of rooms of Pope Clement VII.

Suite of rooms of Pope Leo X, with frescoes introducing persons of his court, including Michael Angelo. Chapel of St. Bernard, now called Capella dei Priori, from the fact that Savonarola received Holy Communion there the morning of his execution. On its walls are frescoes by Ghirlandajo. Doorway of bronze attributed to Donatello. Statue of Victory, from the design by Michael Angelo.

LOGGIA DEI LANZI.

Made from designs by Orcagna.

Judith, by Donatello; Perseus, by Cellini; Rape of the Sabine Women, by John of Bologna; Hercules Slaying the Centaur, by John of Bologna; Antique statues which were removed hither from the Medici Villa at Rome; Statue of Polyxena by Fedi—the four figures of the group were produced from a single block of marble. A promise was given that the group should never be reproduced.

FLORENCE.

CASA MACHIAVELLI.

No. 16 Via Guicciardini, near the Palazzo Vecchio.

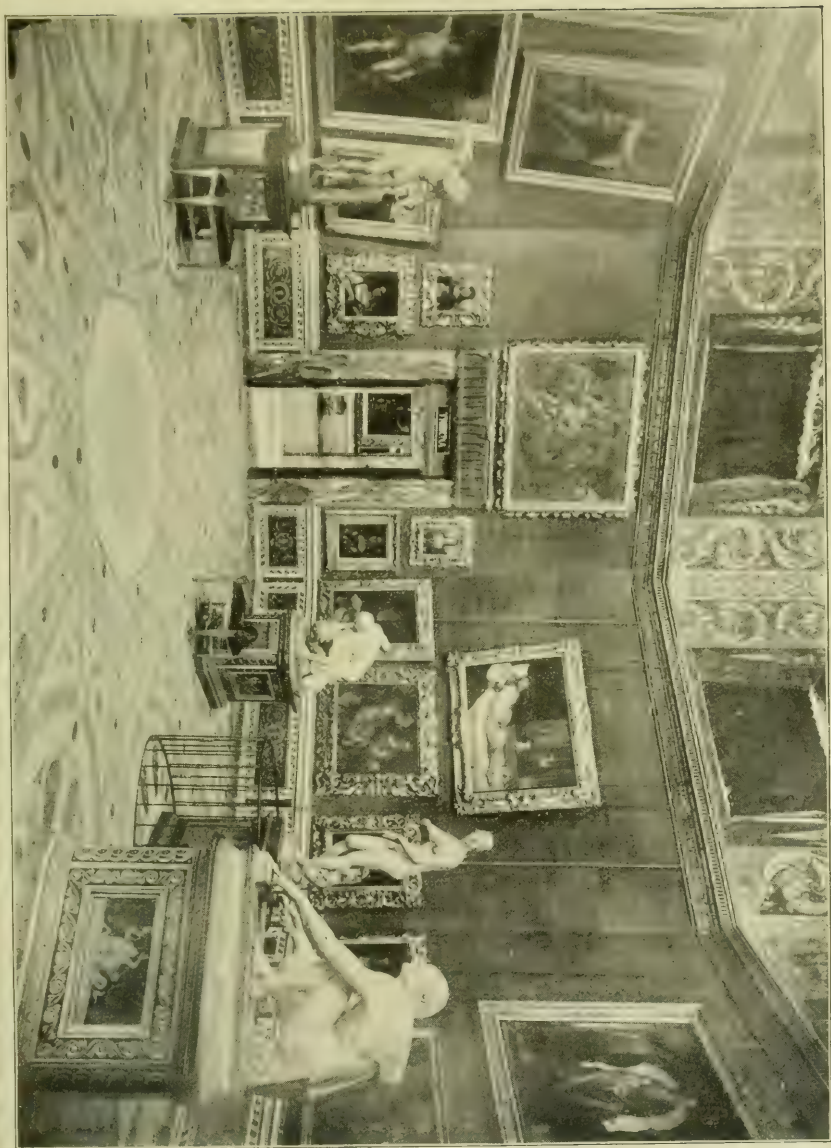
PALAZZO UFFIZI.

Built by Vasari, also the portico degli Uffizi with many statues of famous Tuscans. The statue of Cosimo is by John of Bologna.

The Magliabechiana Library now united with the Pitti Library form a National one of 200,000 volumes. On the second floor of the Palazzo is a circular suite of rooms, one of which is the Tribune, containing the rarest gems of the art collection. One of the five precious marbles, the Venus de' Medici, was found in Hadrian's villa, Rome, and was brought to Florence by Duke Ferdinand. It is described thus by Byron:

“There, too, the Goddess loves in stone, and fills
The air around with beauty; we inhale
The ambrosial aspect, which, beheld, instils
Part of its immortality; the veil
Of heaven is half undrawn; within the pale
We stand, and in that form and face behold
What mind can make, when Nature's self would
fail;
And to the fond idolaters of old
Envy the innate flash which such a soul could
mould.

We gaze and turn away, and know not where,
Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart



Reels with its fulness; there, forever there,
Chained to the chariot of triumphant art,
We stand as captives, and would not depart.
Away! there need no words, nor terms precise,
The paltry jargon of the marble mart,
Where pedantry gulls folly,—we have eyes:
Blood, pulse, and breast confirm the Dardan
Shepherd's prize.

Appearedst thou not to Paris in this guise?
Or to more deeply blest Anchises? or
In all thy perfect goddess-ship, when lies
Before thee thy own vanquished lord of war?
And gazing in thy face as toward a star,
Laid on thy lap, his eyes to thee upturn,
Feeding on thy sweet cheek! while thy lips are
With lava kisses melting while they burn,
Showered on his eyelids, brow, and mouth, as
from an urn!

Glowing, and circumfused in speechless love,
Their full divinity inadequate
That feeling to express, or to improve,
The gods become as mortals, and man's fate
Has moments like their brightest; but, the
weight
Of earth recoils upon us;—let it go!
We can recall such visions, and create,
From what has been, or might be, things which
grow
Into thy statue's form, and look like gods below.

I leave to learned fingers, and wise hands,
The artist and his ape, to teach and tell
How well his connoisseurship understands
The graceful bend, and the voluptuous swell:
Let these describe the undescribable;
I would not their vile breath should crisp the
stream
Wherein that image shall forever dwell;
The unruffled mirror of the loveliest dream
That ever left the sky on the deep soul to
beam."

Rogers has it thus:

"We must return, and once more give a loose
To the delighted spirit;—worshipping,
In her small temple of rich workmanship,
Venus herself, who, when she left the skies,
Came hither."

Another of the marbles, the Dancing Faun,
has Robert Cameron Rogers to eulogize it:

"Thou dancer of a thousand years,
Thou dancer of to-day,
What silent music fills thine ears,
What Bacchic lay,
That thou shouldst dance the centuries
Down their forgotten way?

What mystic strain of pagan mirth
Has charmed eternally

Those lithe, strong limbs, that spurn the earth?
What melody,
Unheard of men, has Father Pan
Left lingering with thee?

Ah! where is now the wanton throng
That round thee used to meet?
On dead lips died the drinking-song,
But wild and sweet,
What silent music urged thee on,
To its unuttered beat,

That when at last Time's weary will
Brought thee again to sight,
Thou cam'st forth dancing, dancing still,
Into the light,
Unwearied from the murk and dusk
Of centuries of night?

Alas for thee! Alas, again,
The early faith is gone!
The gods are no more seen of men,
All, all are gone,—
The shaggy forests no more shield
The Satyr and the Faun.

On Attic slopes the bee still hums,
On many an Elian hill
The wild-grape swells, but never comes
The distant trill
Of reddy flutes; for Pan is dead,—
Broken his pipes and still.

FLORENCE.

And yet within thy listening ears
The pagan measures ring,—
Those limbs that have outdanced the years
Yet tireless spring:
How canst thou dream Pan dead when still
Thou seem'st to hear him sing?"

Titian's Venus of Urbino, so-called because painted for the Duke of Urbino, is the nude figure reclining after a bath.

Here also are Raphael's Pope Julius II, the Cardellino, the young St. John and the portrait of a lady.

The Old Halls of the Tuscan painters contain Sodoma's St. Sebastian; Andrea del Sarto's Madonna with the Harpies, and his St. James and Two Boys; Filippino Lippi's Madonna Enthroned, and the Adoration of the Magi, and Albertinelli's Visitation.

Niobe Hall—antique statue of Niobe and her children. Hall of Portraits of Painters, made by themselves. Vast collections of Flemish, Dutch, German and Venetian art; Adoration of the Magi, and the Vision of St. Francis, by Filippino Lippi; Adoration of the Magi, by Ghirlandajo; Bacchus, by Michael Angelo, and his only finished painting, the Holy Family.

In the Room of Botticelli are his Birth of Venus, Calumny of Apelles, Fortitude, Virgin and Child, Annunciation, the "Magnificat," and the Adoration of the Magi. His Judith is

also in the Uffizi. There are also here in the Uffizi, The Patron Saints of Florence, by Fra Bartolommeo; the Coronation of the Virgin by Angelico, and the Portrait of Allesandro de' Medici, by Vasari, and da Vinci's Head of Medusa.

SANTA CROCE CHURCH.

Santa Croce Church, the Pantheon of Florence. Early Italian Gothic, built in 1294 by Arnolfo di Cambio in honor of the Holy Cross. Form of the church to conform to that shape and decorations and frescoes represent scenes in which the cross is prominent, done by Giotto, Gaddi, etc. It was built for the Franciscans, and many of the frescoes are of saints of their order. It contains the only authentic portrait of St. Francis taken from life by Cimabue.

The tower was erected in 1840.

Lovely Annunciation, by Donatello, and also a crucifix in wood and a marble pulpit by the same sculptor, besides a bronze statue of St. Louis of Toulouse.

Cenotaph to Dante, Machiavelli's tomb; monument to Michael Angelo, by Vasari; tomb of Alfieri, the Italian poet, erected by the Countess of Albany, the widow of Charles Edward Stuart, the so-called "Pretender," and done by Canova; bust of Christ, by Andrea del Sarto; tomb of Rossini, the composer; and of Cherubini, who was born in Florence in 1760 and whose first Mass was performed here.

FLORENCE.

The pavements contain many monumental slabs, among which is one to Galileo, the progenitor of Galileo Galilei and which was praised extravagantly by Ruskin.

A large rose window, made from a design by Ghiberti, contains I. H. S. which St. Barnardino of Siena, who was a Franciscan, placed here in 1437. (*Iusus, Homini Salvator*; or, *Jesus, the Savior of Men.*)

Santa Croce contains many chapels built and decorated for prominent Florentine families.

MEDICI CHAPEL.

Built by Michelozzo, altar piece by Giotto, tabernacle by Mino da Fiesole, altar and terracotta reliefs by Andrea della Robbia.

CAPELLA PERUZZI.

Frescoes by Giotto, altar-piece by Andrea del Sarto.

THE RICCARDI CHAPEL.

It was appropriated by the Bonapartes and contains monuments of the family.

CAPELLA BARDI.

Pronounced by Ruskin to be the most perfect in Italy, frescoes by Giotto, the St. Francis ones which he reproduced with slight modifications from his frescoes at Assisi. He introduced two portraits of the Bardi in the scene of the Death of Francis—the Bardi who had become a Franciscan, and his father, the great banker.

THE TREASURES OF FLORENCE

THE BARONCELLI CHAPEL.

The authentic portrait of Giotto, inscribed with his name; a monument by Pisano. Frescoes by Taddeo Gaddi, St. Joachim in the Temple, being very fine; also his Birth of the Virgin.

THE CAPELLA DEI PAZZI.

Built by Brunelleschi, outside is a frieze of angels' heads by Donatello, within are terracottas by Luca della Robbia. Jacopo Pazzi, who led the conspiracy against the Medici in 1478, was buried here after being hanged, but his body was afterwards torn away and flung into the Arno. The statue of St. Louis of Toulouse by Donatello is the last statue he made. It represents the saint in the same posture as in Taddeo Gaddi's portrait of him in the sacristy.

In the Piazza Santa Croce, before the church, is Dante's monument.

“You will return home with a general impression that Santa Croce is somehow the ugliest Gothic church you ever were in! Well, that is really so; and now, will you take the pains to see why?

“There are two features, on which, more than on any others, the grace and delight of a fine Gothic building depends; one is the springing of its vaultings, the other the proportion and fantasy of its traceries. This Church of Santa

Croce has no vaultings at all, but the roof of a farm-house barn. And its windows are all of the same pattern,—the exceedingly prosaic one of two pointed arches, with a round hole above, between them.

“And to make the simplicity of the roof more conspicuous, the aisles are successive sheds, built at every arch. In the aisles of the Campo Santo of Pisa the unbroken flat roof leaves the eye free to look to the traceries; but here, a succession of up-and-down sloping beam and lath gives the impression of a line of stabling rather than a church aisle. And lastly, while in fine Gothic buildings, the entire perspective concludes itself gloriously in the high and distant apse, here the nave is cut across sharply by a line of ten chapels, the apse being only a tall recess in the midst of them, so that strictly speaking, the church is not of the form of a cross, but of a letter T.

“Can this clumsy and ungraceful arrangement be indeed the design of the renowned Arnolfo?

“Yes, this is purest Arnolfo-Gothic; not beautiful by any means; but deserving, nevertheless, our thoughtfulest examination. We will trace its complete character another day; just now we are only concerned with this pre-Christian form of the letter T, insisted upon in the lines of chapels. Respecting which, you are to observe, that the first Christian churches in the cata-

combs took the form of a blunt cross naturally; a square chamber having a vaulted recess on each side; then the Byzantine churches were structurally built in the form of an equal cross; while the heraldic and other ornamental equal-armed crosses are partly signs of glory and victory, and partly of light, and divine spiritual presence.

“But the Franciscans and the Dominicans saw in the cross no sign of triumph, but of trial. The wounds of their Master were to be their inheritance. So their first aim was to make what image to the cross their church might present, distinctly that of the actual instrument of death.

“And they did this most effectually by using the form of the letter T, that of the Furca or Gibbet,—not the sign of peace. Also, their churches were meant for use, not show, nor self-glorification, nor town-glorification. They wanted places for preaching, prayer, sacrifice, burial, and had no intention of showing how high they could build towers, or how widely they could arch vaults. Strong walls, and on the roof of a barn,—these your Franciscan asks of his Arnolfo. These Arnolfo gives,—thoroughly and wisely built; the succession of gable roof being a new device for strength, much praised in its day.”—*John Ruskin*.

FLORENCE.

PALAZZO PAZZI.

It is now called the Barbadori Palace; the masterpiece of Brunelleschi's domestic architecture.

CONVENT OF SANTA MARIA MADDELENA
DEI PAZZI.

Frescoes by Perugino.

This convent was built for a daughter of the Pazzi; she was a religious here, and was later beatified.

Her prayer:

“I say, my Jesus,
Thou art *mad* with love!
I say so, and shall always say so”—

is the theme for a poem by Reverend Edmund Hill, C. P., entitled,

ST. MARY MAGDALEN OF PAZZI TO THE
SACRED HEART.

“Heart of hearts, a love is Thine
Madly tender, blindly true!
Love in vastness so divine,
In excess so human too!
Seems it more a burning grief—
Pining, aching for relief.

Seems Thou dost not, canst not live,
Save to sue us for Thy rest:
While the all that we can give

Is as nothing at the best.
Wondrous Lover! shall I say
Thou hast thrown Thyself away?
Drench'd with anguish—steep'd in woe—
Thou must needs insatiate still,
Linger patiently below,
Prison'd to Thy creature's will:
While the current of the days
Murmurs insult more than praise!
Here I find Thee, hour by hour,
Waiting in Thy altar-home,
Full of mercy, full of power—
Mutely waiting till we come:
Waiting for a soul to bless—
Some poor sinner to caress.
Forth, then, from the fragrant hush,
Where I almost hear Thee beat,
Bid a benediction gush —
O'er me, thro' me, thrilling sweet!
Heart of Jesus, full of me,
Fill mine—till it break with Thee!"

CASA BUONARROTI.

64 Via Ghibellina.

Michael Angelo's house, now a museum of his work.

BADIA.

Has the finest wooden roof in Italy.
Filippino Lippi's frescoes; sculpture by Mina
da Fiesole; in the court, ancient tombs and tall
towers.

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BARGELLO.

It is now the National Museum, having been made so in 1865, on the occasion of the 600th anniversary of Dante's birth. Beautiful courtyard—the best of the Mediaeval palaces of Florence; the stairway is picturesque, the walls being decorated with shields of the different Podestae. Within, statue of Architecture by Giambologna (John of Bologna); the Dying Adonis, by Michael Angelo; also unfinished works by the same artist, the bust of Brutus and the Victory; the Mask of a Faun was done in his 15th year, while a pupil of Leonardo's school of art. Bandinelli's bust of Cosimo I, the Grand Duke.

SALA DI DONATELLO.

The Marzocco, or lion of Florence (the derivation of the word is not fully understood.)

David; St. George, his masterpiece; cast of the equestrian statue of Gattamelata at Padua.

ROOM OF THE ROBBIAS—LUCA, ANDREA AND GIOVANNI.

The bust of the Boy Christ, by Luca is especially beautiful; the David, by Verrochio; also a Madonna by Verrocchio.

The reliefs in bronze of the models for the Sacrifice of Isaac, presented by Ghiberti and Brunelleschi, rivals for the order of the doors of the Baptistery, are in the Bargello. The Chapel of the Bargello contains the frescoes of

Giotto, brought to light in 1840, from under their coating of whitewash—the most famous being the portrait of Dante.

CHURCH OF SS. ANNUNCIATION.

Servite Church, with frescoes illustrating the life of the saint of the Order, Philip Benizzi; mosaic by Ghirlandajo over chief door; tomb of Benvenuto Cellini; celebrated series of frescoes by Andrea del Sarto, particularly the Madonna del Saco; his Head of Christ over the altar; in the corridor is a bust of the artist, and his home, marked with a tablet, is not far away.

Assumption of the Virgin, by Perugino.

The Chapel near the entrance contains a picture of the Madonna, said to be miraculous, for the Blessed Lady herself finished the work to alleviate the distress of the artist who felt that the task was beyond his ability. The picture is exposed to the public only on the titular Feast day of the church—March 25. The Chapel itself is the work of Michelozzo, done in 1448. In another chapel is the tomb of Bandinelli, over which is a Pieta which he himself wrought.

A chapel contains the monument of John of Bologna; also a crucifix wrought by him, and reliefs showing scenes from the Passion of Our Lord.

Near the church, in the Piazza del Annunziata, is the statue of Ferdinand dei Medici, Grand Duke, by John of Bologna. It is the statue of

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which Robert Browning wrote in "The Statue and the Bust."

SPEDALE DEGLI INNOCENTI—THE FOUND- LINGS' INSTITUTE.

Built by Brunelleschi in 1420. Frieze of Luca della Robbia's "bambini" in terra-cotta glazed ware decorates the arcade; over doorway of the chapel, an Annunciation by Luca. In the chapel, an altar piece by Ghirlandajo made in 1488.

SAN MARCO CHURCH.

An aisleless church with a flat roof, founded in 1290.

Crucifix by Giotto; Madonna by Fra Bartolommeo; tomb of St. Antoninus, a monk of San Marco, who was also archbishop of Florence.

SAN MARCO MONASTERY.

Now a Museum. It was built by Michelzzo. Frescoes by Angelico; his Madonna of the Star has been stolen from here. Frescoes and portrait of Savonarola by Fra Bartolommeo.

Cell of St. Antoninus, in which the Pater Patriae held discourse with him, and in which Pope Eugenius stayed at the time of the consecration of San Marco Monastery.

Cell of Savonarola; his rosary, manuscripts and other memorials.

Fresco of the Last Judgment, by Ghirlandajo.

THE TREASURES OF FLORENCE.

PALAZZO PANDOLFINI.

Designed by Raphael.

ACCADEMIA.

The paintings show the development of Tuscan art. Court is decorated with reliefs by Luca della Robbia. Panels made for the Sacristy of Santa Croce, by Taddeo Gaddi.

Eight panel pictures by Angelico, which ornamented the presses of the Annunziata Church, made when Angelico was at Fiesole. Of the "Descent from the Cross" a writer says: "They make us forget that they are art." Madonna, by Cimabue; the Virgin Enthroned, by Giotto; works of Lippo Lippi; Descent from the Cross, by Filippino Lippi; Nativity, by Ghirlandajo.

In the Tribune, the David and unfinished statues, by Michael Angelo. Suite of rooms of Fra Angelico's works. Suite of rooms of Botticelli's works, among which are Venus with the Three Graces; Coronation of the Virgin, which shows, as one of his characteristics, great vehemence of spirit, and the Primavera; Verrochio's work, the Baptism of Christ, having one figure done by Leonardo da Vinci. Fra Bartolommeo's The Vision of St. Bernard. The well known Mercury of John of Bologna, which was intended by Ferdinand I for the Medici Villa at Rome. Madonna by Masaccio. Perugino's Vallombrosa Assumption.

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RICCARDI PALACE.

Built by Michelozzo for the Medici. The court of Lorenzo, the Magnificent was held there. Its chief attraction now is the Medici chapel, with its beautiful frescoes, particularly a Madonna by Filippo Lippi.

SAN LORENZO CHURCH.

This is distinctly a Medician church, having been built by the family and some other wealthy Florentines. In the pavement before the high altar is a slab which marks the resting place of the Pater Patriae, and in the "Old Sacristy," built by Brunelleschi, with a bronze door by Donatello, rest his father and mother. The "New Sacristy" was built by Michael Angelo for Pope Clement as a mausoleum for the family, and contains the famous statues of Lorenzo and Giuliano dei Medici, with their even more famous decorations, the figures of Day and Night and Twilight and Dawn. Lorenzo, the Magnificent, and his brother Giuliano, the victim of the Pazzi, also sleep here, their remains having been removed thither by Cosimo I, the Grand Duke. There is a monument to the Medici by Verrocchio; two bronze pulpits left unfinished by Donatello, and completed by a pupil; also the tomb of Donatello; Thorwaldsen's monument to Benvenuto Cellini; Annunciation by Filippo Lippi. In the Refectory, a Last Supper, by Ghirlandajo.

THE TREASURES OF FLORENCE.

LAURENTIAN LIBRARY.

Near San Lorenzo Church.

Founded by Cosimo, the Pater Patriae in the 15th century; enriched by Lorenzo, the Magnificent. At the expulsion of the Medici, the Republic gave the library to Savonarola for the Monks of San Marco, for a loan of money. Pope Leo X brought it back and removed it to Rome; his cousin, Clement VII, transferred it back again to Florence, and Michael Angelo designed the building to contain the books. It contains over 7,000 volumes, 500 of which belong to a time previous to the 12th century, and one volume, the Gospels, was written by a monk in the year 586.

This library is the look-lovers' Paradise; the illuminated manuscripts, and the masterpieces of the art of miniature being especially dazzling.

BAPTISTERY.

Mosaics in the Choir, done by one of the monks of St. Francis before the year 1226.

Mosaic work in the dome is by Gaddo Gaddi, from a design by Giotto.

Ghiberti's bronze doors; bronze door by Pisano. Wooden statue of Magdalen, by Donatello, also the tomb of the so-called Pope John XXIII (the Council of Constance deposed him and he died in Florence); Before the Baptistery, the porphyry columns from Pisa.

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DUOMO SANTA MARIA DEL FIORE.

Erected by Arnolfo, Giotto, Pisano, Brunelleschi. Campanile, by Giotto, decorated by him and also by Pisano and Della Robbia. Dome of Cathedral by Brunelleschi. Mosaic over door by Gaddo Gaddi, Taddeo Gaddi's father, who was a friend of Cimabue, and a noteworthy worker in mosaics. His coronation of the Virgin in the chief portal of the Duomo shows that he, as well as Cimabue, at first, was influenced by the Byzantine style, particularly in the delicate handling of gold in the high lights—in the Byzantine art gold was used excessively—although he shows also that he too had caught some of the spirit of the new art. Dante's portrait on wood; tomb and memorial of St. Zanobius, by Ghiberti, in the chapel built by Brunelleschi; Brunelleschi's monument; statues of the prophets, by Donatello; bronze door of sacristy, by Lucia della Robbia; bust of Giotto, by Majano; portrait of St. Zanobius Enthroned, by the School of Giotto; choir decorated with frescoes by Vasari; back of the high altar, a Pieta, by Michael Angelo; reliefs by Luca della Robbia. The sacristy door is celebrated since the Pazzi conspiracy, as it afforded shelter to Lorenzo, the Magnificent. Statue to Brunelleschi, in Piazza del Duomo.

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MUSEO SANTA MARIA DEL FIORE.

A magnificent silver altar which was removed here from the Baptistery. It is worked in relief, showing scenes from the life of St. John. The bas-reliefs are by Verrocchio and the statue of St. John is by Michelozzo.

Marble statues of St. Reparata and Christ, by Pisano.

The famous "cantorio," or singing boys, by Donatello and Luca della Robbia.

LOGGIA DI BIGALLO.

It is a Gothic structure and beyond the Loggia is an oratory or chapel containing frescoes by Orcagna—the early architects were painters, sculptors and artists in every sense of the word—and from its pulpit the Dominican saint, Peter Martyr, thundered forth his invectives against heresy.

The chapel contains also a couple of early Madonnas, painted by a pupil of Pisano, and a Madonna in relief by Arnolfo di Cambio.

The predella before the statue of the Madonna is a work of Ghirlandajo.

The niches over the Loggia contain statues of the Madonna, St. Lucy and St. Peter Martyr.

The name Bigallo was derived from that of a hospital outside of Florence, which the Society acquired.

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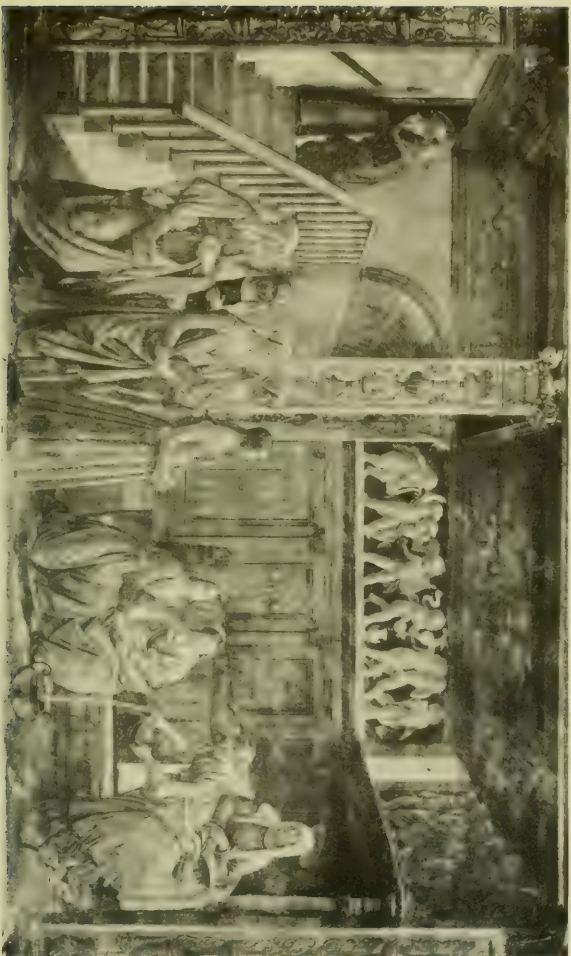
SANTA MARIA NOVELLA CHURCH.

Cimabue's Madonna: The painting is now said to have been done by Duccio of Siena. It is often called the Rucellai Madonna, from the name of a wealthy Florentine family who helped build the church. It is in their family chapel. Frescoes by Giotto, Masaccio, and Ghirlandajo. Tomb of Ghirlandajo, with a monument wrought by Ghiberti. Last Judgment, by Fra Bartolommeo. In the sacristy, fountain by Giovanni della Robbia. Spanish Chapel with frescoes of noted Florentines, among whom are Cimabue. Strozzi Chapel, with tomb of the Strozzi, built by Majano; decorated by Filippino Lippi. Chapel beyond the Choir has Crucifix made by Brunelleschi, to rival that done by Donatello. The Piazza Santa Maria del Novella has a series of medallions by Luca della Robbia.

Of Ghirlandajo's frescoes Mr. Ruskin writes:

"Today, as early as you please, and at all events before doing anything else, let us go to Giotto's own parish-church, Santa Maria Novella. If, walking from the Strozzi Palace, you look on your right for the 'Way of the Beautiful Ladies,' it will take you quickly there.

"Do not let anything in the way of acquaintance, sacristan, or chance sight stop you in doing what I tell you. Walk straight up to the church, into the apse of it (you may let your



Nativity of the Virgin

Ghirlandajo

eyes rest, as you walk, on the glow of its glass, only mind the step, half way);—and lift the curtain, and go in behind the grand marble altar, giving anybody who follows you anything they want to hold their tongues or go away.

“You know, most probably, already, that the frescoes on each side of you are Ghirlandajo’s. You have been told that they are very fine, and if you know anything of painting, you know the portraits in them are so. Nevertheless, somehow, you don’t really enjoy these frescoes, nor come often here, do you?

“The reason of which is, that if you are a nice person, they are not nice enough for you; and if a vulgar person, not vulgar enough. But if you are a nice person, I want you to look carefully, today, at the two lowest, next the windows, for a few minutes, that you may better feel the art you are really to study, by its contrast with these. On your left hand is represented the birth of the Virgin. On your right, her meeting with Elizabeth. You can’t easily see better pieces—nowhere more pompous pieces—of flat goldsmith’s work. Ghirlandajo was to the end of his life a mere goldsmith, with a gift of portraiture. And here he has done his best, and has put a long wall in wonderful perspective, and the whole of Florence behind Elizabeth’s house in the country; and a splendid bas-relief, in the style of Luca della Robbia in St. Ann’s bedroom; and he has carved all the

pilasters, and embroidered all the dresses, and flourished and trumpeted into every corner; and it is all done, within just a point, as well as it can be done; and quite as well as Ghirlandajo could do it. But the point in which it just misses being as well as it can be done is the vital point. And it is all simply—good for nothing.

“Extricate yourself from the goldsmith’s rubbish of it, and look full at the Salutation. You will say, perhaps, at first, ‘What grand and graceful figures!’ Are you sure they are graceful? Look again, and you will see their draperies hang from them exactly as they would from two clothes pegs. Now, fine drapery, really well drawn, as it hangs from a clothes-peg, is always rather impressive, especially if it be disposed in breadths and folds; but that is the only grace of the figures.

“Secondly. Look at the Madonna, carefully. You will find she is not in the least meek—only stupid,—as all the other women in the picture are.

“‘St. Elizabeth, you think, is nice?’ Yes; and she says, ‘Whence is it to me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me?’ really with a great deal of serious feeling?’ Yes, with a great deal. Well, you have looked enough at these two. Now—just for another minute—look at the birth of the Virgin. ‘A most graceful group (your Murray’s Guide

tells you), in the attendant servants.' Extremely so. Also, the one holding the child is rather pretty. Also, the servant pouring out the water does it from a height, without splashing, most cleverly.

"Also, the lady coming to ask for St. Ann, and see the baby, walks majestically and is very finely dressed. And as for the bas-relief in the style of Luca della Robbia, you might really almost think it was Luca! The very best plated goods, Master Ghirlandajo, no doubt, always on hand at your shop."

We shall not stop to discuss the justice or injustice of Mr. Ruskin's estimate of Ghirlandajo, but shall proceed with him to view Giotto's Frescoes in the same church:

"Well, now you must ask for the sacristan, who is civil and nice enough, and get him to let you into the green cloister, and then go into the less cloister opening out of it on the right, as you go down the steps; and you must ask for the tomb of the Marchesa Ridolfi; and in the recess behind the Marchesa's tomb—very close to the ground, and in excellent light, if the day is fine—you will see two small frescoes, only about four feet wide each, in odd-shaped bits of wall—quarters of circles—representing, that on the left, the Meeting of Joachim and Ann at the Golden Gate; and that on the right, the Birth of the Virgin.

“No flourish of trumpets here, at any rate, you think! No gold on the gate; and for the birth of the Virgin—is this all! Goodness!—nothing to be seen, whatever, of bas-reliefs, nor fine dresses, nor graceful pourings out of water, nor processions of visitors?

“No. There’s but one thing you can see, here, which you didn’t see in Ghirlandajo’s fresco, unless you were very clever and looked hard for it—the Baby! And you are never likely to see a more true piece of Giotto’s work in this world.

“A round-faced, small-eyed little thing, tied up in a bundle. Yes, Giotto was of the opinion she must have appeared really not much else than that. But look at the servant who has just finished dressing her;—awe-struck, full of love and wonder, putting her hand softly on the child’s head, who has never cried. The nurse, who has never taken her, is—the nurse, and no more: tidy in the extreme, and greatly proud and pleased; but would be as much so with any other child.

“Ghirlandajo’s St. Ann (I ought to have told you to notice that,—you can afterwards), is sitting strongly up in bed, watching, if not directing, all that is going on. Giotto’s, lying down on the pillow, leans her face on her hand; partly exhausted, partly in deep thought. She knows that all will be well done for the child, either by the servants, or God; she need not look after anything.

“At the foot of the bed are the midwife, and a servant who has brought drink for St. Ann. The servant stops, seeing her so quiet; asking the midwife, ‘Shall I give it her now?’ The midwife, her hands lifted under her robe, in the attitude of thanksgiving (with Giotto distinguishable always, though one doesn’t know how, from that of prayer), answers, with her look, ‘Let be—she does not want anything.’

“At the door a single acquaintance is coming in to see the child. Of ornament, there is only the entirely simple outline of the vase which the servant carries; of color, two or three masses of sober red and pure white, with brown and gray. That is all. And if you can be pleased with this, you can see Florence. But if not, by all means amuse yourself there, if you find it amusing, as long as you like; you can never see it.

“But if you are pleased, ever so little, with this fresco, think what the pleasure means. I brought you on purpose, round, through the richest overture, and farrago of tweedledum and tweedledee, I could find in Florence; and here is a tune of four notes, or a shepherd’s pipe, played by the picture of nobody; and yet you like it. You know what music is, then. Here is another little tune, by the same player, and sweeter. I let you hear the simplest first.

“The fresco on the left, with the bright blue sky and the rosy figures. Why, anybody might

like that! Yes; but, alas, all the blue sky is repainted. It was blue always, however, and bright, too, and I dare say, when the fresco was first done everybody did like it. You know the story of Joachim and Ann, I hope? Not that I do myself, quite in the ins and outs; and if you don't I'm not going to keep you waiting while I tell it"—

But *we* are going to keep Mr. Ruskin waiting, while *we* tell it:

One of the greatest blessings of the Jewish people was fecundity, and to be childless was considered a curse; especially as the time drew near, when the Prophecies should be fulfilled and the long-expected Messiah be born upon the earth.

Joachim and Ann were childless, despite their prayers and tears, and their sacrifices offered up in the Temple, only to be rejected.

For twenty years they had hoped, but hoped in vain, for off-spring, and now Ann was aged, and Joachim was in disgrace.

This picture, The Meeting of St. Joachim and St. Ann, at the Golden Gate of the Temple, commemorates a wonderful moment, when Ann realizes and Joachim, enlightened by Divine favor, realizes, that she is to bring forth a child, and he hastens from his prayers to greet her.

It is a speechlessly solemn moment, but do either one or the other have the faintest shadow



The Meeting of St. Ann and St. Joachim
at the Golden Gate. (Detail)

Giotto

Santa Maria Novello, Florence

of an idea of what child she was to bring forth,
—Mary, the Virgin Immaculate, who would in
turn bring forth the Savior of the world?

COMMEMORATION OF ST. ANNE.

“Watching with maternal pleasure
Childhood’s path by Mary trod,
Blessed Anne, how great a treasure
Wert thou guarding for thy God!
Didst thou dream, O favored Mother,
That for her whom thou didst bear,
Waited honor that none other
E’en of David’s house might share?
Didst thou marvel that so holy
Child of woman born could be,
As the little maiden lowly
Meekly learning at thy knee?
Didst thou, as in art depicted,
Teach her sacred scrolls to read,
Where the Advent stood predicted,
Of the Christ, the Promised Seed?
Learned she thus the Lord’s Anointed
Should be born of David’s line
Of a Virgin God appointed
To bring forth the Child Divine?
Little know we, but we cherish
Thoughts of thee to Christ so near,
Thy remembrances ne’er shall perish,
Mother of His Mother dear.”

—*Mary Ann Thomson.*

Let Mr. Ruskin proceed :

“All you need know, before this fresco, and you scarcely need know so much, is, that here are an old husband and old wife, meeting again by surprise, after losing each other, and being each in great fear; meeting at the place where they were told by God each to go, without knowing what was to happen there.

“So they rushed into each other’s arms, and kissed each other?”

“‘No,’ says Giotto, ‘not that.’

“They advanced to meet, in a manner conformable to the strictest laws of composition; and with their draperies cast into folds which no one until Raphael could have arranged better?”

“‘No,’ says Giotto, ‘not that.’

“St. Ann has moved quickest; her dress just falls into folds sloping backwards enough to tell you so much. She has caught St. Joachim by his mantle, and draws him to her, softly, by that. St. Joachim lays his hand under her arm, seeing she is like to faint, and holds her up. They do not kiss each other—only look into each other’s eyes. And God’s angel lays his hand on their heads. Behind them, there are two rough figures, busied with their own affairs,—two of Joachim’s shepherds; one, bare-headed, the other wearing the wide Florentine cap with the falling point behind, which is exactly like

the tube of a larkspur or violet; but carrying game, and talking to each other about—Greasy Joan and her pot, or the like. Not at all the sort of persons whom you would have thought in harmony with the scene;—by the laws of the drama, according to Racine or Voltaire.

“No, but according to Shakespeare, or Giotto, these are just the kind of persons likely to be there, as much as the angel is likely to be there also, though you will be told nowadays that Giotto was absurd for putting *him* into the sky, of which an apothecary can produce the similar blue, in a bottle. And now that you have had Shakespeare and sundry other men of head and heart, following the track of this shepherd lad, you can forgive him his grotesques in the corner.”

The subject of St. Joachim in the Temple is so often treated in early art, that an understanding of the tradition, countenanced by the Church, will help us in the appreciation of the pictures. We have seen Taddeo Gaddi's representation, in the Baroncelli Chapel of Santa Croce, and later shall view more leisurely, Ghirlandajo's fresco of the same subject. Mrs. Jameson, in her *Legends of the Madonna*, quotes the story:

“There was a man of Nazareth, whose name was Joachim, and he had for his wife a woman

of Bethlehem, whose name was Anna, and both were of the royal house of David. Their lives were pure and righteous, and they served the Lord with singleness of heart. And being rich, they divided their substance into three portions, one for the service of the temple, one for the poor and the strangers, and one for their own household.

“On a certain feast day, Joachim brought double offerings to the Lord according to his custom, for he said, ‘Out of my superfluity will I give for the whole people, that I may find favor in the sight of the Lord, and forgiveness of my sins.’

“And when the children of Israel brought their gifts, Joachim also brought his; but the high priest Issachar stood over against him and opposed him, saying, ‘It is not lawful for thee to bring thine offering, seeing that thou hast not begot issue in Israel.’

“And Joachim was exceeding sorrowful, and went down to his house; and he searched through all the registers of the twelve tribes to discover if he alone had been childless in Israel. And he found that all the righteous men, and the patriarchs who had lived before him, had been the fathers of sons and daughters. And he called to mind his father Abraham, to whom in his old age had been granted a son, even Isaac.

“And Joachim was more and more sorrowful; and he would not be seen by his wife, but avoided her, and went away into the pastures where were the shepherds and the sheep-cotes. And he built himself a hut, and fasted forty days and forty nights; for he said, ‘Until the Lord look upon me mercifully, prayer shall be my meat and my drink.’

“But his wife Anna remained lonely in her house, and mourned with a twofold sorrow, for her widowhood and for her barrenness. Then drew near the last day of the feast of the Lord; and Judith, her handmaid, said to Anna, ‘How long wilt thou afflict thy soul? Behold the feast of the Lord is come, and it is not lawful for thee thus to mourn. Take this silken fillet, which was bestowed on me by one of high degree, whom I formerly served, and bind it round thy head, for it is not fit that I, who am thy handmaid, should wear it, but it is fitting for thee, whose brow is as the brow of a crowned queen.’

“And Anna replied, ‘Begone! such things are not for me, for the Lord hath humbled me. As for this fillet, some wicked person hath given it to thee; and thou art come to make me a partaker in thy sin.’

“And Judith, her maid, answered: ‘What evil shall I wish thee since thou wilt not hearken to my voice? for worse I cannot wish thee than that with which the Lord hath afflicted thee,

seeing that He hath shut up thy womb, that thou shouldst not be a mother in Israel.'

"And Anna hearing those words was sorely troubled. And she laid aside her mourning garments, and she adorned her head, and put on her bridal attire; and at the ninth hour she went forth into the garden, and sat down under a laurel tree and prayed earnestly. And looking up to heaven, she saw within the laurel bush a sparrow's nest; and murmuring within herself, she said: 'Alas! and woe is me! Who hath begotten me? Who hath brought me forth? that I should be accursed in the sight of Israel and scorned and shamed before my people, and cast out of the temple of the Lord! Woe is me! To what shall I be likened? I cannot be likened to the fowls of heaven, for the fowls of heaven are fruitful in thy sight, O Lord! Woe is me! To what shall I be likened? Not to the unreasoning beasts of the earth, for they are fruitful in thy sight, O Lord! Woe is me! To what shall I be likened? Not to these waters, for they are fruitful in thy sight, O Lord! Woe is me! To what shall I be likened? Not unto the earth, for the earth bringeth forth her fruit in due season, and praiseth thee, O Lord!'

"And behold an angel stood by her and said, 'Anna, thy prayer is heard, thou shalt bring forth, and thy child shall be blessed throughout the whole world.'

"And Anna said, 'As the Lord liveth, what-

ever I shall bring forth, be it a man-child or a maid, I will present an offering to the Lord.'

"And behold another angel came and said to her, 'See, thy husband Joachim is coming with his shepherds;' for an angel had spoken to him also, and had comforted him with promises.

"And Anna went forth to meet her husband, and Joachim came from the pasture with his herds, and they met at the golden gate; and Anna ran and embraced her husband, and hung upon his neck, saying, 'Now know I that the Lord hath blessed me. I, who was a widow, am no longer a widow; I, who was barren, shall become a joyful mother.'

"And they returned home together."

As we pass back to Ghirlandajo's frescoes, let us read Mrs. Jameson's description of his Joachim in the Temple:

"In the more elaborate composition by Ghirlandajo (Florence, S. Maria Novella), there is a grand view into the interior of the temple, with arches richly sculptured. Joachim is thrust forth by one of the attendants, while in the background the high priest accepts the offerings of a more favored votary. On each side are groups looking on, who express the contempt and hatred they feel for one, who, not having children, presumes to approach the altar. All these, according to the custom of Ghirlandajo, are portraits of distinguished persons.

“The first figure on the right represents the painter Baldovinetti; next to him, with his hand on his side, Ghirlandajo himself; the third, with long black hair, is Bastiano Mainardi, who painted the Assumption in the Baroncelli Chapel in the Santa Croce; and the fourth, turning his back, is David Ghirlandajo.

“These real personages are so managed that while they are not themselves actors, they do not interfere with the main action, but rather embellish and illustrate it, like the chorus in a Greek tragedy.

“Every single figure in this fine fresco is a study for manly character, dignified attitude, and easy grand drapery.”

STROZZI PALACE.

Built by Majano; decorated by Filipino Lippi.

OR SAN MICHELE CHURCH.

Erected by Orcagna. Ground floor used as a church; upper floor was used as a storage for grain until 1569. Dante Society meets here now. Statues of saints, patrons of the different Guilds. In Orcagna's shrine, the Madonna which replaced the famous one by Ugolino of Siera; Ghiberti's bronze statues of Stephen, Mathew and John; statue of St. Peter, by Donatello; statue of St. Luke, by John of Bologna; statue of St. Mark, by Donatello, of which Michael Angelo said he never saw a more hon-



Joachim in the Temple

Giovanni Turchetti

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est face—it is also remarkable in its perspective; copy of Donatello's St. George, the original having been removed to the Bargello for safety; medallions, by Luca della Robbia, for four of the Guilds; Verrocchio's Christ and St. Thomas; arms of the different Guilds in relief, by Luca della Robbia, are on the exterior.

PITTI PALACE.

Built by Brunelleschi in the Renaissance style. In the Boboli Gardens is a fountain by John of Bologna.

PITTI GALLERY.

Of Fra Bartolommeo's works are the Marriage of St. Catherine, the Resurrection of our Lord—called Salvator Mundi; a Pietá, a Holy Family, and a St. Mark; Andrea del Sarto's Holy Family. By Raphael, the Madonna Granduco, the Madonna of the Chair—della Sedia; the so-called Fornarina; the portrait of Maddelena Doni; portrait of Pope Julius—a copy of the one in the Uffizi; portrait of Leo X; the Temptation of St. Gerome, by Vasari; Horrors of War, by Rubens; The Holy Family, by Albertinelli; paintings by Leonardo da Vinci, Lippo Lippi, Perugino and the other noteworthy artists. Other famous galleries of the world may contain a larger collection of works, but the Pitti and the Uffizi combined rank first in the choice of works.

FLORENCE.

SANTO SPIRITO CHURCH.

The masterpiece of Brunelleschi's art. After Lorenzo's death, Michael Angelo spent part of his time in the monastery of San Spirito, studying anatomy.

CARMINE CHURCH.

Frescoes by Filippino Lippi in chapel; monastery walls decorated by Masaccio, the first of Lippo Lippi's masters; tomb of Masaccio and also of Fra Lippo Lippi.

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH.

Federighi Tomb, by Luca della Robbia; frescoes by Ghirlandajo, in which we see the Palazzo Vecchio, as it was before its alterations in later years; in a chapel, a copy of Ghirlandajo's Nativity which took the place of one removed to the Accademia; monument to one of the Strozzi. The church was built in the middle of the 13th century in the Gothic style, and is attributed to Niccoli Pisano.

OGNISSANTI CHURCH.

Vespucci Chapel, decorated by Ghirlandajo; portrait of Amerigo Vespucci, and of Simonetta Vespucci; tomb of Simonetta Vespucci and of Botticelli; a painting of a Crucifix, by Giotto; a fresco, by Ghirlandajo; a fresco of St. Augustine, by Botticelli; over the doorway, the Coronation of the Virgin, by Luca della Robbia; in

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the reliquary, a treasure of the church—the robe worn by St. Francis at the time of the first “Stigmata.”

CASA VESPUCCI.

Now a hospital.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY APOSTLES.

Built in the 11th century; tabernacle by Luca della Robbia.

CHURCH OF THE RECOLLECTS.

In the cloisters, frescoes by Andrea del Sarto.

MERCATO NUOVO.

The principal market for gold and silk used to be held here; the flower market is now here and here are sold the famous hats of Florentine straw.

CASA GUIDI.

Casa Guidi, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Brown-ing while they were in Florence. It is celebrated as furnishing the title for Mrs. Brown-ing’s poem, Casa Guidi Windows. The house is marked with a memorial tablet.

CASA GUIDI WINDOWS.

“She came, whom Casa Guidi’s chambers knew,
And know more proudly, an immortal, now;
The air without a star was shivered through
With the resistless radiance of her brow,
And glimmering landscapes from the darkness
grew.

FLORENCE.

Thin, phantom-like; and yet she brought me
rest,

Unspoken words, an understood command
Sealed weary lids with sleep, together pressed
In clasping quiet wandering hand in hand,
And smoothed the folded cloth above the breast.

Now, looking through these windows, where the
day

Shines on a terrace splendid with the gold
Of autumn shrubs, and green with glossy bay,
Once more her face, re-made from dust, I
hold

In light so clear it cannot pass away:—

The quiet brow; the face so frail and fair

For such a voice of song; the steady eye,
Where shone the spirit fated to outwear

Its fragile house;—and on her features lie
The soft half-shadows of her drooping hair.

Who could forget those features, having known?

Whose memory do his kindling reverence
wrong

That heard the soft Ionian flute, whose tone

Changed with the silver trumpet of her song?
No sweeter airs from woman's lips were blown.

* * * * *

The tablet tells you, 'Here she wrote and died,'
And grateful Florence bids the record stand:

THE TREASURES OF FLORENCE.

Here bend Italian love and English pride
Above her grave,—and one remoter land
Free as her prayers could make it, at their
side.”

* * * * *

—*Bayard Taylor.*

ENGLISH CEMETERY.

Here are the graves of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Walter Savage Landor, and other noted people.

It was in Florence that Landor wrote his *Imaginary Conversations*, and here he was buried in 1864.

LANDOR.

“Come, Walter Savage Landor, come this way;
Step through the lintel low, with prose or verse,
Tallest of tall men; the early star
And latest setting sun of great compeers;
Through youth, through manhood, and extrem-
est age,

Strong at the root; and at the top, blossoms
Perennial. When culled the fields around
Still calling up the great for wisest talk,
Or singing clear some fresh, melodious stave,
Not sickly-sweet, but like ripe autumn fruit,
Of which not one, but all the senses taste,
And leave uncloyed the dainty appetite.
Great English master of poetic art,
In these late times that dandle every muse,

FLORENCE.

Here mayst thou air all day thy eloquence,
And I a never weary listener,
If thou at eve wilt sing one witty song,
Or chant some line of cadenced, classic hymn.”

—*John Albee.*

LANDOR.

“Like crown’d athlete that in a race has run,
And points his finger at those left behind,
And follows on his way as now inclin’d,
With joy and laughter in the glowing sun;
And joys at that which he hath joyous done,
And, like a child, will wanton with the wind,
And pluck the flowers his radiant brows to bind,
Re-crown himself as conscious he hath won;
And still regardless of his fellow-men
He follows on his road intent and fain
To please himself, and caring not to gain
The world’s applause which he might seek in
vain:

A soldier, yet would, careless, sport and play
And leave the reckoning for a distant day.”

—*Alexander Hay Japp.*

IN MEMORY OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

“Back to the flower-town, side by side,
The bright months bring,
New-born, the bridegroom and the bride,
Freedom and Spring.

THE TREASURES OF FLORENCE.

The sweet land laughs from sea to sea,
Fill'd full of sun;
All things come back to her, being free;
All things but one.

In many a tender wheaten plot
Flowers that were dead
Live, and old suns revive; but not
That holier head.

By this white wandering waste of sea,
Far north, I hear
One face shall never turn to me
As once this year:

Shall never smile and turn and rest
On mine as there,
Nor one most sacred hand be prest
Upon my hair.

I came as one whose thoughts half linger,
Half run before;
The youngest to the boldest singer
That England bore.

I found him whom I shall not find
Till all grief end,
In holiest age our mightiest mind,
Father and friend.

But thou, if anything endure,
If hope there be,
O spirit that man's life left pure,
Man's death set free,

FLORENCE.

Not with disdain of days that were
Look earthward now;
Let dreams revive the reverend hair,
The imperial brow;
Come back in sleep, for in life
Where thou art not
We find none like thee. Time and strife
And the world's lot
Move thee no more; but love at least
And reverent heart
May move thee, royal and released
Soul, as thou art.
And thou, his Florence, to thy trust
Receive and keep,
Keep safe his dedicated dust,
His sacred sleep.
So shall thy lovers, come from far,
Mix with thy name,
As morning-star with evening-star,
His faultless fame."

—*Algernon Charles Swinburne.*

THE CASCINE.

"You remember down at Florence our Cascine
Where the people on the feast-days walk and
drive,
And through the trees, long-drawn in many a
green way,
O'er-roofing hum and murmur like a hive,
The river and the mountains look alive?

THE TREASURES OF FLORENCE.

You remember the piazzone there, the stand-
place

Of carriages a-brim with Florence beauties,
Who lean and melt to music, as the band plays,
Or smile and chat with some one who afoot is,
Or on horseback, in observance of male duties?

'Tis so pretty, in the afternoons of summer,
So many gracious faces brought together!
Call it rout, or call it concert, they have come
here,

In the floating of the fan and of the feather,
To reciprocate with beauty the fine weather.

While the flower-girls offer nosegays (because
they too

Go with other sweets) at every carriage-door;
Here, by shake of a white finger, signed away to
Some next buyer, who sits buying score on
score,

Piling roses upon roses evermore."

—*Robert Browning.*

THE CERTOSA.

It is a delightful drive from Florence through the Porta Romano to the Certosa, or Carthusian Monastery, situated on a hill covered with cypress and olive trees. The monastery was founded in 1341 by the monks of St. Bruno, who in 1086, established a severe religious order at Chartreuse, in France, where was until recently the Mother-house of the Order, La Grande Char-

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treuse, taken by the French government from the monks. In England, the order is well known through its "Charterhouse" school.

Only a few monks remain at the Certosa of Florence, and these continue to manufacture the beverage famous here as in France as Chartreuse wine, and can be purchased by the visitors of the monastery.

The chapel is richly decorated; the tomb of the founder, done by Donatello, is in the crypt beneath the high altar. The cloister is decorated by Luca della Robbia, and a Crucifixion by Albertinelli, is here.

SAN MINIATO.

Another beautiful driveway leads from Florence to the heights of San Miniato, where is the Piazza Michael Angelo, with a copy of his David and where is the best vantage spot from which to view the city.

"On the bright enchanting plain,
Fair Florence 'neath the sunshine lies,
And towering high o'er roof and fane,
Her Duomo soars into the skies."

St. Miniato in the year 270 was beheaded and walked afterwards to the spot where the church of his name now stands.

"And, climbing up to San Miniato's height,
Among the cypresses I made a nest
For wandering fancy: down the shimmering
west

The Arno slid in creeping coils of light :
O'er Boboli's fan-like pines the city lay
In tints that freshly blossomed on the sight,
Enringed with olive orchards, thin and gray,
Like moonlight falling in the lap of day.

There sprang, before me, Giotto's ivory tower ;
There hung, a planet, Brunelleschi's dome :
Of living dreams Val d'Arno seemed the home ;
From far Careggi's dim-seen laurel bower
To Bellosguardo, smiling o'er the vale ;
And pomp and beauty and supremest power,
Blending and brightening in their bridal hour,
Made even the blue of Tuscan summers pale !

Immortal Masters ! Ye who drank this air
And made it spirit, as the must makes wine,
Be ye the intercessors of my prayer,
Pure Saints of Art, around her holy shrine !
The purpose of your lives bestow on mine,—
The child-like heart, the true, laborious hand
And pious vision,—that my soul may dare
One day to climb the summits where ye stand !

Say, shall my memory walk in yonder street
Beside our own, ye ever-living shades ?
Shall pilgrims come, gray men and pensive
 maids,

To pluck this moss because it knew my feet,
And forms of mine move o'er the poet's mind
In thoughts that still to haunting music beat,
And Love and Grief and Adoration find
Their speech in pictures I shall leave behind ?''

—*Bayard Taylor.*

FLORENCE.

VILLA CRAWFORD.

The scene of Boccaccio's Decameron; it is on the way to Fiesole.

“Here, by the lake, Boccaccio's fair brigade
Beguiled the hours, and tale for tale repaid.”

—*Walter Savage Landor.*

ARCETRI.

The home of Galileo.

VALLOMBROSA.

Vallombrosa—literally “Shady Valley,” so-called because of the abundance of trees—is about 15 miles east of Florence. It was the seat of a Benedictine Monastery which has been made famous by the poets, but is now used by the Italian government as a school of Forestry. It was visited by Dante, and is mentioned by Ariosto in his *Orlando Furioso*.

Milton in his *Paradise Lost* commemorates it:

“Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the
brooks

In Vallombrosa, where Etrurian shades
High over-arch'd embower.”

The monastery contains a *Cenacolo*, or Last Supper, by Andrea del Sarto, which is said to rank only second to da Vinci's at Milan.

Wordsworth describes his visit there :

“Vallombrosa—I longed in thy shadiest wood
To slumber, reclined on the moss-covered
floor.

Fond wish that was granted at last, and the
Flood,

That lulled me to sleep bids me listen once more.
Its murmur how soft as it falls down the steep,
Near that Cell—yon sequestered Retreat high
in air—

Where our Milton was wont lonely vigils to
keep

For converse with God, sought through study
and prayer.

The monks still repeat the tradition with
pride,

And its truth who shall doubt? for his Spirit
is here;

In the cloud-piercing rocks doth her grandeur
abide;

In the pines pointing heavenward her beauty
austere;

In the flower besprent meadows his genius we
trace

Turned to humbler delights, in which youth
might confide,

That would him fit help while prefiguring that
Place

Where, if Sin had not entered, Love never had
died.

When, with life lengthened out came a desolate
 time,
 And darkness and danger had compassed him
 round,
 With a thought he would flee to these haunts of
 his prime
 And here once again a kind shelter be found.
 And let me believe that when nightly the Muse
 Did waft him to Sion, the glorified hill,
 Here, also, on some favored height, he would
 choose
 To wander, and drink inspiration at will.

Vallombrosa! of thee I first heard in the page
 Of the holiest of Bards, and the name for my
 mind
 Had a musical charm, which the winter of age
 And the changes it brings had no power to
 unbind.
 And now, ye Miltonian shades! under you
 I repose, nor am forced from sweet fancy to
 part,
 While your leaves I behold and the brooks they
 will strew,
 And the realized vision is clasped to my heart."

Mrs. Browning describes it thus:

"O waterfalls
 And forests! sound and silence! mountains bare
 That leap up peak by peak and catch the palls
 Of purple and silver mist to rend and share

With one another, at electric calls
Of life in the sunbeams,—till we cannot dare
Fix your shapes, count your number! we must
think

Your beauty and your glory helped to fill
The cup of Milton's soul so to the brink,
He never more was thirsty when God's will
Had shattered to his sense the last chain-link
By which he had drawn from Nature's visible
The fresh well-water. Satisfied by this,
He sang of Adam's paradise and smiled
Remembering Vallombrosa. Therefore is
The place divine to English man and child,
And pilgrims leave their souls here in a kiss."

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

"But, how much beauty of another kind is here, when, on a fair, clear morning, we look from the summit of a hill on Florence! See where it lies before us in a sunlighted valley, bright with the winding Arno, and shut in by swelling hills; its domes, and towers, and palaces, rising from the rich country in a glittering heap, and shining in the sun like gold!

"Magnificently stern and somber are the streets of beautiful Florence; and the strong old piles of building make such heaps of shadow, on the ground and in the river, that there is another and a different city of rich forms and fancies, always lying at our feet.

"Prodigious palaces, constructed for defence,

with small distrustful windows heavily barred, and walls of great thickness formed of huge masses of rough stone, frown, in their old sulky state, on every street. In the midst of the city—in the Piazza of the Grand Duke, adorned with beautiful statues and the Fountain of Neptune—rises the Palazzo Vecchio, with its enormous overhanging battlements, and the Great Tower that watches over the whole city. In its courtyard—worthy of the Castle of Otranto in its ponderous gloom—is a massive staircase that the heaviest wagon and the stoutest team of horses might be driven up. Within it is a great saloon, faded and tarnished in its stately decorations, and mouldering by grains, but recording yet, in pictures on its walls, the triumphs of the Medici and the wars of the old Florentine people.

“The prison is hard by, in an adjacent courtyard of the building—a foul and dismal place, where some men are shut up close, in small cells like ovens; and where others look through bars and beg; where some are playing draughts, and some are talking to their friends, who smoke, the while, to purify the air; and some are buying wine and fruit of women vendors; and all are squalid, dirty, and vile to look at.

“‘They are merry enough, Signore,’ says the jailer. ‘They are all blood-stained here,’ he adds, indicating with his hand, three-fourths of the buildings.

“Before the hour is out, an old man, eighty years of age, quarreling over a bargain with a young girl of seventeen, stabs her dead, in the market-place full of bright flowers, and is brought in a prisoner, to swell the number.

“Among the four old bridges that span the river, the Ponte Vecchio—that bridge which is covered with the shops of jewelers and goldsmiths—is a most enchanting feature of the scene. The space of one house in the center is left open, the view beyond is shown as in a frame, and that precious glimpse of sky and water and rich buildings, shining so quietly among the huddled roofs and gables of the bridge, is exquisite.

“Above it, the Gallery of the Grand Duke crosses the river. It was built to connect the two great palaces by a secret passage; and it takes its jealous course among the streets and houses, with true despotism: going where it lists, and spurning every obstacle away, before it.

“The Grand Duke has a worthier secret passage through the streets, in his black robe and hood, as a member of the Compagnia della Misericordia, which brotherhood includes all ranks of men.

“If an accident takes place, their office is to raise the sufferer, and bear him tenderly to the hospital. If a fire breaks out, it is one of their functions to repair to the spot and render

their assistance and protection. It is, also, among their commonest offices, to attend and console the sick; and they neither receive money, nor eat, nor drink in any house they visit for this purpose. Those who are on duty for the time are called together, on a moment's notice, by the tolling of the great bell of the Tower; and it is said that the Grand Duke has been seen, at the sound, to rise from his seat at table, and quietly withdraw to attend the summons.

“In this other large Piazza, where an irregular kind of market is held, and stores of old iron and other small merchandise are set out on stalls, or scattered on the pavement, are grouped together the Cathedral with its great dome, the beautiful Italian Gothic Tower, the Campanile, and the Baptistery with its wrought bronze doors. And here, a small untrodden square in the pavement, is ‘the Stone of Dante,’ where (so runs the story) he was used to bring his stool, and sit in contemplation. I wonder was he ever, in his bitter exile, withheld from cursing the very stones in the streets of Florence, the ungrateful, by any kind remembrance of this old musing-place, and its association with gentle thoughts of little Beatrice!

“The chapel of the Medici, the Good and Bad Angels of Florence; the church of Santa Croce where Michael Angelo lies buried, and where every stone in the cloisters is eloquent on great

men's deaths; innumerable churches, often masses of unfinished heavy brickwork externally, but solemn and serene within, arrest our lingering steps, in strolling through the city.

“In keeping with the tombs among the cloisters, is the Museum of Natural History, famous throughout the world for its preparations in wax; beginning with models of leaves, seeds, plants, inferior animals, and gradually ascending, through separate organs of the human frame, up to the whole structure of that wonderful creation, exquisitely presented, as in recent death.

“Few admonitions to our frail mortality can be more solemn, and more sad, or strike home upon the heart, as the counterfeits of Youth and Beauty that are lying there, upon their beds, in their last sleep.

“Beyond the walls the whole sweet Valley of the Arno, the convent at Fiesole, the Tower of Galileo, Boccaccio's house, old villas and retreats; innumerable spots of interest, all glowing in a landscape of surpassing beauty steeped in the richest light; are spread before us.

Returning from so much brightness, how solemn and how grand the streets again, with their great, dark, mournful palaces and many legends: not of siege, and war, and might, and Iron Hand alone, but of the triumphant growth of peaceful Arts and Sciences.

“What light is shed upon the world, at this

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day, from amidst these rugged Palaces of Florence! Here, open to all comers, in their beautiful and calm retreats, the ancient Sculptors are immortal, side by side with Michael Angelo, Canova, Titian, Rembrandt, Raphael, poets, historians, philosophers—those illustrious men of history, beside whom its crowned heads and harnessed warriors, show so poor and small, and are so soon forgotten.

“Here, the imperishable part of noble minds survives, placid and equal, when strongholds of assault and defense are overthrown; when the tyranny of the many, or the few, or both, is but a tale; when Pride and Power are so much cloistered dust.

“The fire within the stern streets, and among the massive Palaces and Towers, kindled by rays from Heaven, is still burning brightly, when the flickering of war is extinguished and the household fires of generations have decayed; and thousands upon thousands of faces, rigid with the strife and passion of the hour, have faded out of the old squares and public haunts, while the nameless Florentine lady, preserved from oblivion by a painter’s hand, yet lives on, in enduring grace and youth.”—*Charles Dickens.*

“Of all the fairest cites of the earth
None is so fair as Florence.

* * * Search within,

Without; all is enchantment! 'Tis the past
Contending with the present; and in turn
Each has the mastery." —*Rogers.*

"But Arno wins us to the fair white walls,
Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps
A softer feeling for her fairy halls.
Girt by her theater of hills, she reaps
Her corn and wine and oil; and plenty leaps
To laughing life with her redundant horn.
Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps,
Was modern Luxury of Commerce born
And buried Learning redeemed to a new life."
—*Byron.*

"Ah, lovely Florence! Never city wore
So shining robes as I on thee bestowed:
For all the rapture of my being flowed
Around thy beauty, filling, flooding o'er
The banks of Arno and the circling hills
With light no wind of sunset ever spills
From out its saffron seas! Once, and no more,
Life's voyage touches the enchanted shore!

* * * * *

From the warm bodies Titian loved to paint,
Where life still palpitates in languid glow;
From Raphael's heads of Virgin and of Saint,
Bright with divinest message; from the slow
And patient grandeur Leonardo wrought;
From soft, effeminate Carlo Dolce, faint
With vapid sweetness, to the Titan thought
That shaped the dreams of Michael Angelo.

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From each and all, through varied speech, I
drew

One sole, immortal revelation. They
No longer mocked me with the hopeless view
Of power that with them died, but gave anew
The hope of power that cannot pass away
While Beauty lives: the passion of the brain
Demands possession, nor shall yearn in vain:
Its nymph, though coy, did never yet betray."

—*Bayard Taylor.*

FLORENCE.

"The brightness of the world, O thou once free,
And always fair, rare land of courtesy!
O Florence! with thy Tuscan fields and hills,
And famous Arno, fed with all the rills,
Thou brightest star of star-bright Italy!
Rich, ornate, populous, all treasures thine,
The golden corn, the olive, and the vine.
Fair cities, gallant mansions, castles old,
And forests, where beside his leafy hold
The sullen boar hath heard the distant horn,
And whets his tusks against the gnarled thorn;

Palladian palace with its storied halls;
Fountains, where Love lies listening to their
falls;

Gardens, where flings the bridge its airy span,
And Nature makes her happy home with man;
Where many a gorgeous flower is duly fed
With its own rill, on its own spangled bed,

And wreathes the marble urn, or leans its head,
A mimic mourner, that with veil withdrawn
Weeps liquid gems, the presents of the dawn;
Thine all delights, and every muse is thine;
And more than all, the embrace and intertwine
Of all with all in gay and twinkling dance!"

—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

"How looked Florence? Fair as when
Beatrice was only ten:
Nowise altered, just the same
Marble city, mountain frame,
Turbid river, cloudless sky,
As in days when you and I
Roamed its sunny streets, apart,
Ignorant of each other's heart,
Little knowing that our feet
Slow were moving on to meet,
And that we should find, at last
Kindship in a common past.

But a shadow falls athwart
All her beauty, all her art
For alas! I vainly seek
Outstretched hand and kindling cheek,
Such as, in the bygone days,
Sweetened, sanctified her ways.

When, as evening belfries chime,
I to Bellosguardo climb,
Vaguely thinking there to find
Faces that still haunt my mind,

FLORENCE.

Though the doors stand open wide,
No one waits for me inside;
Not a voice comes forth to greet,
As of old, my nearing feet.

So I stand without, and stare,
Wishing you were here to share
Void too vast alone to bear.
To Ricorboli I wend:
But where now the dear old friend,
Heart as open as his gate,
Song, and jest, and simple state?
They who loved me all are fled;
Some are gone, and some are dead.
So, though young and lovely be
Florence still, it feels to me,
Thinking of the days that were,
Like a marble sepulchre."

—*Alfred Austin.*

THE END.

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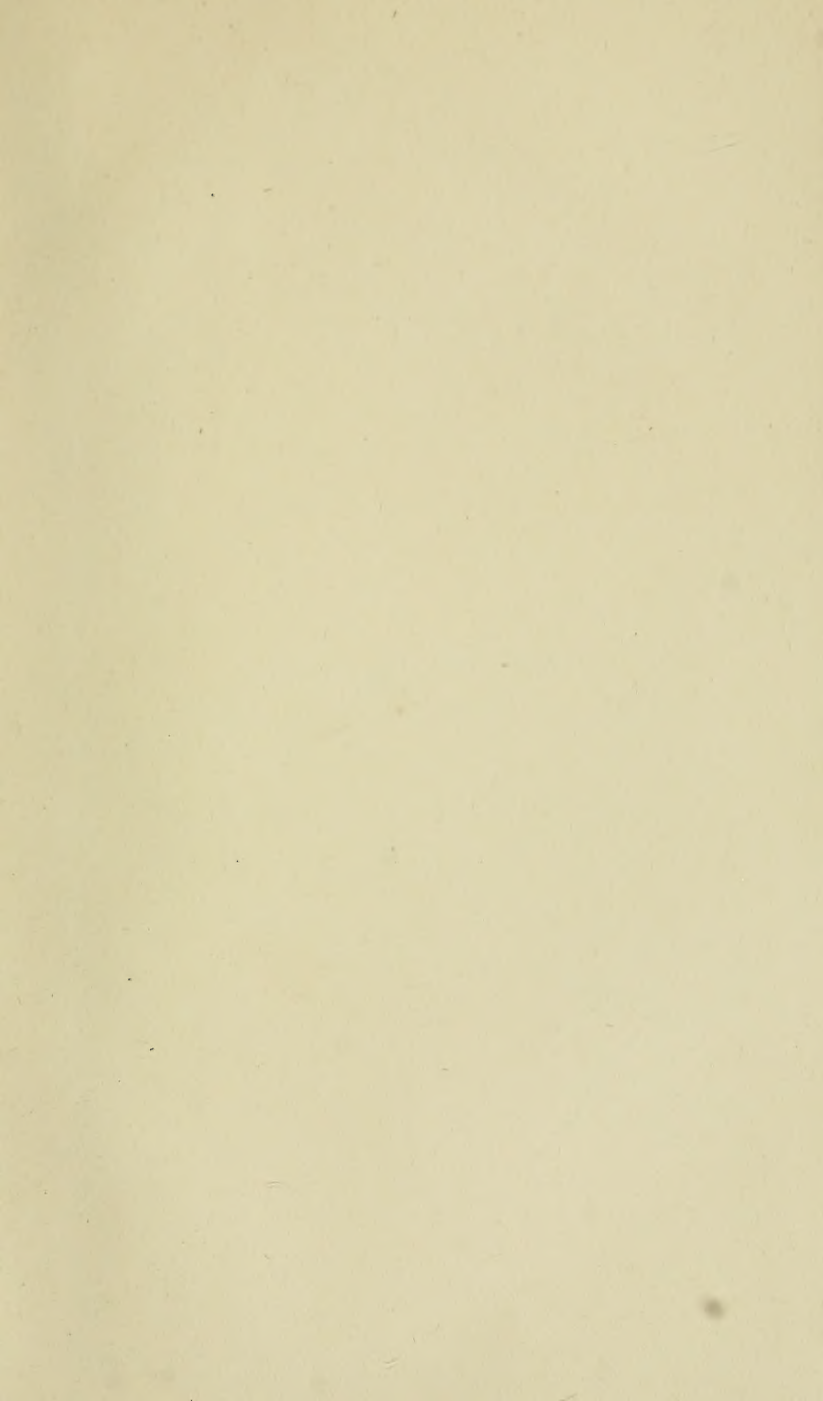
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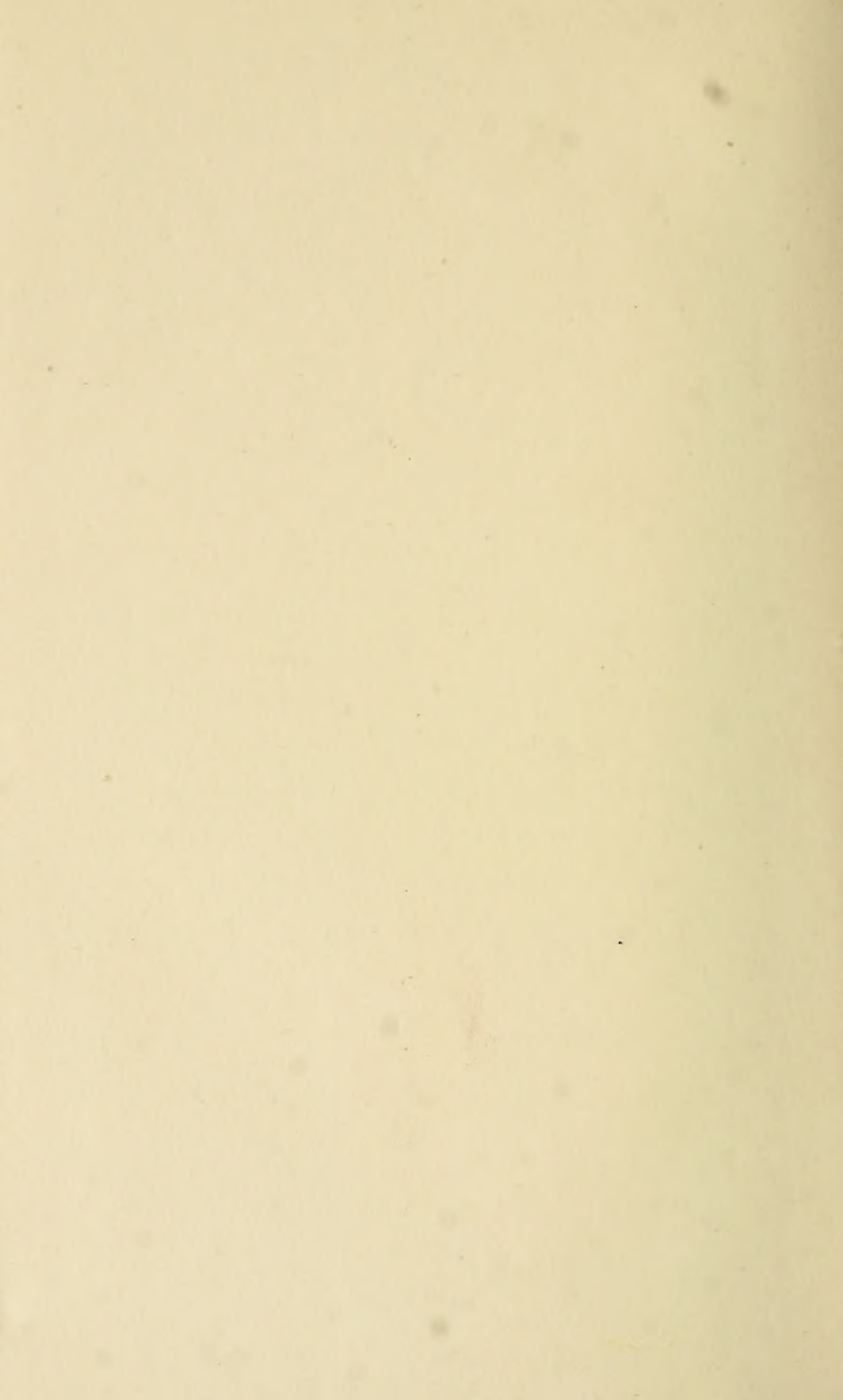
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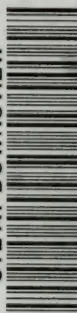
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